



shelved with main collection

Trinity, N.C.

EE M

CR 278.756 Bk 78332

TRINITY COLLEGE
LIBRARY

DURHAM : NORTH CAROLINA

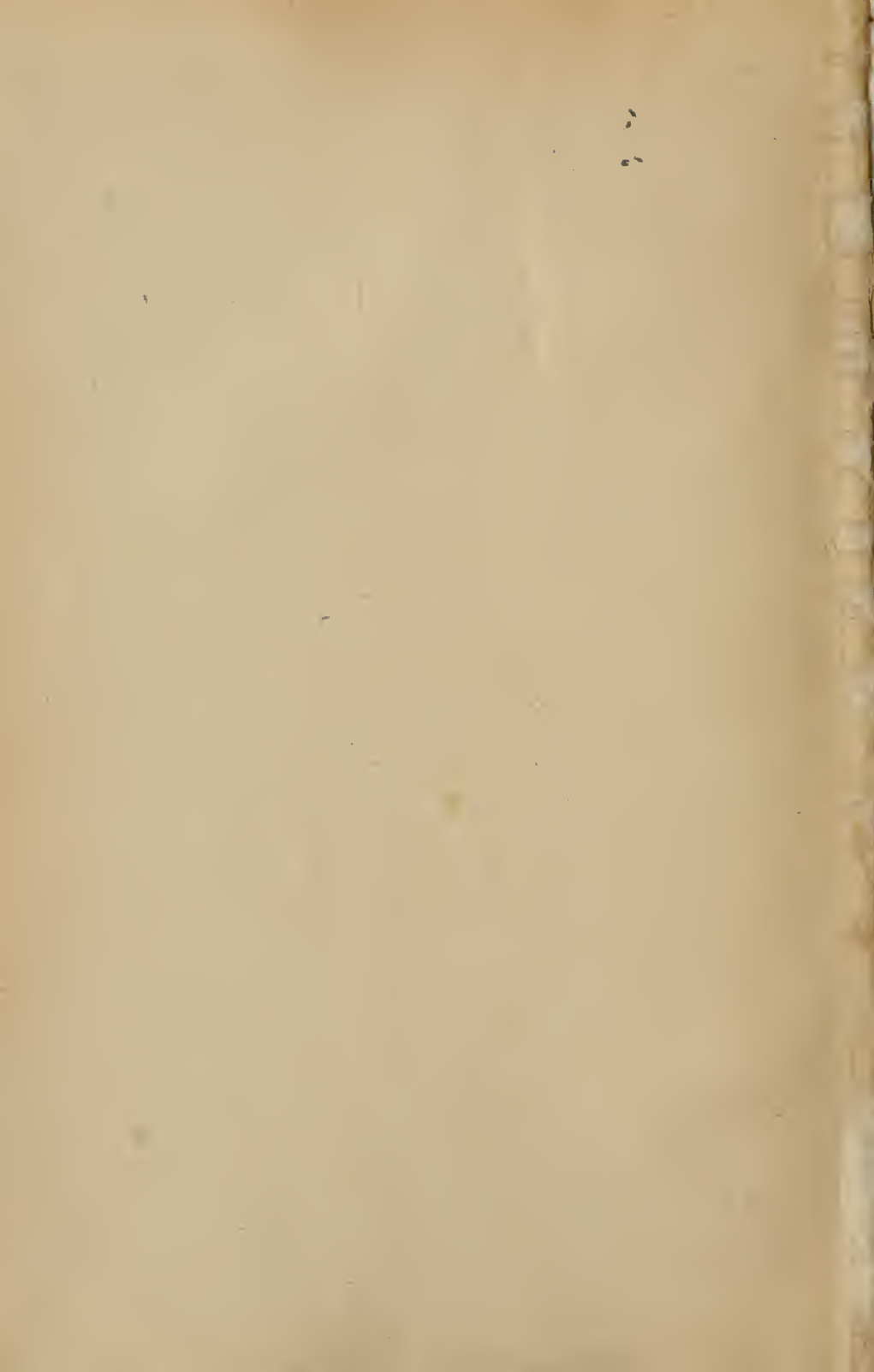


Rec'd Mar. 7, 1907

Class of 1903

Honor





Vol. 16

T. R.

378.756

T 8332

V 16

1902-3

11500

The Trinity Archive.

C. K. Robinson, Editor.

Vol. 16.

32611

Newham.

Seaman Printing.

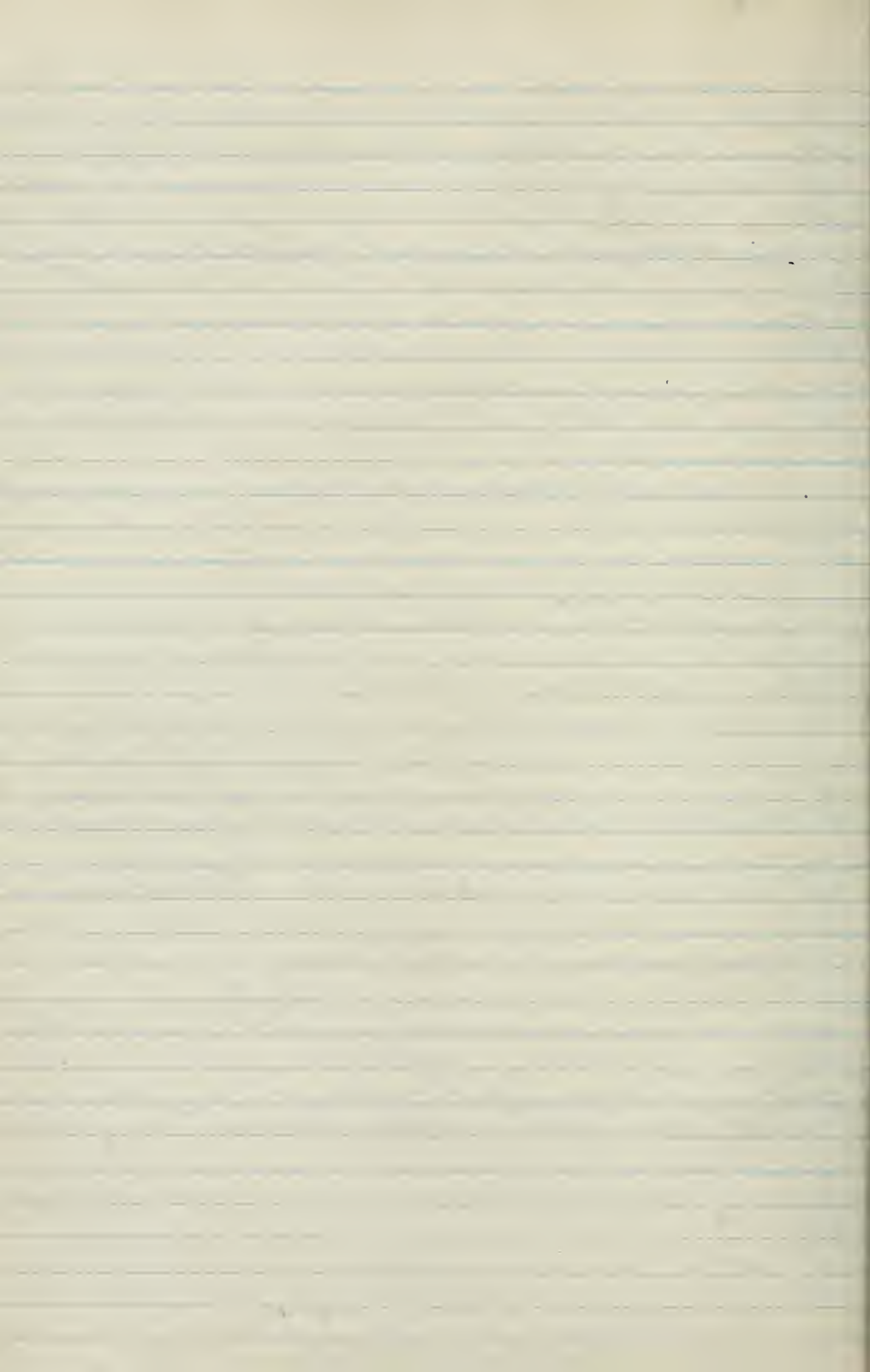
1903

32611

Contents:

After the shower, by A. G. Moore.	Page 389
Baritone or Tenor, by F. W. Swindell	" 229
Bones, John Henry: The poet of N.C. by Edna Clyde Kilgo.	" 341
Burke, Edmund, and the French Revolution by C. W. G.	" 346
Case of Prof. Sledd and Emory College, The by C. F. Sambeth	" 61
Christmas in the city by E. W. Cranford.	" 131
Circumstance by E. W. Cranford.	" 325
Comments, idle and otherwise.	" 406
Contemporary English poet, A. by W. S. Murph.	" 73
Correlation of educational system, The. by E. Mims.	" 169
Cotton culture in South since the war. by H. F. Robinson	" 1
Discoverer Tempelshoek by J. P. Breedlove.	" 117
Echo of the sixties, An. by G. B. C.	" 142
Esperance, by J. W. Zink?	" 208
Experiences in novel reading, by Miss J. S.; C. K. R.; + Miss R. S.	" 149
Fight for the sheepskin, A. by Jimmie Bernierd.	" 87
First years of the Atlantic Monthly, by Edna C. Kilgo.	" 370
Kid with the bright blue eyes, The. by E. C. Perrow.	" 147
In the hills of Tennessee, by E. C. Perrow.	" 199
In the Tennessee mountains by E. C. Perrow	" 79
Japanese idealism by Takamori Saigo, Trans. by J. Hinohara.	" 245
Scavier, Sidney by E. F. Sambeth.	" 23
Soines, by Julius Ward.	" 185
So ovels crooked path by J. W. S.	" 93
Some story, A. by Nita.	" 31
Mardie by A. G. Moore.	" 383
Morning light, A. by Fannie Langston	" 191
New year's prayer, A. by Ellen.	" 239
Old story in a new dress, An. by W. S. Murph.	" 411
Origin & development of English parties, by A. B. X.	" 252
Our dear old Trinity, by E. C. Perrow.	" 71
Pages "Rebuilding of old Commonwealths" by W. S. Soekhart.	" 246
Parting, The. by E. C. Perrow.	" 35
Passing of the Years from Politics, The. by A. C.	" 223
Poe, Edgar Allen by E. C. Perrow.	" 335
Poems by Dr. Van Dyke, The. by Inez W. Anger.	" 186
Prayer, A. by C. W. S.	" 322

Prize essay contest.	Page	259
Prize of football, the by W. H. Puryear.	"	141
Public-spirited citizen of Philadelphia, A. by D. J. Jones.	"	132
Questions by Ellen.	"	228
Raid by the Ku Klux Klan, by C.	"	240
Refugee of Seone Beach, the by F. D. Swindell	"	319
Secret of Shackelford's, the by Jimmie Berrubred.	"	14
Selton-Thompson, Ernest, by W. W. Beale.	"	233
Sister Holcomb, by H. B. Adams, Jr.	"	36
Some aspects of the recent coal strikes, by R. M. Odell	"	67
Some tales about the Ku Klux of Harriett and Sampron Counties, by E. S. Yarbrough.	"	195
Suggestions for sophomores.	"	402
Statistical study of the distribution of negro pop- ulation, A. by J. B. Coltrane.	"	390
Thwarted, by Jimmie Berrubred.	"	201
"'Tis better to have", by Lillian E. Bridges.	"	384
Trinity, by Ellen.	"	345
Trinity College Library, by J. S. Barrett.	"	273
" " " Programme of formal opening.	"	279
" " " Dedicatory prayer, by Rich. W. W. Duncan	"	280
" " " History of building, by J. H. Southgate	"	281
" " " Address of presentation, by Judge F. Russell.	"	282
" " " " of acceptance, by Geo. C. Kilgo.	"	287
" " " Dedicatory address by Walter Bage.	"	290
Vaughan, Henry, by Lillian E. Bridges.	"	315
"Virginian, the" by A. B. Duke.	"	323
Walton & the compleat cavalier, by J. Blanchard.	"	336
Warrent trail is not always the surest to victory, by Frank	"	127
Washington, Booker T. by S. W. E.	"	131
What is life by So.	"	86
Who are the eight thousand? by W. W. Smith.	"	209







THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1902.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to C. K. ROBINSON, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues).

ADVERTISING.

W ~~W~~ *Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.*

Direct all communications to

T. W. SMITH, Business Manager,
Trinity College, Durham, N. C.



C. W. LAMBETH, - - - - - MANAGER.

COTTON CULTURE IN THE SOUTH SINCE THE WAR.

BY HARDY F. ROBINSON.

The land which first cultivated cotton, and the people who first began to spin its many fibers into threads, and weave these into cloth, will doubtless always remain among the problems which cannot be solved by the human mind. The Hindoos are the first people known to have applied the cotton fiber to the weaving of cloth, but the date is unknown. In the digest of ancient laws ascribed to Manu 800 B. C., cotton is referred to so often and in such a way as to indicate that it must have been known to them for generations both as a plant and as a textile.

Herodotus, "the father of history," wrote of a plant which grew wild in India, "the fruit of which is a wool exceeding in beauty and goodness that of sheep. The Indians make their clothes of this tree wool." Subsequent writers from Near-cleus to Pliny inform us that the culture of cotton was widespread among the people of India, Persia, Egypt, and China, and that cotton garments had long been held in high regard by the higher classes of these historic lands.

The knowledge and uses of this plant were not confined to ancient peoples of the Eastern Hemisphere, however. The plant seems indeed to be indigenous to the tropical and semi-tropical regions of both Hemispheres. Columbus found the shrub growing wild in the islands of the West Indies and on the South American mainland, where the natives had manufactured its fibers into garments and fishing nets.

When Magellan made his circumnavigation of the globe in 1519, the natives of Brazil were using cotton lint for beds. Hernando Cortez, on his conquest of Mexico, found cotton goods which were manufactured by the natives, as is evidenced by his sending to Emperor Charles V., "cotton mantles, some all white, others mixed with white and black, or red, green, yellow and blue; waistcoats, handkerchiefs, counterpanes, tapestries, and carpets of cotton, in which the colours of the cotton were extremely fine."

The first notice of cotton in the part of North America now the United States was in 1536, when Debeca found it growing in what is now the States of Louisiana and Texas. Its culture was begun very early in the English colonies. According to Bancroft, the first experiment in cotton culture in the colonies was made in Virginia in 1621. All along through the seventeenth and early part of eighteenth centuries we find mention by travelers of the cultivation of the cotton plant in Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia. Before the Revolution its production was only as a garden plant and not at all widespread.

There were several causes which retarded the culture of cotton in the colonies. Among these was the limited market.

Its manufacture was discouraged and even forbidden to the colonists, because it might interfere with the manufactures in the northern country. The navigation acts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries cut off the trade of the colonists in foreign markets. In Great Britain there was very little chance of finding a vigorous demand for raw cotton, because at this time the "painted calicoes" were very popular and these could not be manufactured in England. They were imported from India and the later development of the British cotton industry had the demand for this class of goods for its basis.

The cleaning of the fiber, from the seed and other impurities, was another difficulty which retarded the cultivation of cotton in America. The British merchants could not use it at all until it was thoroughly cleaned, and this was very difficult until after the invention of the cotton gin.

The profits which accrued from the cultivation of other crops was a large obstacle in the way of an early cultivation of cotton by the colonists. In Virginia cotton was disregarded except in small patches, because the cultivation of tobacco was very lucrative. In North Carolina, which was sparsely settled, the majority of the people engaged in forest and meadow pursuits; such as drawing tar, pitch, and turpentine from the forests, and herding cattle and hogs. In South Carolina and Georgia the cultivation of rice and indigo engrossed the attention of the early inhabitants and the cultivation of these was very profitable until the Revolution.

Undoubtedly the first stimulus given to cotton cultivation, within what is now the United States, was furnished by the American Revolution. The cutting off of supplies of clothing from the mother country and at the same time the outbreak of hostilities caused the colonists to increase the manufacture of homespun garments. Perhaps only a small part of the clothing spun and woven by revolutionary mothers and daughters was composed of cotton, but it was enough to stimulate the Southern planters to experiment with the cul-

tivation of the new staple. The provincial assemblies of both Virginia and South Carolina recommended that all those who had suitable land should cultivate cotton. By the end of the war we find numerous statements in writings of the times which show that the cultivation of the staple had made considerable progress. Teuch Coxe, of Philadelphia, who has been called the "father of cotton culture in the United States," says in 1785, that it was his "pleasing conviction that the United States in its extensive region south of the Anne Arundel and Talbot (Maryland) would certainly become a great cotton producing country." We shall see later how his prophecy was fulfilled.

The end of the war left the United States an infant republic, free and independent. It was no longer to Great Britain's advantage to buy from the colonies, so some products, as tobacco and indigo, did not find such a ready market, so their cultivation was necessarily decreased. Many negroes had been killed or carried off and consequently the culture of rice was also lessened. Much of the land, used in cultivating these crops, was now put in the cultivation of cotton, thus increasing its production.

As important as the agricultural changes in America were, in the increased production of cotton, the changes in the methods of consuming and marketing the cotton in Great Britain were of equal importance. A commercial class rose which took upon itself the responsibility of supplying the spinners and weavers with the raw materials and found a market for their finished product also. This revolution had been completed about 1760. Close on its heels came the great inventions in the textile industries, the spinning jenny, the water frame, the self-acting mule and the power loom. These, in connection with the establishment of the factory system, so increased the possibility of cotton production, that they made the produce of the raw material responsible for the next great step in the economic development of the civilized nations. The agriculturists of the southern part of

the United States took upon themselves the responsibility of supplying the material to be used by the new machinery.

The introduction of the long-staple or sea-island cotton in the United States in 1786 was the first event of great importance in the culture of cotton. In that year "three large sacks of cotton seed" were brought over from the Bahama Islands by Mr. Patrick Walsh. By 1789 twenty persons were engaged in the cultivation of sea-island cotton. It was first tried in South Carolina in 1788, but its cultivation did not meet with success until 1790, and it was not extensively raised in this State until 1799. The advantages of the sea-island cotton over the short-fiber or upland cotton, are in the length and strength of its fibers and its silky character. All attempts to raise it on uplands were futile, but the short-staple now began to be cultivated in all directions.

Teuch Coxe, already alluded to, was a zealous advocate of the extension of cotton culture and his work was not in vain. It was chiefly through his influence that Congress imposed a duty, of three cents a pound on foreign cotton in 1789, to protect the industry. This is notable as a beginning of the Protective Tariff policy of the United States.

The separation of the fiber from the seed was still a great problem to cotton growers and even kept some of the cotton cultivated from ever reaching market. Many experiments were tried and the State of Georgia even appointed a commission to invent some method. The first complete solution of the problem was made by Eli Whitney, in the spring of 1793. He invented the saw gin, which was a very rude affair at first, but even then, a man running it could do fifty times as much work as he could do before.

This took away the last obstacle to the culture of cotton and it spread very rapidly. The British manufacturers had previously complained of the dirty condition in which the American cotton came upon the market, but after the invention of the gin it steadily grew in favor. In 1793 the exports of cotton from the United States fell short of half a million

pounds. Seven years later sixteen million pounds were sent to Great Britain alone, and five years after this over half the cotton imported into Great Britain came from the United States.

The culture of cotton now almost monopolized the attention of South Carolina and Georgia planters. In the tide-water regions the culture of the sea-island cotton displaced that of indigo and checked for some years the extension of rice culture. In the back country, where cereals had been profitably raised, they were abandoned for cotton. Indian corn, which had formerly been exported to a great extent, now had to be imported for domestic use. Tobacco, hemp, flax, barley, and silk had all been articles of export from South Carolina and Georgia, but their cultivation was abandoned and "King Cotton" reigned supreme.

The cultivation of cotton followed the settling of new territory in the South. Newer and better forms of implements were introduced, thereby increasing its production in those States where it had formerly been raised. The laying of railroads was another important factor in the increased production of cotton. By the year 1860 seventeen States were producing cotton. The production in that year reached 5,387,052 bales of 400 pounds. Of this number Mississippi contributed 1,202,907; Alabama, 989,955; Louisiana, 777,738; Georgia, 701,840; Texas, 431,463; Arkansas, 367,393; South Carolina, 353,412; Tennessee, 296,464; North Carolina, 145,514; Florida, 65,153; Missouri, 41,188; Illinois, 1,482; Utah, 136; Kansas, 61; New Mexico, 19. This was the largest production of any year previous to the war between the States.

The end of the war found Southern agriculture in a chaotic condition. Slavery had been the foundation of the industrial structure of the South and when it fell the fortunes of those who had built upon it disappeared. All kinds of property seemed to have been caught in the general ruin caused by the downfall of slavery. On account of the uncertainty of

labor the land of the cotton States was thrown upon the markets in great quantities, so that the value became merely nominal. The buildings on the plantations had either been destroyed or had fallen into decay on account of want of repairs during the war. Tools had been lost or broken, cattle had strayed away or been stolen, and in many cases there wasn't enough food on the plantation to last the owner and his slaves until a new crop could be raised and harvested. Not only was capital lacking, but there was not even a substantial basis for obtaining credit.

The high prices which cotton was bringing in both the American and European markets was the only hope for the Southern planter. The superior character of American cotton had made its scarcity severely felt in European markets even after the importation from India and elsewhere was sufficient to supply the wants of the trade in cotton goods. The American staple averaged the price of 20 pence (about 40 cents) in 1865, and the awakened demand for it promised to continue prices this high for some years to come.

In some respects this was a misfortune to the South. It is true that these high prices encouraged the farmer to revive his planting and furnished employment to the freedman, but they caused a revival of the old one-crop system and thereby an over-production of the staple resulted. An unexpected and rapid decline in prices followed. Many planters had been able to get money to start with by giving a lien on their crops. They now found that the decline in price, caused by over-production, left them still in debt after paying back as much of the money borrowed as possible. All this would have been different if the price of cotton had been low in 1865-66. It is true that the revival of the farming industry would have been slower, but it would probably have taken a different direction, leading to a larger production of food crops and a more moderate increase in the production of cotton. This would have prevented many farmers from falling into that state of subserviency to the factors and

merchants, in which many found themselves entangled and by which many cotton planters of to-day find themselves hampered.

The labor problem at the end of the war is one about which much could be said. This was how to get the most efficient work from the freed slaves, and in many cases how to get them to work at all. Many systems were tried, but the most popular were the wage and the share-systems. In some cases of the former a contract was gone into for the year's work, rations to be furnished by the planters as during slavery, and the wages to be paid after the crop was harvested. This did not suit the negro, because in many cases after the merchants and factors were paid there was little left, and in many cases nothing at all. The weekly or monthly pay was not satisfactory even when the planter could get the cash to pay it, and this was in very few cases. As soon as the negro got his pay it was impossible to get him to work until he had spent what he received, no matter how necessary it should be for him to do it. Many would only line themselves for two or three days' work during the week, barely making enough to live on. The negro associated with the idea of freedom almost mere idleness, the right to fish, hunt, or loaf as it pleased him. It was his delight to attend political meetings, and the carpet-baggers of the North had a great influence over him. All these occasioned much loss, for in many cases when the negroes were needed at harvest time they would go off either to hunt, fish and loaf or to attend some meeting called together by a scheming carpet-bagger, and there was no way to induce them to work. The only solution seemed to be to give them an interest in the cultivation. So in many cases lands were rented to them on shares, that is they paid so much of the crop produced as rent. This was the best plan, but even this tended to hurt the land, for it was to the tenant's advantage to get as much off the land as he could and put as little on it. This weakness of the share-system has become

more evident as the years go by and as a permanent arrangement seems to be inferior to the wage system.

The necessity for breaking up the old plantation system became more and more urgent for the few years following the war. Crop failures and decline in prices of cotton caused the planters, who were unable to meet their obligations to their factors, to throw their lands upon the market, thereby causing a steady decline in land values. The buyers who came to relieve the burden of the landed planters were from the least expected source. They were the "poor whites," or the class of lined labor during slavery. In Mississippi alone, between the years 1867-70, there was a gain of nearly forty thousand small farms of less than one hundred (?) acres. This increase was general throughout the cotton belt. The number of white laborers employed in the cultivation of cotton also increased from one white to eight blacks in 1860 to nearly the ratio of two whites to three blacks in 1867. Some few blacks became land owners, but these were rare. The opportunities were offered them by buying on the installment plan to be paid in four or five years. Very few ever made more than one or two payments, resulting either from a bad season or their own neglect on which account their crops failed.

It was not until 1876 that the culture of cotton had apparently recovered from the effects of the Civil War. The crop of that year was very nearly the same as that of 1860, the largest of ante-bellum crops. The price had steadily declined from 1865, but at thirteen cents a pound it was still far from discouraging, while the causes which operated to bring about this decline, such as the greater reliability and efficiency of labor, and the adoption of better methods of cultivation were generally favorable to the producer.

There is very little, in the history of cotton growing, to excite attention during the fifteen years following 1876, except the rapid growth in production. Many writers, both in England and America, had predicted that emancipation

would result in an increase in the production of cotton in the South. No one, however, could have foreseen the extent of this increase nor the rapidity with which it came about when order and peace had been restored and the South was left free to guide her own course of development.

The amount of cotton produced in 1876 is stated to have been a little over two billion pounds. By 1880 the amount produced was some over two billion six hundred million pounds. By 1890 nearly three and one-half billion pounds were raised, and by 1895 production had swelled to four billion seven hundred and ninety-two million pounds. In the meantime the cotton area had increased from a little less than twelve million acres to about twenty-three million acres. The trade conditions continued to favor the producer until 1890 in spite of this rapid increase in both production and acreage. It is true that prices continued to fall, but the rate of decline was small as compared with the rate of increase of production. Only once in all these years did the price on the New York market fall below ten cents per pound for the commercial year. In the South the improvements brought about in agriculture, cheaper transportation and the greater yield per acre compensated for the decline in the price of the staple which was slowly taking place. The consumption of cotton by American and European mills was increasing even more than the increase of its production, however great that was.

Only since 1890 has the condition of the cotton grower been rendered serious by the depreciation in the price of his product. The average New York prices in 1890-1 were 9.03 cents; in 1891-2, 7.64 cents; in 1872-3, 8.24 cents; in 1893-4, 7.67 cents; in 1894-5, 6.50 cents; in 1895-6, 8.16 cents; in 1876-7, 7.72 cents. The average price for these years being 7.85 cents per pound. In 1893 the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry made a lengthy report to Congress on the condition of the cotton growers in the United States. In this report it is stated that "there is a general consensus

of opinion that cotton cannot, except under the most favorable circumstances, be raised profitably at less than eight cents per pound, nor without loss under seven cents." From the figures given above, after deducting the cost of transportation and commissions for selling the crop, we find that the price received by the planter for his cotton since 1890 has seldom yielded much profit and in many cases has caused him actual loss. With every increasing effort to raise more cotton, and get himself out of his perilous situation, the farmer has been met with a further decline in the price of his produce and a steady decline in his annual income.

Unquestionably some of the causes which have combined to bring about this decline in prices, have been a direct benefit to the producer. Such are the improved methods in cultivation, which have enabled the planter to secure a greater yield from a given acreage than before, and the decline in price of other elements necessary to production. Plows, mules and horses, cotton bagging and iron ties, trace chains, hoes, gins and presses, food and clothing, have all shown a decline in price, which has been advantageous to the raiser. The sale of cotton seed has, in some degree, offset this decline in price of cotton. The making of oils, fertilizers, etc., from the seed has become quite an industry in the South and there is a steady demand for the seed. Formerly they were used as fertilizer, but not with as much profit as when sold to the oil-mills.

There is not much doubt but that over-production of cotton has caused the decline in price. The region west of the Mississippi has been chiefly responsible for this over-production. In 1890 Texas stood sixth in the list of cotton producing States, but in 1895-6 about one-fourth of the cotton produced in the South was raised in Texas. The land is not only more fertile, but the people seem to be more thrifty than in other regions. The older cotton States have also produced cotton to an excess. This is chiefly due to the system of agricultural credit in vogue in the South. Cotton

was the only crop on which the planter could obtain credit, even though he might wish to cultivate other crops. The shiftless class of farmers have been drawn into the cultivation of cotton because it is comparatively easy to cultivate. It does not hurt for lack of work for a few days, whereas some crops would ruin.

The solution of the problem of the cotton planter in the South seems to be the raising of less cotton and of more food products. The Southern Cotton Growers' Association was organized to stimulate the planters in this very purpose. It is a noticeable fact that in recent years a short crop with good prices has been followed by an over-production, unless seasons were unfavorable, and a lowering of prices.

Since 1896 prices have been some better than in the years previous to this. It is hard to tell the exact reason for this, as to whether the farmers have learned the lesson of raising more food products, or the increase in the cotton manufactures, has been responsible for it. In the last two or three years the prices have ranged from about 7½ cents to above 10 cents per pound, having never been less than 7 cents. Another problem is as to whether the farmer's condition has been bettered by this rise in prices. Other things, such as sugar, coffee and other necessities of life have gone up and in some cases higher in comparison than cotton.

Unquestionably the farmers are the most independent class of people in the United States. The Southern cotton planter is no exception to the general rule. The wiser ones have made money, because they have not depended entirely upon their cotton crop, but have raised other things. If all could learn these lessons there is no reason why the South should not become the richest agricultural section in the world. This cannot be as long as Western hay, meat and other food products continue to be shipped to the South by the carloads.

The growth of cotton manufactures in the South seems to brighten somewhat the future prospects of the cotton planter. The general opinion seems to be that the South will in

a few years be able to manufacture all the cotton she produces. This will take away the cost of transportation and commissions for selling from the farmer and increase his profits. The only fear from this is that the factories will combine to keep down the price of cotton and the farmer will not get any of the benefits. Cotton will always be a paying crop in the South as long as there is not an over-production.

THE SECRET OF SHACKELFORD'S.

BY JIMMY BERNBRED.

Commencement exercises were over and in every room boys could be seen packing up for to leave on the morrow.

In suite E three young men were bending over boxes and trunks, putting away the books that had claimed their attention for four long years.

"Boys," said Salisbury, a tall, well built, and handsome man of twenty, "I never realized the sadness of this moment until now. Most of us have been close companions for four years; now we go our different ways, perhaps never to meet again. Anyway, we three"—here his mellow voice rose in intensity; the merry, light-hearted Salisbury gave place to Salisbury, the class orator; his two companions stopped their work and looked up—"we three, I say, fellow-students and fellow-classmen, shall travel life's highway in nearer touch with each other, and though our paths may deviate for a time, yet shall they come together again." Here his voice became low and sad. "Let us once more sing our class song together, and then I have a plan to propose to you."

Soft at first, but sweet and clear, the three started the song that was dearer to them than any other. Then, as their voices rose, other classmates listened for a minute, then added their own. Now the song swelled forth loud and long. There came a thrill to each heart as the grand old chorus was reached, and with one accord fifty boys dropped books and clothes and hurried to suite E. There in a mass they sang the last verse of their song. Then Salisbury, who was not only class orator, but president of the class, sprang upon a table, raised his hands and counted off the class yell. Instantly the building shook, half a hundred voices full of sadness, yet of loyalty to their class, rang forth. Then for a moment all were silent. Salisbury looked down upon them with watery eyes, and after a few touching and farewell words, dismissed them.

"Well, John," said Markley to Salisbury, "what about that plan?"

For fifteen minutes Salisbury had worked in silence after his classmates had left. Now he looked up and his face brightened. "It is this," he replied, "a friend of mine wrote me the other day about Lenoxville, a little seaport town of North Carolina. He is going to spend the summer there and wishes me and some of my friends to share bachelor's hall with him. Now, boys, I move we accept his offer and go in about two weeks."

"I second the motion," said Markley.

"And I vote with the affirmative," said Lawton.

"O. K., I'll let him know at once," answered Salisbury. And they went to packing again.

* * * * *

It was the last of July. The launch "Speedy," captained by Willis, with a crew made up of our three friends, plowed her way through the waves about five miles off Shackelford's banks. Trolling lines floated out astern and the bottom of the boat was covered with mackerel and blue fish.

"There is a dark cloud rising in the southwest and it looks like a squall coming up," remarked Salisbury. "We had better go in."

"No, wait a few minutes," cried Markley, pulling in a large mackerel, and so they waited.

Salisbury now noticed that the sun had become dim, the air much cooler, and also that the light breeze had died down completely and the water was fast becoming glassy under a slick calm.

"This won't do, boys," he put in again, "we had better make for the shore as quick as possible."

"Right you are, old man," returned Willis, heading the "Speedy" in shore, "I had not noticed how badly things looked."

There was a winding up of fishing lines as the launch sped shoreward, and Markley began cleaning out the boat by

throwing buckets of water over the bottom, where the fish had rested before he had strung them up.

By this time the sky had clouded over and the sun was hidden away. Suddenly there was a loud roaring heard and the squall broke. It was a terrific one, not a little every-day squall that only gives a display of thunder and lightning and lets fall a few barrels of water. This squall was more like an escaped end of a tornado, and the crew of the "Speedy" soon realized it, for in spite of the brave efforts of the launch she was being driven fast toward Shackelford's beach.

"We have got to beach her," cried Willis, and he turned her head shoreward.

For several minutes they flew over the water like a bird, now rising high on a wave and then plunging down in its hollow as the waves rushed on by them.

Crash! the "Speedy," lifted high on a wave, was literally hurled high and dry on the beach. Led by Willis, the boys sprang out and rushed up the beach, for they thought the launch would soon be dashed to pieces.

"Run, boys, run," yelled Willis, "the sand will beat you to death in a few minutes." They needed no incentive to follow him, but rushed madly up a sand hill and lay down flat on the other side. In a few minutes the sky was darkened with flying sand. It whizzed by as if shot out of a cannon.

"Isn't it awful," gasped Markley, who was half covered with sand.

For an hour the boys laid there, being covered deeper and deeper in the sand. After a time the wind subsided and Salisbury, shaking off the sand that had covered him, sprang up and looked around. He was followed by the others.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Markley, and that exclamation just about suited the feeling of all. There lay the "Speedy" high up on the beach, nearly covered with sand, but otherwise uninjured. How she had survived was the question of all, but none could answer it. All four started toward the launch on a run. Salisbury was a fine runner. He started

a little after the others did, but was fast gaining on them, when suddenly down he went. For five or six feet he fell, dragging a lot of sand down upon him. He was pretty well shaken up and started to get out, when his foot struck something hard. He reached down, dug away the sand from the edges of the object and lo! he had uncovered a small brass chest. "Possibly it is a chest of treasure," he thought, but on examining it he found that to be highly improbable. The chest was about two feet square and a foot thick. He lifted it and found it very light. He searched a little longer in the sand, but finding nothing else, climbed out of the hole and hurried to the boat.

"Look, fellows," he cried, "I have found something interesting."

One and all they crowded around the chest and examined it. It was securely locked, but with the help of the "Speedy's" tool-box, the lock was forced open and the lid thrown back. Four pairs of eyes looked on with interest. Salisbury threw the lid back only to find another one. This he also forced and then there was a cry of amazement, for next to the inner lid lay a large square envelope addressed to John Salisbury.

"This is strange," said Markley; "it looks like the right one has found it."

There was not much else in the box except the letter and a few pounds of English money. Yet after a careful search, Salisbury found a hard object wrapped in soft cloth. He unwrapped it and again came a cry of amazement. A beautifully painted miniature, studded with diamonds, lay in his hands. The face was that of a lovely young girl.

"Ain't she a dandy," exclaimed Lawton, but Salisbury did not reply. The picture had a strange fascination for him. Those dreamy blue eyes seemed to have a message for him. He gazed for a few moments at the picture, then put it away. He then opened the letter and read it while the boys went to work to launch the boat. By a strange coincidence the letter was addressed to him and so they left him alone with it. As

he read he became more interested and excited, and finally, when he had finished he was actually in a tremble.

* * * * *

The boys, after a few hours' work, got the "Speedy" back into her element and soon reached Lenoxville. They were crazy to know the contents of the letter, but Salisbury would not tell them, that is not all of them. That night he called Markley aside, his especial chum, and whispered a few words to him.

On the next morning, much to the astonishment of all, Salisbury and Markley boarded the train for home. The other two felt somewhat slighted, but still more curious.

Two days later our friends were at home. They, together with John Salisbury, Sr., sat at a table in the latter's luxurious home, examining the contents of the brass chest. Young Salisbury opened the letter, and while the others listened, read it to them:

SOUTHWORT MANOR, June 10, 17...

MY DEAR SON:—Realizing that my days are numbered, I wish to write and give you my forgiveness. My son, we quarreled over a very small matter and now I shudder as I think of the results. I often think of you my boy, in far away America, whither your pride led you to go on leaving home. I hope and believe that you have kept the Salisbury honor as spotless as it has always been. And now since you are my only heir, your brother having recently died, it will be necessary for you to return to England and fill your position. I send this letter, together with directions concerning the secret hiding place of my papers by our lawyer. He sails to-morrow on the Newberry. With all the love of a father's heart, a father who will never more see you in the flesh, I close.

Your devoted father,

JOHN, LORD SALISBURY.

Here the letter ended.

"Low, this is a valuable find," exclaimed Mr. Salisbury. "Lord Salisbury was your great, great grandfather and his son died never knowing that he was forgiven and left heir to his father's estates. He told his history, or part of it, to my father and thus I learned it. We learned of the lawyer coming, but he never came, and so never knew what became of him, and so could never prove our right to the estates. They

are now under the control of the crown, but if you, following the directions given, can find our ancestor's secret repository for his papers, you will find evidence enough to establish your identity as his heir. Do you wish to undertake the task?"

"I certainly shall," answered Salisbury, the younger. I will go at once and Markley shall share my adventures, if he will," he said, turning to his friend.

"Barkis is willin'" answered Markley, and so it was agreed.

Several days later two remarkably handsome young men were walking arm in arm up and down the deck of an ocean liner in deep conversation.

"There is one thing in this affair that I do not understand," said Markley.

"What is that?" demanded the other.

"It is this," he replied, "I am very curious to know whose face is represented on that miniature. The coat of arms engraved on it belongs, as I find, to the Dangerfields, and Lord Dangerfield is a prominent peer in England to-day."

"We will find out more concerning that," replied Salisbury. "I had determined that long ago. The face made a strong impression on me when I first saw it, and I have actually fallen in love with the fair maid who now is long since an angel," he said, smiling. "Look at those eyes," he said, taking the miniature from his heart pocket and holding it up to the light.

"Let me see it a moment," said Markley. He examined it closely and then silently pointed at an inscription on the back of the miniature hitherto unnoticed. It was engraved in tiny letters and ran thus:

"From Mary to John."

"Well," said Salisbury, taking the miniature and examining it carefully, "that is a clue to her identity, and perhaps this is another," he continued, removing a small slide which

neither had noticed and revealing a tiny scrap of paper. Now both young men were becoming very much excited. Salisbury carefully unfolded the paper and read:

MY DARLING:—Your absence is killing me. Come back, and if you must return, take me with you. Our families shall no longer keep us separated. Your note reached me days after you left, detained, no doubt, by father, and I fear you left thinking me unfaithful. Come back, John.

Yours, ever true,

MARY.

“That settles it,” said John, “she was your great grandfather’s sweetheart. I pity him, poor chap, losing such a blossom.”

When Salisbury and Markley arrived in England, they found no trouble in locating Southwort Manor. It was a handsome estate in Southeastern England, now owned by Sir Richard Jonson.

“More complications,” muttered Markley, as they came in sight of the grand old place. “Sir Dick isn’t going to turn this little heaven over to you for nothing, for no doubt he paid a tidy sum to her majesty for it. We have got to be very careful how we proceed.”

His prophecy was true, for Sir Richard Jonson was an old knight, crabby and stingy. They found this out by questioning the inn-keeper where they had put up, a few miles from the Manor. He received no visitors and lived in close confinement. For two days the boys contemplated schemes to get admittance to the Manor, and finally Salisbury suggested one which seemed very feasible.

The next day Salisbury, disguised as an agent for an American arms company, rode up to the Manor and was received by its Lord. Hunting, they had learned, was Sir Richard’s hobby and the only sport he engaged in. Salisbury made a good impression on the old man and sold him one of the new style American rifles.

When night came he was asked to remain over and go on a hunt with Sir Richard on the following day. He readily accepted and he and his servant, who was no other than Markley, spent their first night at Southwort Manor.

"We have hit it lucky," the latter remarked, as they were shown to their rooms after spending a pleasant evening with the old knight. "But we must discover the secret closet to-night if possible," he continued.

They spread the directions found in the chest open on the table and studied them intently for a few minutes. "It seems plain enough," said Salisbury. "The closet, according to this, is just outside our room. Now to action."

As the clock struck one, Salisbury carefully opened the door, lit a bull's-eye lantern, and followed by Markley, stepped out into the hall. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night. The house was in perfect darkness. Quickly and with excitement plainly exhibited in their actions, they turned the ray of the lantern against the walls and searched carefully for the spring.

"The wall is papered and the spring is covered," said Salisbury. "It should be just here," he continued, pointing at a spot on the wall. He scraped the paper from the spot indicated, now and then listening for any sound showing they had been discovered. As he heard none, he soon completed his work. After removing a foot square of paper he discovered the spring. He again listened intently, but hearing nothing, pressed hard on the spring. Immediately a large section of the wall rose and disclosed an opening. Salisbury suppressed a cry of delight and went into the secret closet, now open for the first time in a century. The closet was about five feet square. It contained two objects, a small tin trunk and a large iron chest.

"The chest contains your fortune and the trunk the proof that they are yours," whispered Markley.

Together they seized the trunk and bore it to their room, after securely closing the closet and sticking the scraps of paper back on the wall as best they could. Not a minute's sleep did they get that night, but spent the time examining the documents in their possession.

To make a long story short, John Salisbury found ample proofs to establish his father's claim to the estate and title of the Earl of Salisbury. The day that his claim was acknowledged two cablegrams sped over the ocean. One was to Mr. John Salisbury and bore the news of the success of his son, the other was to the young John Salisbury and bore the sad news of his father's sudden death. Killed in a railroad accident. Grief for a time mastered the young man, but the novelty of his new position as Lord Salisbury soon lessened it.

One of his first actions after coming into his own was to repay Sir Richard the amount he had paid for the place.

It was at a reception given in honor of the new Earle of Salisbury that the greatest surprise awaited him. While looking at the beautiful ladies present he suddenly turned pale. Was it a ghost he saw? Standing only a few feet from him was the living image of the miniature. He looked up as he felt a touch on his arm and met the smiling eyes of Markley.

"It is Miss Dangerfield," the latter said, then he turned away and a serious look came on his face as he walked off.

"What a strange thing is fate," he thought. All the flowers bloom at once and this year they seem remarkably beautiful.

Salisbury sought and obtained an introduction to Miss Dangerfield, and as with happy faces they swept into the dance, a silent figure standing in one of the alcoves looking at them muttered, "I suppose congratulations will be the next thing in order.

SIDNEY LANIER

BY C. F. LAMBETH.

Sidney Lanier was born in Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842. His father was of French descent and of a family who had attained to distinction in music and painting. The first Lanier to come to America was Thomas, who settled with other colonists on the site of the present city of Richmond, Va., in 1716. His mother was of Scotch descent. Thus we see that Sidney Lanier had ancestors from whom, no doubt, he inherited his high sensibility to art. This sensibility soon manifested itself, especially that of music, which seemed to have the most soul-stirring power over him imaginable. At fourteen he entered Oglethorpe College, where he was graduated with highest honors in 1860. For the ensuing year he served as tutor at this college, but in 1861 we see him doing deeds of chivalry with the first regiment of Georgia Volunteers, who went from Georgia to the seat of war in Virginia. He served in this capacity till 1864, when he was taken prisoner and confined at Point Lookout. In 1865, having been exchanged, he slowly plodded on his way home. At this stage of his life, the results of the exposure of army life on his delicate constitution were very apparent. This, together with an hereditary tendency to consumption, gave him his first serious alarm and warned him of the hard struggle he must make for life.

As soon as he recovered sufficiently he cast his eyes over the field for some way of making a living. At first he is employed in a store. Then we find him teaching. He gives this up and at the urgent request of his father, becomes a lawyer. In none of these vocations was he especially successful. All this while that dread disease was making rapid headway upon him. It was slowly, yet surely, eating his very life away. In this condition he was advised to go to San Antonio, Texas. While there his soul was made happy by an incident, which for the first time shows us his wonder-

ful artistic nature. It must be remembered that Lanier was as much musician as poet, and at this particular time of his life more so. The incident is as follows: Mr. Scheidemantel, a fine musician and pianist, took Lanier to the Maennerchor, which met weekly for practice. Lanier listened to the several musicians with the most intense interest. His soul was thrilled with delight, tears rushed to his eyes, and he could hardly restrain himself from kissing each in turn. Presently he was called upon to play. With fear and trembling, and no confidence in himself, he lifted his flute and began. He finished amid a storm of applause, the leader rushing to him with words of highest praise. This was his first public display of his powers. When at school, however, it is said that he would walk up and down his room with his flute, giving the sweetest music ever vouchsafed to mortal ear. At times he seemed to be in a trance, with a look of yearning desire for something, which could be had only in the ecstasy of tone.

While in prison the report went over the ship one day that Sidney Lanier was dying. A good lady on board the vessel was struck with compassion for him and immediately obtained permission to administer to his wants. She went down in the hold of the vessel and found Lanier, wrapped in a blanket, lying in a rude stall provided for cattle. He lay there half-frozen, his eyes staring and his hands tightly closed. The proper stimulants were quickly given and at last he rallied somewhat. All on board felt so keenly for him that it was with much difficulty that he was carried to the cabin above. In fact the crowd was so packed that he was passed along over their heads. Presently he felt much revived and called for his flute. As he played the first few notes loud cries for joy were sent up by his comrades below, who then knew that their young friend was still alive. Those around him sat entranced, weeping at his tender music. In fact it seemed to give Lanier himself hope and strength. I mention this merely to show his innate love for music and its wonderful influence over him.

There is no doubt that Lanier was conscious of his musical talent, and well might he be. His success with the flute in San Antonio no doubt inflamed within his soul the fires of ambition. Accordingly he returned home in 1873 and set out immediately for Baltimore. There he met Asger Hamerick, who was so pleased with Lanier's playing that he at once decided to engage him as first flute in the proposed Peabody Orchestra. We can imagine what hopes this gave him by a letter to his wife, who was his true sympathizer and support in all his troubles. He writes:

"It is, therefore, a possibility that I may be first flute in the Peabody Orchestra, on a salary of \$120 a month, which, with five flute scholars, would grow to \$200 a month, and so we might dwell in the beautiful city, among the great libraries, and amidst of the music, the religion, and the art that we love—and I could write my books, and be the man I wish to be."

This was a kind of dream to him, but readily did he accept the position though it paid him but \$60 a month and lasted only four months each year. He gave such entire satisfaction that he held the position for six years.

By this time Lanier was having other thoughts. Though still a lover of music, he was being drawn more and more to poetry. While in Macon, Ga., in 1876, he wrote "Corn." It was commented on very favorably by Mr. Peacock, editor of the *Evening Bulletin*, in Philadelphia. This resulted in a long correspondence between the two and an everlasting friendship. It was through Mr. Peacock that Lanier became acquainted with Bayard Taylor. Never dying friendship between these two also sprang up. Through Mr. Taylor, Lanier was selected to write the words for a cantata to be sung at the opening of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. This gave Lanier a sure foothold on the public. He was now, so far as the public was concerned, ready to continue his career without hindrance. But there were obstacles, troubles and anxieties which he could not overcome. Oh,

that he had had such a power! I think this world of ours would have been left better and richer by his having lived in it. It is true he did great things. I would not underrate them for one second, but how many more and greater things he could have done and would have done if he had only been permitted. But it seems the fates had decreed otherwise. Poverty was staring him in the face all his life, he was reared in a literary atmosphere peculiarly unfavorable, and last of all he was in constant warfare against that fatal disease which sooner or later was to claim him as its victim.

As said before, Lanier was chained down by the cruel pangs of poverty. He could have lived very comfortably on a small salary, but that was never to come till his life was nearly spent. His chief resource of living was writing magazine articles and short poems. He received from ten to twenty-five dollars for them. "The Psalm of the West" sold for three hundred dollars.

In 1876 he had a long talk with President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, in regard to a position in that institution. Nothing immediately resulted from this, however, although Lanier's hopes ran high on the subject. It is possible that his meager education in a small Southern college was the reason he did not get the position at this particular time.

In 1877 he made a desperate effort to get a government position. In this he received much encouragement by some of the officials, but soon his hopes were again blighted. Owing to "rings within rings" in the department, another man was appointed. He then tried for a similar position in Baltimore, but without success. This was the third time in succession that he had failed. It was the third time he had applied for a position by which he might earn bread for himself and family. No wonder that we find him in despair and writing to Mr. Peacock the following letter:

"Altogether it seems as if there wasn't any place for me in this world, and were it not for May (his wife) I should certainly quit it, in mortification at being so useless."

In another letter he says: "My head and my heart are both so full of poems which the dreadful struggle for bread does not give me time to put on paper, that I am often driven to headache and heartache purely for want of an hour or two to hold a pen."

After the death of Lanier, a sketch for a poem, never written, was found among his papers, which doubtless belongs to this period:

O Lord, if thou wert needy as I,
 If thou should'st come to my door as I to thine,
 If thou hungered so much as I
 For that which belongs to the spirit,
 For that which is fine and good,
 Ah, friend, for that which is fine and good,
 I would give it to thee if I had power.
 For that which I want is, first, bread—
 Thy decree, not my choice, that bread must be first;
 Then music, then some time out of the struggle for bread
 to write my poems;
 Then to put out of care Henry and Robert, whom I love—
 O my God, how little would put them out of care!

What trying moments must they have been when he uttered this passionate cry for help! But with all these difficulties against him poetry was always running through his mind. "A thousand songs are singing in my heart that will kill me if I do not utter them soon," he said to Hayne. But that hard struggle for bread must come before poetry. Hence, there is no way of telling how much good poetry we have been deprived of from Lanier on account of his poverty.

In 1879, however, it was announced that he had been appointed to a lectureship in Johns Hopkins University. This was the place he had long wanted, and, although his race was nearly run, two years more on earth being allotted him, he readily accepted. It was his first fixed income since his marriage, twelve years before.

But poverty was not his only difficulty. He was in constant battle for his life. That dreadful and consuming disease was always threatening him. In January, 1868, came the

first hemorrhage. By 1870 there was no change for the better. It rather showed a gradual decline, with settled cough. He went to New York and he went to San Antonio. He went to Baltimore and to Florida, but the soft, refreshing air of the far South could bring no assurance of relief to one whose whole being was longing and thirsting to express itself in music and poetry. In 1874 he went to Florida again. While there he mingled freely with the many joys of nature. On his return he spent two months with his family at Sunnyside, Ga. He wandered over the old red hills. He roamed over the forests and fields. The ferns, the trembling leaves, the beautiful flowers, the murmuring brooks, in fact all nature seemed to be whispering words of love and hope, which gave birth to the first song of his to which the world gave recognition—"Corn." In May, 1880, he was thought to be at death's door, but he would not give up. He delivered his twelve lectures in Johns Hopkins when he was not able to stand. His hearers listened with terror, as if wondering whether he would have breath enough to complete the hour. It was at this time, when his temperature was 104 degrees, that he wrote that beautiful little poem, "Sunrise." It is due to his wonderful faculty for work and his indomitable will-power that we are in possession of that poem to-day. I have often wondered how many times he sent up that bitter cry of Keats, "Oh, for ten years more of poetry!"

After this course of lectures was given he rallied enough to be taken to North Carolina. There in the forenoon of September 7, 1881, "that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God."

There is yet another aspect of his life to which I wish to call your attention. It is the literary atmosphere in which he lived, or rather the atmosphere in which he did not live. Keats and Lanier are always associated together in my mind. When I think of one, I think of the other. They both inherited consumption from their mothers, with which disease they died in the prime of life. They both possessed souls

teeming with poetical strains which could not be penned. But the great difference lies in the fact that Keats lived in a region of literature, while Lanier did not. The atmosphere around Keats was laden with the best of literary thought, while that of Lanier was anything else than that. He lived all alone in this world, with but few to sympathize with him. The people among whom he was born held it unmanly to be a musician. Even his father was of this same opinion, but Lanier paid little heed to what they said. He regarded music as a common necessity of life and wondered how people could regard it as a mere amusement. Not only were his people unable to appreciate music, but poetry likewise. They thought it was a something for pleasant pastime, little thinking that some of the most profound truths and noble thoughts were expressed therein. They were a domestic people, living with themselves and thinking with themselves. They did not take a broad view of life. They were narrow-minded. It was an age of sectionalism. The institution in which Lanier received his education was one of those many small colleges which flooded the country. The South had not realized the power and the good of centralization. They were called colleges, when in fact they fell far short of what constitutes a real college. Each community would educate its boys in its own college. They did not send their sons to the universities of the North, for they were afraid of the influence of Northern educators. The result of this, I think, has been fully realized. We are seeing the effects of it to-day. It was in such an atmosphere as this that poor Lanier was reared and educated. From a letter to Bayard Taylor we can see how he felt about it :

“I could never describe to you what a severe drought and famine my life has been, as regards that multitude of matters which I fancy one absorbs when one is in an atmosphere of art, or when one is in conversational relation with men of letters, with travellers, with persons who have either seen or written or done great things. Perhaps you know that, with

us of the younger generation in the South since the war, pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying."

Lanier has gone. But he has left an unwritten as well as a written message. It tells us that what has been done can be done again. It tells us that with perseverance we may reach even higher goals than Sidney Lanier, since the conditions of to-day are better and far different from those of his day. Let those of the South, who are meeting with opposition and difficulties, and who feel as though the world were against them, not give up; but keep on, ever letting the bitter struggles of Sidney Lanier be an inspiration to them.

A LOVE STORY.

BY NITA.

Every one knew that Bolton Arnod adored May Walters, and no one was more certain of it than May herself. May was not the kind of girl who imposes on a man because she is sure of his love, but his constant attention caused her often to be a little careless. May always had her own way with every one, and Bolton was certainly no exception. If she suggested she would rather have him call less often, he quietly submitted to her better judgment, and sought enjoyment elsewhere. If she refused to golf with him and he would learn later that she was playing tennis with his friend Ralph Gregson, he never blamed May, but put the blame on women's tendency toward changing their minds.

None of these things disturbed him much. There had always seemed to be an understanding between him and May. But this time, when he came to the hop and found she had given one of his dances to Ralph, it was altogether more than he could stand. He told her so a little impatiently in the conservatory when they were alone. "But I did not see you. I thought you had not come," she answered pettishly. "And Ralph insisted you would not miss one from all these."

"You knew I would come," he answered. "Miss Baxter kept me waiting. When have I ever failed to keep an engagement with you?" May did not remember his ever having done so. Bolton was indeed angry. It was the first time she had ever seen him so. She scarcely knew what to say to him. Finally the conversation lagged. May grew listless and a bored look came into her eyes. No, she thought the ices were horrid, the music didn't suit her, and she wouldn't dance, adding, finally, that she was tired of New York and thought she would run down to Newport in a few days. Bolton was a little surprised at this last remark, though he said nothing.

Only a week before they had talked of Newport and May had decided since Bolton could not get away from the bank until the latter part of September, to wait and have him go down with her to join her mother at the Walters cottage at Newport.

Bolton offered no comment, but a thousand thoughts flashed through his mind. It was Ralph after all that she cared for, he felt obliged to believe. She had evidently been playing with him as a spider plays with a fly before crushing the life out of him. What a fool he had been not to see this before. He barely touched her hand as she said good-night. Miss Baxter saw that something was wrong with him as they drove home from the dance, but she did not connect it with his coming back to her and asking for one dance that he had told her he held with May.

The next day Bolton saw May and Ralph as he was going to lunch. They were laughing and talking and did not even see him as their trap passed quickly. For a brief moment he was insanely jealous of his friend. It seemed hardly fair to have a rival who kept his own horses and a down-town flat and had nothing to worry or disturb him; who daubed a little paint on his canvas seemingly at random, and yet his pictures sold very high and were admired greatly. People said if Ralph applied himself as diligently to his art as he did to his own enjoyment he would be a great artist.

Two days later May went to Newport, and in a few days Bolton read notices in the *Herald* of a great yachting party made up of Newport guests, prominent among whom were May and Ralph. Bolton read this with a heavy heart and somehow he could not center his mind on his work all day. In the evening he was about to write to May, but his pride would not let him. He argued for and against her with himself. He blamed himself for loving her too much, yet try as he would he could love her no less.

The first week in Newport was an amazing week to her. Each day she looked for a letter from Bolton, but each day

as she glanced quickly over her mail, she missed his strong, bold writing. What could he mean, she wondered. Always before he had written each day. She would wait; she was sure he would write. By the time ten days had passed she was beginning to get uneasy. What could Bolton be doing in New York without her, she wondered.

She wanted to hear from him; she wanted to see him. Try as she would, she could not help showing it. Still she did not feel herself in fault. She wondered if Miss Baxter was in town still, and wondering she thought what if Bolton's silence could be accounted for by her being there. The idea seemed to grow upon her. Could it be that he had seen quite a good deal of Miss Baxter and had come to like her? The time dragged in spite of the many amusements. She found herself counting the days until Bolton's holidays would begin, and wondering if he would come then.

Imagine the surprise of Bolton's friends at Newport when they saw in the Sunday papers a little notice, not a formal announcement, of the engagement of Mr. Bolton W. Arnod to Miss Grace Cole Baxter. May was at breakfast alone when the papers came. She read the society column first always and this notice was the first her eyes fell upon. Her coffee remained untouched, and the maid bringing the toast was motioned to take it back. In her own room she gave away to the intensest grief. The storm that had been gathering for these three weeks had burst at last and she buried her face in her pillow and cried as if her heart would break. At last tired out, she fell asleep. How long she slept she did not know. She awoke only when her maid was standing over her with a card. She took it and read Bolton Wilde Arnod. She had wanted him so much and he had come, but it was so different—so different. How dared he come? Was he coming to tell her how happy he was? She determined not to see him, but the wild desire to see him, to be near him, no matter whom he was engaged to, overmastered her and she washed her face and dressed quickly and went down.

He rose as she entered. She thought she never saw him look more handsome than at that moment. He came forward with both hands outstretched, looking yearningly into her face. She forgot all the many things she had intended to say.

"You must forgive me, little one, for all the cross, horrid things I said to you. I've come to beg your pardon." He had taken her hands into both his own, and somehow she seemed powerless to remove them. He continued talking quickly: "Jack came to me yesterday for my congratulations. He has at last persuaded Grace Baxter to marry him. Fancy my younger brother marrying before me. Just think, May, the papers had it Bolton instead of Jack."

Bolton saw the look in those beautiful eyes and he knew without asking, as he drew her to him, that Jack's older brother would not have to wait long for a little dark-eyed girl to say yes.

THE PARTING.

BY E. C. PERROW.

*I had not known her long—but one short month
Of mingled joy and pain,
Now in the distance coming from afar
The rumble of the train.*

*Why are my lips so dumb? Why stand I now
In silence by her side?
I know not, but it seems no words are fit
For love so boundless wide.*

*I clasp her little hand within my own
And high hopes burn
Within my heart as, answering, I feel
A pressure in return.*

*And now the cry of "All aboard!" is heard,
The ringing of the bell,
A gentle sigh, a softly whispered word,
The word "farewell."*

* * * * *

*Long years have passed since last I saw through tears
That fair, sweet face of thine;
Yet, Mabel, through the weary waste of years
Thy angel eyes yet shine.*

SISTER DOLOROSO.

BY H. B. ADAMS, JR.

The deepening dusk of evening found Miss Mamie Montford one September standing in her room before the mirror. The glass gave back to her the reflection of a sweet, intellectual face. The bright, merry light in her brown eyes was all the more intensified by a momentary pensiveness which occasionally swept over her features. The clear-cut lips and the ready sympathetic expression of her face showed the pride of the Lady Vere de Vere and the gentleness of Hester Prynne combined. She finished her toilet and went down to the parlor, humming a snatch of a song. "I wish Jerome would come on," she said, seating herself in one of the plush chairs of the beautifully furnished room.

Jerome Carleton lived next door to her. The little town of Morrisville, although it could only boast of a thousand or two inhabitants, had one street with the wide drives and large lots of a city. As Miss Montford glanced through the window toward the great house down the street, she murmured, "He always was strange. Wonder what he will have to say to-night."

She had never been able to understand Jerome. He was not like other boys. When they were children together and she would have him to dress up as a physician to attend to the pretended ills of her doll, he would come into the room with such an expression of deep solicitude on his face that she would burst into tears. When he was fifteen, while other boys were at the swimming pool or out fishing, she could see him seated on the rustic bench under the great oak in his front yard deep in the perusal of some classic book. His father guided his reading. The Carletons had always been wealthy. Before the war, they were great slave-owners and since, they had made money easily in the learned professions. Old Robert Carleton never found it necessary to point to his family connection with Robert Bruce to show his

claims to good breeding, for everybody who once saw the proud, smiling lips, and eyes snapping with merriment and listened awhile to his affable conversation knew that he was a "verray parfit knyght"—a gentleman of the old school. The Carletons were all known for intellectual attainments. Old Mr. Carleton was conceded by all to be the brainiest lawyer in his section of the State.

From the time when Jerome was fifteen or sixteen, Mamie saw very little of him. He spent his time either reading or practicing on a violin or in company with a few of the brightest boys of the town, with whom he was very popular on account of the numberless ways he had of amusing them. He affected to despise the girls of the town for their frivolity.

He had the nervous, æsthetic temperament of a musician. Many a time Mamie had passed his house and stopped under the great elm before his gate and her own musical soul had been stirred to its depths by the rich, passionate notes of a violin which swept through the open blinds of his room. When she was seventeen and he was nineteen they had both been sent off to college. They never wrote to each other while away and did not exchange two dozen words during the next summer vacation. He merely noticed in a few glances that she was developing into a handsome woman and she that he was tall and good-looking and brighter than ever. June of the next year found them both at home again for the vacation. One moonlight night she was taking a leisurley stroll down the street with her nephew of twelve years. Passing by Jerome's house, she was arrested by the sound of his voice. He was practicing an oration which he had written to deliver in his society the next year. It was on the deplorable condition of the children working in factories in North Carolina. In eloquent language he presented picture after picture of their miseries and plead for the betterment of their condition. Miss Montford stopped, leaned against the old elm and wept. He finished his oration, came to the open French window to breathe and saw her.

"Miss Mamie," he cried, as he stepped out, "is it possible that I have made you weep? I didn't know that you were there or I would have stopped this stage-play eloquence before. You will be amused at it after your little cry, I know."

"Oh, no, I won't," she answered, "I had no business eaves-dropping, I know, but I was just passing and I was—well, enchained by your eloquence to this old elm."

From that night they were sweethearts. Jerome was bewildered by her bright mind, sparkling talk, and strong character. Mamie found him brilliant, strange and well-informed, with a soul responsive to all the arts and possessed with sympathy for all people.

They had been sweethearts now for a year. He was to leave the next morning to take up his Senior year in college. Their only annoyance had been the persistent attention of a young soldier who was on a furlough, to her that summer. She disliked him, as he was frivolous and unprincipled. He swore the night before, when she refused him, that he would have vengeance and went off with a cunning smile on his face.

The door-bell rang and Jerome stepped into the hall. He was tall and slender, with light brown hair and gray eyes which had a habitual restless shift in them. His lips had a self-confident, slightly sarcastic twist which made all the more attractive the quick smile which sometimes passed over them.

He advanced into the room and Mamie saw that he was in a gay mood. He took the hand which she held out and attempted to carry it, with mock gallantry, to his lips.

"Oh, no, please don't," said Mamie; "turn my hand loose."

"Oh, you don't care so much. Of course, if you will

'Let your consent with your disdain be hidden;
Each Paradise has on its gate, Forbidden,'"

he quoted, kissing her hand by force.

"You always were strange," she said, smiling in spite of herself. "Have a seat and tell me about what you are going to do in college this year—all about your hopes, ambitions, prospects, etc."

"Certainly, madam," he answered, seating himself obediently, "anything you wish. You are for me the 'Anthea who may command me to do anything.'"

"Don't quote so much. I always think you are making fun of me with your extravagant quotations. I asked you to tell me about your hopes, ambitions and prospects."

"Well, then," he answered, "my hopes are like the great rainbow which the child imagines he sees extending from one corner of the universe to the other, and my prospects are like the real rainbow which, after all, doesn't cover but an acre or two."

"That's not what I want to know. I want you to tell me about what you are going to do in college this year, and after you get through college and all that."

"I would," he answered, "but I want you to sing some for me. I will tell you then about what I hope to do."

"I will sing at once, then," she said, seating herself at the piano. She had a sweet, well-trained voice, a fine ear for music and sang beautifully. He stood near while she sang, drinking in every note. After she had sung four or five songs she let her hands drop from the keyboard and they were silent for several minutes.

The silence was broken at last by his saying gaily, "Of course, in this case, Dr. Talmage's remark that 'silence is sometimes beautiful music fallen fast asleep' is eminently true, and I am waking up the sweetest cherub that ever snoozed, but—"

"Now, you are making fun of me again," she warned him, laughing.

"No, no, not a bit of it," he protested. "I was just going to recite a few verses that slipped into my head during the silence."

"Yes, do. To whom are they dedicated?"

"To you. Here they are:

'Whate'er you do, I hold your acts so dear
I catch them to my heart and hold them there.

Your fingers touch the keys: the piano's cry
Is echoed in my heart by sigh on sigh.

You wield your fan: 'tis with such pretty art
You brush the dust from off my saddened heart.

If you but gaze a moment at the night,
I fancy all the stars laugh with delight.

One look of love from you would pierce my tears
And light my heart though I had wept for y—."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, stop!" cried Mamie. "Your own verses are a hundred times as bad as your quotations. I hope you don't mean to call that poetry. You promised to tell me what you were going to do in college if I would sing and here you go with a lot of nonsense instead."

"Well, I will engage to give you a detailed programme of my life for the next six month if you will first tell me in a few words what you are going to do."

"I am going back to school and that hateful soldier, Farrell, is coming to see me the week after I get there. I hate him."

"Well, I don't know that you should," he said, looking at her with a half-jesting, half-earnest smile. "'Paradise,' as old Mahomet said, 'is in the shadow of swords.' I always thought that all the people of the world were, figuratively speaking, divided into those who lived in the Paradise and those who stood at the gates and kept the lions, ogres, etc., from getting in. Of course, the real soldiers of the United States and all the other soldiers of the world are not the only soldiers in this little figure, but they are a part of them, for the soldier's life is a pretty rough one and others get the benefit of it."

"Yes, I see. Which class in 'this little figure' do you belong to, the flower-gatherers of Paradise or the soldiers at the gate?"

"I've always belonged to the flower-gatherers. I never thought, however, that I was in my right place and have always had a presentiment that I was going to be landed some day in the midst of the roughest of the fighting. I have always thought that some misfortune was going to happen to me—that somebody was going to do me an uncalled-for injury, for instance—and then I would leave this pleasant life I am leading and go off, anywhere just to find a rough, hard life in order to forget the injury."

"What are you talking about, Jerome?" she cried, laughing. "You were always strange, but you are in the strangest mood now that I have ever seen you in."

"I don't think it's so strange now. I have become accustomed to this vague foreboding of evil. It comes over me just at times. I always had a strong tendency toward restlessness and melancholy to overcome anyway, and when this presentiment comes true, if it should, I shall only be able to bow my head to the shock and say as the old Norseman, 'Goes Weird as she must go.' And then I suppose I shall leave here."

He bowed his head on his hands and looked at her with a wild stare that frightened her. The next instant he burst into a loud, merry laugh. "Don't mind me, Mamie," he said, "I was only acting. You know I was always fond of it and wanted to go on the stage, but father would not let me. I think it's my confounded way of always acting in any except my natural way that makes you think I am so strange."

Just then the curtains before the great bay window were pushed aside and a man in the uniform of a soldier stepped into view. He had slipped into the room and concealed himself before either of them had come in. He was determined to have vengeance on Miss Montford for the hurt she had given his pride on the night before, and had been waiting patiently during their conversation for a favorable opportunity to step out and speak the lie which he had carefully prepared.

"Miss Montford," he said, bowing politely, "as to how I came to be concealed in your parlor, I will say nothing, except that it was done for your welfare—to save you from marrying your brother's murderer. Jerome Carleton, your presentiment of evil to happen to you should not be without cause. Do you remember the great strike in the cotton mill last summer, Miss Montford, and that night when the soldiers had to fire on the strikers?"

She would never forget that night, for then the most terrible event that had entered into her life had taken place. Her only brother, Bob, had been brought home dead—killed by a stray bullet, they told her.

"Miss Montford," continued Farrell, "you remember that everybody believed that Mr. Carleton and your brother were going up town and that just as they came out from an alley into the main street where the fight was, the soldiers fired and your brother was accidentally hit. Miss Montford, it is a sad duty to perform, but I must tell you that the murderer of your brother is in the chair at your side. Another soldier and myself had been placed in a dark spot in the alley in order to listen to the plotting of the strikers unobserved. While we were there your brother and Mr. Carleton came by and stopped in the alley. Their talk soon became heated and I could understand that you were the cause of the dispute, Mr. Montford declaring that he would prevent your marrying Mr. Carleton on account of some injury he fancied Mr. Carleton had done him. Presently they walked on toward the main street. Just as they got to where the light from the lamp on that street could fall on them, the soldiers began firing. In an instant, Mr. Carleton ran his hand into his side pocket, from which there was a flash, and Mr. Montford fell. From where we were, we could see that your brother was shot from a revolver in Mr. Carleton's pocket, although no one else saw it. My fellow-soldier who witnessed the murder will be here a week from to-day and will testify to the truth of what I have told you."

Jerome had been sitting still during the whole story apparently only waiting for the man to come to the end of what he had to say. He now arose, walked up to him, and struck him a terrific blow on the temple. The wretch's head, as he fell, struck the edge of the piano and he lay unconscious. Jerome then turned to Miss Montford.

"It is all a lie, Mamie," he said. "You don't believe a word of it, do you?"

"No, Jerome," she answered, "I wouldn't, but you were always so strange. The man whom this man was talking about, who will come next week—won't you stay and prove him a liar, too?"

"No, it is not necessary. It is some scoundrel of the same dye as this one, whom he has instructed what to say. Won't you believe me when I tell you once for all that it is a complete lie?"

Her face was drawn and white as she answered, "You were always so strange, Jerome, and—and—I am afraid. Won't you stay until after the man's witness comes?"

"Good God!" he cried, hotly, "then you believe that I am your brother's murderer and all the rest of this foolish tale and refuse to take my word? Then good-bye, Mamie, it may be forever."

He kissed her hand with a battle of love and pride raging in his mind and the next instant he was gone.

* * * * *

Ten years later, war had been declared with Spain and Cuba had become the scene of several battles, although San Juan had not yet been won nor had any other decisive land engagements taken place.

The "Sadie Belle" had been seeking to land troops in a little bay on the eastern part of the island for several days, but on account of the strong position of a Spanish detachment the attempt had been postponed until a regiment which they heard had been landed farther down the shore by another transport should come up. One afternoon the popping

of rifles suddenly announced the arrival of the regiment and the beginning of the engagement. Col. Carleton at once ordered his regiment to be landed with everything in readiness for action. He directed that the Catholic nurses, who had been placed in the transport at Havana in spite of his opposition and whom he had paid no attention to since then, should be brought ashore after the skirmish. The troops were quickly placed on land and soon the increased rapidity of the rifle reports announced that they had entered the fight. The skirmish was in thick trees and undergrowth and was carried on in the usual method of Cuban fighting in such positions. The lines were broken up and each man, screening himself as much as possible, fired whenever he caught a glimpse of an enemy. The Americans pushed forward with the enthusiasm which months of inactivity always gives brave soldiers and soon drove the Spaniards from their position. After pursuing them as far as he thought it safe to go, Col. Carleton, who had taken command of both regiments, ordered a counter-march to where his men had first landed.

Ten years had wrought great change in Col. Carleton. All his gaiety of manner and speech had gone; he was now a grave, quiet man. He had seen some months of pretty rough service in the suppression of Indian revolts immediately after finishing at West Point. After that, he had been sent on an exploring expedition, and had been placed in charge of a military post, in Alaska, where he had been kept several years. Privation, strenuous camp life, sickness, and wounds had had their effect upon him. His shoulders were slightly stooped, a few gray hairs were sprinkled through the brown curls which could be seen under his cap, and lines of care were drawn around his mouth.

When the reports of the firearms had ceased, the Sisters of Mercy were placed ashore, as the Colonel had directed, to see after the wounded. No litters were yet available and the wounded were lying as they fell. The skirmish had extended

a long way, as the "Dons" had retired little by little; and the way by which they had retired was marked by the wounds of both sides. The Sisters began to bind up the wounds of the first they came to. One of them, finishing her first patient before the others, went on farther in search of another. Few of the Sisters knew what the real name of this one was. On account of her sweet, sad face and gentle manners she had been given the name of Sister Doloroso.

By some chance, no one had been wounded, although several had been killed outright, for a considerable distance and the Sister went on a hundred or two hundred yards before she was arrested by the groans of a wounded man. He was lying with one arm flung across his face; the other was shattered by a rifle ball. As she stooped at the wounded man's side, she heard the tramp of the returning Americans. In a few moments they appeared. Just then there was a crash of musketry near. The Spanish retreat had been only a feint, so that another detachment of their troops might attack the Americans from ambush as they returned. Col. Carleton immediately gave orders to his men; the Americans quickly recovered from their surprise and the battle became general again.

Where the Sister was, was the thickest part of the battle. When the first shots had been fired, she had stood up and hesitated as to what she should do. Just then the wounded man at her feet gave a groan; she knelt again at his side and began quietly to bind up the arm. While she was thus engaged, Col. Carleton appeared and saw her.

"This is no place for you, Sister," he said, walking up to her, "I will have you conducted out of danger."

She raised her eyes to his. "No, I will stay," she answered quietly.

"Good God!" he cried, starting back, "Mamie!"

She did not reply, but resumed her work of tying up the wounded man's arm. A shell from a small battery which the Spaniards were operating fell near them, scattering the

dirt around their feet. Another fell nearer, and a fragment of it tore through the sleeve of the Sister's dress and into the wounded man's side. He groaned and lifted his arm from before his face. It was Farrell. Each recognized the other at once. He struggled to his elbow.

"Lie still," the Sister commanded him gently, "you will hurt your wounds."

"Miss Montford," he cried, "I must speak. Ten years ago I blasted forever your hopes and those of a brave man for happiness with a cowardly lie. I have never had a moment's peace from that night. I welcome these wounds with joy and I pray God that I may die to-night."

The surge of battle had now passed from where they were and the Spaniards had slowly retired before the eager rush and accurate fire of the Americans. Stretchers had at last been fitted up and the bearers of one of them, recognizing Farrell as an officer, carried him off.

After he was gone, Jerome, who had been silently watching her from a distance while she was attending to the wounded man, approached and asked respectfully if her arm was hurt badly. "May I conduct you to one of your friends to have it attended to?" he said, offering his arm.

"Yes," she answered, "it is only a scratch, but still I am a woman and it makes me feel faint."

"Then I suppose I must be very lively to help you keep your mind from it," he said as they walked on. She looked up at him; his head was lifted in the old gay manner which she remembered, of ten years ago; the lines of care around his mouth had disappeared to make way for a bright smile; and she almost fancied that she surprised once the old love light in his glance. However, he looked away as quickly as the thought entered her mind.

"What shall we talk about?" he said. "Oh, yes, I have it; the pleasant times of our youth. Who was it that said time dissipates into ether all our remembrances, both pleasant and sad? It's not true. I can remember every word uttered by us on the last night I saw you ten years ago."

Beneath the black dress, she almost thought for the moment, her heart was beating faster from emotion. Then she smiled at the thought.

“We were not near so happy then as now, however,” she said simply; “we thought only of ourselves and cared nothing for the rest of the world. Now I think of others and try to help as many as possible. My happiness is deeper and more abiding, not so light and apt to be blown away from me.”

He was silent a long time. Then he said slowly, “I think you are right. My experience has been, too, that God has shown me something of a shallow happiness in youth and then dropped me on a sea of unrest to be tossed about awhile in order that I might find a calmer happiness in the end.”

They had now arrived near where one of the other Sisters was. He stopped and took off his hat to bid her farewell. The wind blew the gray hair over his forehead; the stoop had returned to his shoulders and the lines of care to his mouth.

“Good-bye, Sister,” he said, “I must be gone to-morrow, as my orders were for me to be relieved by my next officer and to return as soon as I landed the troops. Good-bye.”

He touched her hand respectfully and the next moment he was gone.



CHAS. K. ROBINSON, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 E. C. PERROW, - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The Class of 1903 now takes control of THE ARCHIVE. It would serve no good purpose to state to our friends and to the public whether we feel greatly the responsibility, or to appeal to sympathy with hopes and fears of success. We know that THE ARCHIVE has measured up to a high standard during the past, and it will be no easy matter to keep to this standard, to say nothing of improving on the work that has been done. We do not expect to work wonders nor to startle the world of college journalism; however, if the student body will take a reasonable amount of interest in the magazine that represents them, if they can see their way clear to do things as well as to speculate on what ought to be done, we are confident that THE ARCHIVE will reach a position among college magazines in which we may all take honest pride. As to a policy, we must confess, if it be a fault, that we have no elaborate plan to make public and have only few words to say along that line.

It is the business of THE ARCHIVE to publish from month to month the best literary work done here by the students, and also to give opportunity for practice to those who are making their first attempts in writing. It remains to be seen whether the table of contents will show mosr of history, poetry, or fiction. THE ARCHIVE has been criticised in the past for publishing, it has been alleged, too much historical matter and not enough of fiction and poetry. For some reason, college magazines do not often contain stories that "mankind will not willingly let die." And unless story-tellers

can deal more in style and less in sentimentality as well as stop making "horror the soul of the plot;" and unless young poets can give better evidence of inspiration than they usually do, it would perhaps be more profitable and entertaining to limit contributors to discussions of the early Peruvian alphabet or of the Mohawk war dances. What we publish, however, will depend largely upon those able and willing to write.

Is it not true that college men are careless about giving encouragement to those among them who are trying to write? It may take years of practice, as well as some other things, to master the art of "writing with your eye on the object;" but this fact will not excuse our lack of interest in men who are publishing their first efforts. Enthusiastic rooting is rightly held to be essential to successful athletics; the men who take part in college debates are stimulated by the cheers of their followers to make their best efforts; but writing does not seem to be considered a part of college life, and writers have to rely upon themselves for enthusiasm and inspiration.

When a man has given his time and thought to a story, a poem, or an essay; when he has smoked his pipe many times beside his flickering lamp at midnight, trying to get over the difficult places in his composition, his work has something of life in it for him, especially if he has put into it all his patience and industry. His effort may not produce the excitement of a home run, but it deserves more at the hands of his fellow students than the silence of indifference.

The President of the United States ought to have such broadness of mind as to be, in many respects, above partisanship. During his recent tour of the country, Mr. Roosevelt showed that he is a man of this type; and time after

time he expressed sentiments which ignored the political creeds of his audience and appealed solely to the manhood of those who heard him.

In his speech at Asheville, N. C., among other things, he said: "We never can succeed in making this country what it can and shall be made until we work together, not primarily as Northerners or Southerners, Easterners or Westerners, not primarily as employee or employer, townsmen or countrymen, capitalist or wage-worker, but primarily as American citizens, to whom the right of brotherly friendship and comradeship with all other decent American citizens comes as the first and greatest of privileges Good laws can do a measure of good, but it is the man behind the law who will ultimately, by the way in which he performs his duties, determine whether this country is to go up or down."

The whole country needs to learn this lesson, and no section stands more in need of it than the South. Once the leader in national affairs, the South was forced by slavery into a position antagonistic to the ideas of the rest of the civilized world. Defeat in war and the injustice suffered under Reconstruction naturally gave a tinge of bitterness to Southern feeling and caused the South to think, and with good reason, that she must stand alone against the rest of the country in defence of her rights; and as time went on the South grew proud of the isolation forced upon her by the intolerance of those who presumed to judge her.

But has the day not come when we can lay aside the memory of our injuries, and direct our efforts toward regaining our old position in the administration of this government? Shall it always be true that our opinions in education, politics and theology can be foretold from our geographical position? In the war with Spain the South showed that she could be intensely American in a time of national danger. New industrial conditions are changing Southern politics and a spirit of independence is showing itself in various quarters, while the demagogue is going further and further

into the background. May the day never come when Southern men and women will not feel a peculiar love and reverence for the Old South and sing of her deeds in war and peace, but let us look forward to the day when one of the chief characteristics of a Southern man will be that he is a broad-minded American citizen.

In reviewing the third volume of *Cap and Gown*, a collection of college verses edited by R. S. Paget, the *Chicago Tribune* has this to say of the poem which we reprint below: "Finally, within the pages of the book, is one true poem, without signature, but published in THE TRINITY ARCHIVE:"

Love, who has granted many prayers and set
 My wayward feet into thy happy ways,
 Behold, I send this supplication yet—
 Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.
 I wrought so many follies in thy name,
 So many frail, false altars did I raise,
 Too weak to hold thee—nay, for very shame
 Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.
 See, I blot out my sinning with my tears,
 And ever cry my prayer with this my praise;
 For sake of all the coming happier years
 Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

We have been unable to find out the author of these lines, and we shall be glad if some friend or former student will give us the name of this modest poet.

It was announced at the Civic Celebration last February that Mr. B. N. Duke had made a donation for the purpose of adding four new departments to the college. The new chairs and their professors are as follows: Political Economy, Dr. W. H. Glasson; Romance Languages, Dr. G. H. Hamilton; German, Dr. J. C. Ransmeir; Applied Mathematics, Adjunct Professor L. C. Nicholson. This completes the equipment of Trinity along college lines.



Literary Notes

MISS EDNA CLYDE KILGO, - - - - - MANAGER.

The prominence of Stephen Phillips in London is very noticeable. Half the omnibuses last spring were placarded with large advertisements of *Ulysses* at Her Majesty's, or Paolo and Francesca at the St. James. The facades of the theatres themselves take up the tale which is repeated in the advertising columns and the dramatic and literary notes in the newspapers.

Some writers contend that in giving his inventions a dramatic form, Stephen Phillips has sacrificed much of their charm as poetry while the plays would gain greatly in effectiveness if they were not, at the same time, poems. Nothing could be easier than this sort of criticism which might, in fact, be passed on almost every poetic drama that has been put on the stage. But one fancies that it might be less insisted on, at the present, were it not for the play's remarkable prosperity. Of this prosperity there can be no question. Yet neither *Ulysses* or Paolo could hope, in any American city, for anything like the success it has had in London. Mr. Phillips' verse is by no means lacking in charm and the scenery of both plays is sumptuous and beautiful. But the lovely lines and sumptuous scenery would never make up with an American audience for the lack of virility and distinction on the part of the leading actors.

Despite the success of *Ulysses* as a play and book, the personal vogue of Mr. Phillips in London, the chorus of adulation is by no means uniform. Mr. Arthur Symons has recently raised a dissenting voice and now the author of

"A New Dialogue of the Dead" covertly chaffs the player-poet on his trifling with tradition, his exalted phraseology and his want of constructive wit.

"The Rescuer" is not Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick's first book, but it is a book that marks a period, sets a standard from which her future achievements will probably be dated. It is, merely as a piece of literary construction, of composition, a very noticeable book. The characters are few—only four. The thing goes swiftly without superfluities, with a disregard of all padding that wins our respect. The drama unfolded is both high and deeply intimate; conceived with passion and truthfully, touchingly seen. Perhaps no human relationship has been, in art, more conventionalized than that of mother and daughter, and upon none has any carefulness or sincerity of vision probably been less frequently brought to bear.

"The Rescuer" is the story of the love, slowly and quite naturally turning to hatred of a noble woman for a selfish, hard, unvirtuous, unloving daughter. To show this process of change—this revolt shot through and through with tender yearnings—and the rescue of the mother from intolerable pain of a clear comprehension of the daughter—a rescue brought about through the medium of the love of a man nearer her daughter's age than her own,—was no easy thing to do. Here is unusualness, here is distinction. The truth is shirked at no point. But Miss Sedgwick's art is equal to the strain of the emergency. Nothing shocks in this singular story; while the colors are sombre some saving grace—which is, really, a sure, steady and high ethical sense—keeps the total effect of the picture from an ugly dankness. And it all culminates in a scene that is not too much to call a mastery of dramatic characterization.

To the students of American literature the most interesting book of the season is the Virginia edition of "Poe's Complete Works." This book is edited by James H. Harrison, Profes-

sor in the University of Virginia, with introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie and Charles W. Kent, Ph. D., and notes by R. A. Stewart, Ph. D. James Lane Allen says of it: "Gives every promise of being the best that has ever appeared in any country." Thomas Nelson Page says, "I believe this work will be a great addition to the Poe literature." It has become increasingly more evident that Poe is the American world-author. The world and the years are the obvious arbiters of fame and the last half-century since the death of our chief creative geniuses, the general vote has been given to the singer of "The Raven" and the teller of the "Tale of Ligia." Taking five representative libraries of world literature in English, German and Italian, Poe is the only one appearing in all five.

The *North American Review* for September contains some very interesting articles: "Will the Novel Disappear," by James Lane Allen, William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland, Hamilton W. Mabie and John Kendrick Bangs. They are a defence of the novel against the prophecy of M. Jules Verne that the novel will disappear. His reasons are these: "Novels will not be needed; hence there will be no novels. Novels are declining in merit; hence there will be no novels. In future there will be newspapers and the world will file them as its historic records for posterity; hence there will be no novels."

The last number of the *Forum* contains a striking review of Dr. Bassett's handsome volume, "The Writings of Colonel Wm. Byrd of Westover in Virginia, Esqr.," of which this is the close: "In the present volume, a beautiful product of the DeVinne press, there is only to regret the absence of a map and the limitations to 500 copies. Why should not Mr. Bassett give us a popular edition of Byrd, including his letters?"

Readers of Mr. James Lane Allen's charming stories do not need to be told that there is a rare quality in the most characteristic Kentucky life; a happy combination of free indi-

viduality and old-fashioned courtesy. Mrs. Bank's "Oldfield" contains a breath of old world, old time courtesy, propriety, gentility, that smells of lavender and tastes of caraway. It is an immense relief to get away from the hardness and metallic brilliancy of many well written contemporary novels into a life so gentle, so full of the old-time reverence for the individual without reference to conditions as that described in "Oldfield."

Among the books of suggestion for the management of life and settlement of personal problems of education an important place must be given to Dr. James Canfield's "College Student and His Problems." He has drawn upon his experience and study of American educational life for the benefit of those who are perplexed by the question whether they shall go to college or not, by the claims of different lines of study and by the problems of college life generally. His discussion of these matters is intelligent, practical and sympathetic.

To the American Men of Letters series there will be added, this fall, the following important and interesting books: "Lowell," by Henry Van Dyke; "Hawthorne," by G. E. Woodberry; "Whittier," by T. R. Carpenter.

In the English Men of Letters series, edited by Morley, three valuable additions will appear: "George Eliot," by Leslie Stephens; "William Hazlitt," by Augustine Birrell; "Mathew Arnold," by Herbert Paul.



Editors Table

E. W. CRANFORD,

MANAGER.

Since no exchanges have yet appeared on our table, this department would naturally be expected to have little to say in this issue. It only desires to state that it is expecting great things in the way of college journalism this year and is waiting anxiously for the arrival of the first issue of magazines. There is no reason why the college magazine should not be made an important avenue for development in college life. It is too often the case that the college journal is left entirely in the hands of a few individuals, while the majority of the students take neither part nor interest in the conduct of its affairs. Such should not be the case. Journalism is coming to be one of the greatest means of influencing public sentiment, and if there is any side issue in college life that should be given attention, this is certainly one. A college magazine cannot express the life of a college unless the majority of the students are behind it. It is to be hoped that a greater number of students in our Southern colleges will become interested in this kind of work and contribute more to it. Of course only a certain amount can be published and if our first article does not come out in print there is no excuse for our becoming discouraged and dropping the whole matter. If our articles are relegated to the waste basket, it does us no harm, but the very effort we make to escape it does much to draw out our literary talents. We furthermore, help to elevate the standard of our magazine even if we never have a word of our own printed in it, in that we give the editor a large supply from which to select the best. Let us make this a year of much effort in the line of literary production.

As to dictating how a college magazine should be run, saying what should be put in it and what should be left out—that is not, just now, the business of this department. Neither shall it at any time be the business of this department to pass biting and pedantic criticism upon the honest efforts of others. It is true that the Exchange Editor is expected to act somewhat in the capacity of a critic and is thereby placed in no easy position. While it is true, that he is possessed of the exalted authority of passing judgment upon the weakness of others, yet at the same time he is in the best position, to air his own ignorance, of any man connected with the whole magazine, and many times it is the case that the critic shows a vastly greater need of wholesome criticism than the criticised. When the Exchange editor reads carefully and studiously the products of his contemporaries in their magazines and compares it with the best work of the kind he knows of, then if he is able to offer any suggestions or correct any errors, his work is helpful to all concerned; but if he proposes to suggest changes because it is fashionable, or because an article could have been written in a slightly different way, and furthermore offers those suggestions without having carefully read the article or trying to catch the point in it, his criticisms sound like the voice of one crying in the wilderness and the whole thing would get along better if he and his department were left out of it.

It will not be the purpose of this department during the impending year to impose upon its readers by making any attempts at wit, or long-drawn-out dissertations upon literary art, but its only purpose will be to give praise where in the mind of the Manager it is merited, and to offer friendly suggestions where they seemed to be needed. And if by chance any suggestion should be made in this department that is more erroneous than that which it attempts to correct, it is sincerely hoped that the will will be taken for the deed and the mistake pardoned.



At Home and Abroad

W. G. PURYEAR, - - - - - MANAGER.

On the 3d of October the students of the College and High School assembled in the Memorial Hall to celebrate Benefactor's day. After the preliminary exercises Dr. Kilgo made a short talk on Benefactors in general, Trinity's Benefactors, Trinity's endowment, and the gifts which Trinity has received since last Benefactor's day. These gifts were books and collections for the museum, and gifts in money amounting to over one hundred thousand dollars. This last brings Trinity's endowment up nearly to a million dollars.

The Atlantic Symphony Quartette, assisted by Miss McMillan and Miss Belle, were greeted at the Memorial Hall a few nights ago by a small, but very appreciative audience. The entire program was rendered exceptionally well. The performers seemed to enjoy giving it as much as the audience enjoyed receiving it.

The four Chairs which were endowed to Trinity the 2d of October, 1901, are at present held as follows: The Chair of Political Economy and Social Science by Dr. William H. Glasson; the Chair of German by Dr. J. C. Ronsmeier; the Chair of Romance Languages by Dr. G. L. Hamilton; the Chair of Applied Mathematics by Prof. L. C. Nicholson.

Dr. Glasson graduated from Cornell with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in 1896. During the following year he was Fellow in Political Economy and Finance at Cornell. For the year 1897-1898, he was chosen Harrison Fellow in Economics at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1898-1899 he was Fellow of Administration at Columbia University,

New York, from which institution he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. During the next three years he was in charge of the Department of History and Political Science at the George School, an endowed institution of the Society of Friends (Quakers) near Philadelphia. Besides a "History of Military Pension Legislation in the United States," Dr. Glasson has published in scientific journals several articles on various phases of the United States pension system, and has also published occasional articles of a less technical character in newspapers and periodicals.

Dr. Ronsmeier graduated from the College of Liberal Arts of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., in 1894, with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. From 1895-1897 he was Principal of Union Academy, Anna, Ill. From 1897-1901 he was a graduate student at Harvard University. He took the degree of Master of Arts in 1898. From 1898-1899 he was the holder of a Thayer Scholarship, and from 1899-1900 was the holder of a Shattuck Scholarship. During this year he was also an assistant in German. For the year 1900-1901 he held a Morgan Fellowship and in 1901 took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Germanic Philology. The subject of his Doctor's thesis was "The Element of Revolt in the Thought of Johann Gottfried Friedrick Hoelderlin." In 1901-1902 he was instructor in German at Williams College.

Dr. Hamilton graduated from Harvard University in 1895 with the degree of B. A., receiving an A. M. in 1897. He taught at Hickock's School, Morristown, N. J., in 1897-1898. He was in the Harvard Graduate School in 1896-1897 and 1898-1899, and completed his work for the doctorate in 1899-1900 at Columbia University, where he was Fellow in Romance Languages. Mr. Hamilton was Instructor in Romance Languages at the University of Cincinnati in 1900-1901, and in the following year was a student in Paris at l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes. Besides his dissertation for the Doctor's degree, now in press, he has frequently contributed valuable papers to various learned journals.

Professor Nicholson graduated from Trinity College in 1899 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. After one year of graduate work in Mathematics and Physics he took the degree of A. M. He spent the years 1900-1901 and 1901-1902 in the Electrical Engineering department of the University of Missouri, from which institution he graduated with the degree of E. E.

Prof. Plato T. Durham, Class of '95, and Adjunct Professor of the Department of Biblical Literature 1900-1901, has returned from England after doing a year's graduate work in Baliol and Christ colleges, Oxford University.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. A. B. Bradsher was elected Captain of the Base Ball Team for the ensuing year. Mr. J. A. Long was elected First Assistant Manager of the Base Ball Team. Mr. B. S. Womble was elected Manager, and Mr. L. H. Gibbons Captain, of the Track Team.

Mr. W. W. Card, of the Class of 1900, has been secured as Gymnasium Instructor. For five years Mr. Card was center-fielder on the Trinity base ball team. During this time he also took an active interest in all other forms of athletics. In 1900-1901 he took a course in Physical Training at Harvard, where he was ranked as the fourth strongest man in college. The following year he was in charge of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium in Mobile, Alabama. Mr. Card has already aroused a spirit of interest in gymnasium and track work that is especially marked by its contrast to the lack of that spirit last year.

The new Dormitory, which was begun last spring, was completed a few days after college opened this fall. It is of red pressed brick, trimmed with white stone. While it shows up well from the outside, it shows up much better from the inside. It contains sixteen suites; every suite has two bedrooms, one study and a bath. On the first floor are four

suites, a reception-room and a banquet hall. The other two floors are occupied by the remaining suites. The whole building is furnished completely and well.

The new Library is about completed. Work was started on this building about a year ago; but its appearance entirely justifies the time spent on it. It contains large reading rooms, storage rooms and fire-proof vaults. No shelving has been done in it as yet, but temporary shelves will be placed in it soon, in readiness for a large shipment of books, which has recently been ordered.

Mr. R. P. Reade, of the Class of 1900, was on the campus a short time ago. He was on his way back to the University of Michigan.

Mr. P. V. Anderson, Class of '97, spent a day with us about the 20th. He was returning to the Medical department of the University of Virginia.

Mr. W. A. Lambeth, '01, stopped over with us a day or so before he left for Vanderbilt University. He is in the Theological department.

Mr. Richard Webb, '00, left a short time ago for Yale.

Mr. J. R. Cowan, of the Class of '00, passed through not long ago on his way to Harvard.

Mr. E. S. Yarbrough, last year's Manager of THE ARCHIVE, spent a day with us recently.

Mr. H. F. Robinson, of the Class of 1902, was on the campus a few days ago.

Mr. L. L. Hendren, Class of '00, stopped over a day or two on his return to Columbia University.

Mr. E. W. Lassiter spent a few days on the campus with friends before he left for the University of Maryland.

H. MAHLER'S SONS

RALEIGH, N. C.

Manufacturing Jewelers

SILVERSMITHS AND ENGRAVERS

BADGES, MEDALS AND EMBLEMS
MADE TO ORDER.

THE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING OF WEDDING,
RECEPTION AND CALLING CARDS.

Paul C. Sneed

Cor. Main & Mangum Sts.

STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO CALL

DRUGGIST.

Phone No. 8.

COLE & HOLLADAY,

HIGH-CLASS

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Smithdeal's

Is the oldest and only business college in Va. owning its building—a grand new one. No vacations. Ladies & gentlemen. Bookkeeping, Shorthand Typewriting, Penmanship, Telegraphy, &c. Leading business college south of the Potomac river."—*Phila. Stenographer*. Address, G. M. Smithdeal, President, Richmond, Va.

T. B. EDWARDS & CO.,

THE EXCLUSIVE

PICTURE FRAMERS AND UPHOLSTERERS

Finest Line of Mouldings and Frames in the City.

224 West Main Street. Opposite Lewwith

Call at I. R. Dickerson's for Oil.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1902.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to C. K. ROBINSON, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues).

ADVERTISING.

☞ Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.

Direct all communications to

T. W. SMITH, Business Manager,
Trinity College, Durham, N. C.



C. W. LAMBETH, - - - - - MANAGER.

THE CASE OF PROF. SLEDD AND EMORY COLLEGE.

BY C. F. LAMBETH.

For a long time the negro problem has been staring this country squarely in the face. Many have written about it and undertaken to give a solution of it. But as yet the question still confronts us, and is likely to for time to come. In these discussions we occasionally see an article which deals with the treatment of the negro at the present time. Such a one as this do we find in the July number of the Atlantic Monthly, written by Prof. Andrew Sledd of Emory College, Ga.

In this article Prof. Sledd first shows us the two extremes to which the North and South alike go. The South remem-

bers that the negro was a slave, and hence regards him and his rights from a position of proud superiority. The South has considered it a local matter and not a national one. She has preferred to deal with it in her own way and spurned external help and suggestions. She has invited outsiders to mind their own business. On the other hand the North has approached the matter from a theoretical standpoint entirely. They have not found out the actual facts in the case. They have dealt with it in a spirit of indignant sentimentality, rather than of calm reason. Hence we see undesirable and impossible remedies proposed by these Northern writers. As usual the truth lies between the two extremes.

In the first place the negro belongs to an inferior race. He is in a lower state of development than the white man. His inferiority is inherent. Occasionally some of his unwise friends make the statement that the negro is the equal of any white man on the globe, but this sort of cant is being laid aside now. It is hoped that this will do away with those sentimental schemes of social equality and amalgamation, which the North has very unwisely advocated. These schemes have given to the people of the South more lasting offense than any other that has been advanced. Such an idea could have originated only in the brain of the wildest theorist, entirely ignorant of the conditions in the South. On this point I think almost everybody agrees. But his next point is the one which has been so severely attacked, and for which Prof. Sledd has received much uncalled for abuse.

He contends that the negro has inalienable rights. While the North has erred in advocating the equality of the races, the South has erred in precisely the opposite direction. Prof. Sledd makes it very emphatic by saying that we have gone almost to the point of dehumanizing the negro. We look at him in the same light as upon a beast. He is never thought of except in loathing and contempt. As for his rights, the general sentiment is, who ever heard of the "rights" of a "nigger"? If we could make the negro feel

that his *fundamental* rights and privileges are recognized and respected equally with those of the white man, this problem would be at once simplified. But he has no ground for feeling this. On the streets they lift their hats in passing. At the station they are not allowed to enter the room of the whites. On the train they ride in a separate car. They are not allowed to eat at a white restaurant or lodge at a white hotel. They call upon God, the maker of the black man as well as the white man, in a separate house. All this is done *simply because of his blackness*.

In this I think Prof. Sledd has carried it too far. At least I am unable to reconcile these last statements with his views about the social equality of the negro. He plainly says, "It is not necessary, nor desired that the negro should be the social equal of the white man." But yet he goes on to speak of the educated negro lifting his hat to the prominent, and worshiping God in a separate church. It may be that the educated negro in Georgia lifts his hat to the prominent whites, but it is not that way in North Carolina. Of course some may do it after the same manner that a white student raises his hat to his professor, but as a general rule an educated negro raises his hat to no white man. If Prof. Sledd means we should have mixed churches, mixed schools, and that negroes should be allowed to lodge at white hotels, I thoroughly disagree with him. The Anglo-Saxon race has always held itself aloof from inferior races. It does not want social equality with them and will not have it. But the principle object of this paper is in regard to the intolerance of the South. Whether we agree with Prof. Sledd or not, we should at least give him a respectful hearing, and not hound him down like a dog, as a man dangerous to the peace and welfare of his community. But before this let us look at one other point.

His views on lynching have also brought words of abuse upon him. He quotes the following from a former Judge Advocate-General of Virginia: "No right thinking man or wo-

man, white or black, ought to have, or can have, any sympathy for such criminals as those who suffer death for the crime described, nor can they believe that any punishment, however cruel or severe, is undeserved." Our lynchings are the work of the lower and lowest classes, ignorant, without culture and seemingly without the capacity to appreciate the virtues and higher feelings, yet conceited on account of the fact that they wear a coat of white skin which they continually dishonor. But I think it needless to go into the discussion of this, for it is well known, and it is well known what a man, who is against lynching, would say. Suffice it to say that he has stated his case candidly, emphatically, and truthfully.

Bill Arp pronounces shame upon Prof. Sledd. He says lynching in the South will never stop till the crime, which causes it, stops. Therefore let lynching go on. So long as the prominent men of the South teach such a doctrine as this, how can we rid ourselves of this evil? Lawlessness never has and never will stop the crime. If it will, why has it not done so before now? Not Prof. Sledd, but rather the one who encourages lynching and lawlessness, is the man who deserves shame. A prominent paper in North Carolina says when a man among books attempts to write about this problem, nine times out of ten he puts his foot in it. It also says that Prof. Sledd belongs to a class of men, who, "having ears, hear not, and having eyes, see not." It might have added that he belongs to a class, who, having good common sense and judgment, perceives things as they really are. If men of books are not to settle this question, pray tell me who are. It is very silly and narrow to entertain such an idea. Practical minds do not know all that is to be known about the negro. Literary men can have a mighty influence on practical questions. We have only to look back over our history, and there we will see what mighty powers were at work on such subjects. See Lowell delivering his celebrated address on the "Independent in Politics" before the Reform Club in New York City. See him at work with

pen and mouth alike on the slavery question. See him trying with all his power to bring about the national idea in this country. Lowell did all these things and yet lived among books. Others could be mentioned as well. Still some people say that a man of books cannot write about political and negro questions. It is perfectly absurd. It is an erroneous idea which should be condemned by all.

Prof. Sledd's article was first attacked by a well known character in Georgia, a woman, in the most bitter terms. She suggested giving him a coat of tar and feathers, and then sending him away from the State. Her outcry was taken up by the papers of the State, and the small, local sheets added their little mite of abuse. Unfortunately the new, timid president was greatly alarmed. He thought surely what those great prophets said would come to pass. The *vox populi* was so strong that two or three of the Executive Committee shared this state of panic and terror with the president. They thought that if they kept such a monster in their midst the college would certainly lose all of its patronage and prestige. So they quickly met and unanimously accepted Prof. Sledd's resignation, which of course he extended as soon as he found out how the president felt about the matter.

This action of the executive committee is exceedingly unfortunate for the college and the South at large. It shows that the college is controlled by men who are too easily frightened; by men who are not used to being under fire and cannot reason well when in the smoke of battle. It seems to me that men, who are so easily frightened and routed by the harsh and silly croaking of an old woman, should not be put in charge of weighty interests, where clearness of judgment is a fundamental need. Now that the din of battle has ceased and the smoke has cleared away, I should think these men are having their doubts as to the wisdom of their action.

This action of the committee further shows that Emory College is not a place where freedom of thought and opinion is allowed. The college seems to have shut itself up in a world of its own, where they have certain ideas, and hold certain ideals which must be complied with by faculty, students and all. And so when a brave man dares to step out beyond this narrow limit and express his opinion on one of the most important questions of the age, he is met with harsh treatment and bitter contempt. He is painted as a huge monster in the community, whose expulsion from it is not only requested, but demanded. The college is situated in a region where the spirit of intolerance is dominant. What a pity for the youth of the South to be educated in an institution where such a sentiment prevails!

For this to happen right at the very time when the South is beginning to be noted for her liberality of thought, is a very serious drawback indeed. It has the tendency of confirming that belief, which the North already has to a certain extent, that we are a set of narrow-minded, sectional, and intolerant people. It is just this spirit which has caused so many Southern men to go North and do their life-work there. They do it because the atmosphere here is stifling. They feel cramped and tied down, so they go North where they feel free to express their views without fear of being run away. If the South would only put aside her prejudices, sectionalism, and intolerance, she then would be able to check this steady flow of our greatest men to the North, and persuade men to labor here with us for the betterment of our native section.

I hope I have not done the college an injustice. I tried to get at the facts of the case from both sides, but as yet I have not been favored with a reply from the president of the institution, to whom I sent a letter asking for the particulars of the matter.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE RECENT COAL STRIKE.

BY R. M. ODELL.

"All individuals, rich or poor, private or corporate, must be subject to the law of the land; and the government will hold them to a rigid obedience thereunto. The biggest corporation, like the humblest private citizen, must be held to strict compliance with the will of the people as expressed in the fundamental law."

These words, spoken by President Roosevelt in his recent address in Indianapolis, are the embodiment of a truth which has recently been emphasized in the strike in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, a truth to which all parties have at last found themselves forced to conform. A history of this great coal strike is hardly necessary, for it has doubtless been published in nearly every newspaper in the United States. It was on June 2 last that the first miners were called out by John Mitchell, the president of the United Mine Workers of America. There were three principal demands made: First, that there should be an advance of twenty per cent. in the wages of all men employed on piece work; secondly, that there should be a reduction of hours for all men employed by the day, and thirdly, that 2240 pounds should constitute a ton. The first two causes are the ones which lead up to every strike and not one has ever occurred which did not have for its object, directly or indirectly, an increase of wages.

Since the beginning of the strike the war has been waged fiercely between the coal operators and their employees, with no apparent settlement in sight. All the acts of violence incident to strikes have appeared in their worst form, and though many members of the Union deprecate this lawlessness on the part of the strikers and claim to have done all in their power to stop it, still a writer in a recent number of the *Outlook*, who has lived in the coal regions for many years, states that the riotous and inhuman deeds of the workmen have few parallels in history. His account of the brutal offences against so-called "scabs" would bring a

revolting feeling to the breast of a savage. The enraged Slavs and Celts have originated the horrible practice of clipping the ear of every non-union man whom they catch. There is but one side to a question like this. No man should attempt to take the part of the men engaged in such terrible deeds, no matter what may be their causes of complaint.

I have stated these facts to give some idea of the fierce struggle which has been waged in Pennsylvania for the last six months. Troops have been ordered to the field and for weeks the region has been under martial law.

In the meantime, the great mass of American people have been at the mercy of the strikers. The danger of a coal famine and the consequent distress, especially among the poor, has been presented as a stern reality, while the operators and their employees have taken such a decided stand against each other that the American public has been suffering from a lack of coal.

From such a state of affairs the people of the United States could look to only one man for relief, and that man was our President. It was no time for a coward. The President, had he been that kind of man, could have refused to interfere on the ground that he had no constitutional right to do so. But the citizens of this country should thank God that in such an hour of distress Mr. Roosevelt did not shrink from rendering a service to his nation, even though he ran the risk of being subjected to harsh criticisms by "yellow" journals, politicians, and demagogues.

When Roosevelt saw that the strike was no nearer a settlement now than when it began he determined to call a conference of both sides of the strife and to ask, not in the name of law or any power of coercion vested in him, but in the name of the American people, that the strikers and the mine owners should come to some agreement in order to avert a national calamity. There is little doubt that at this conference the operators either failed to realize the seriousness of conditions or they were governed by a spirit of unfairness and were determined to make no concessions. Though, by no

means, sympathizing with the union men in their mode of warfare against the mine owners, or even believing that all the demands made by the strikers should be acceded to, the American public has, according to all reports, believed the operators to have been unjust and that to their unwillingness to meet the miners half way, even at a little sacrifice, has been due the prolongation of the strike.

The result of this conference is well known, but it was one step towards a settlement and the intervention of the President, in spite of preliminary failure, has been crowned with success. The operators, doubtless realizing the folly of their position and persistent efforts to force the strikers to return to work, on October 13 submitted to President Roosevelt, through Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, an offer to accept arbitration on the points at issue at the hands of a commission to be appointed by the President. Mr. Mitchell, on the part of the mine workers, readily accepted this offer and the prospect of an early settlement is in view. The people of this country are at last relieved from the fear of a coal famine, a national calamity has been averted, and trade and industry have taken on new life. The importance of the settlement of the strike is great, for all lines of industry were beginning to feel the affects of the prolonged strife between labor and capital.

For all this the American public has one man to thank and to him the credit for bringing relief is due. This man is President Roosevelt. The people of a great republic needed a man to interfere in their behalf and our President was equal to the occasion. His fairness and impartiality have been brought out in bold relief and he has proved himself a hero, for the true hero is he who renders a great service to his fellow men. Actuated by the highest motives and not by any selfish desire to bring renown to himself he has acquitted himself admirably and has convinced his people that in him they have a true and great President who does not shrink from his duty when he is called.

There are two great lessons to be learned from this strike,

lessons which will, no doubt, sink deep into the minds of the American people and will find expression in the life of the nation in the years that are to come.

The first of these has already been mentioned. It is the awakening of the American people to a realization of the true character of President Roosevelt. He will continue to be remembered by all men as one who did his duty, in the annals of history his name will go down as one which is a symbol for loyalty and true patriotism, and his life will be an inspiration to all future American citizens who have any desire to serve their fellowmen.

The second great lesson is the one stated in the beginning of this article. The fact that no corporation, however large, can be oblivious to the great mass of people in this country and their interests, has been strongly brought out. No company or industrial concern has an existence in itself, but it exists for the public as well as for the incorporators. Whenever, in the course of events, this duty to the people is forgotten or neglected and, as a result, a nation has to suffer, the operators must change their attitude and bring relief to a distressed people. These are the two great lessons which are the outcome of the present strike.

The settlement of the strike was bound to come at last. It was only a question as to how long the people should be made to suffer. The solution offered and accepted came in the natural course of human events, for in all things, both great and small, in politics and business, this government is for the people, and whenever any corporation or any set of men strive to carry on their affairs without due regard to the public will, then will anarchy rule in this land and a once glorious republic will become the home of a discontented, striving and unambitious race, and the name of the United States will be added to the list of nations that have gone down in the ravage of years. We should all thank Providence that no such tendency at present exists among us. That it may never exist should be the earnest prayer of all true American citizens.

OUR DEAR OLD TRINITY.

BY E. C. PERROW.

*Our eyes have seen the dawning break across the heavens grey,
 God's blessed sunshine coming turns the darkness into day,
 And our dear old alma mater marches proudly on her way,
 Our dear old Trinity!*

*Glory be to alma mater!
 Glory be to alma mater!
 Glory be to alma mater!
 Our dear old Trinity!*

*The tempest raged around her and, above, the fatal glare
 Of the red death-dealing lightnings as they cut the frightened
 air,
 But above the noise and tumult the Eternal God stood there
 Keeping watch o'er Trinity.*

*Thank God the storm has passed away—the tempest and the
 cloud!
 And her step is yet unaltered and her head is yet unbowed;
 Her heart is yet unfrightened tho' the thunders threatened
 loud
 Our dear old Trinity.*

*Oftentimes alone and helpless did she wage unequal strife
 While her savage foemen, gathering, unsheathed the cruel
 knife
 And the damned assassin's dagger sought to find the pre-
 cious life
 Of our dear old Trinity.*

*But there were men who loved her tho' her head was yet
 unerowned,
 Brave men who dared to praise her when her foemen gath-
 ered 'round,
 Brave men who bared their bosoms and received the fatal
 wound
 For dear old Trinity.*

*Thank God the battle's over and her foes are scattered now,
In fear they hide them from her face or at her feet they bow,
And the crown of Truth from God's own hand she wears
upon her brow—*

Our dear old Trinity !

*We love her for the valor she has shown amid the strife ;
We love her for the truth that wars with falsehood to the
knife ;*

*We love her for the manhood she has brought into our life—
Our dear old Trinity !*

*O Trinity, we love thee and before our God we swear
To fight where duty calls us tho' Hell itself be there,
To wreck the forts of falsehood and to float Truth's banner
fair,*

Fair flag of Trinity.

1



A CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH POET.

BY D. S. MURPH.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman has selected from the verse of Mr. William Watson for insertion in his "Victorian Anthology" five epigrams and three longer poems: *Lachrymae Musarum*, *The First Skylark of Spring*, and the "Song in Imitation of the Elizabethans." This admirable book is a kind of honor roll of the poets of the Victorian Age, and the fact that one's name appears on its pages is in the nature of a literary recognition by one of the first critics of the time. But the public has been more cordial still towards Mr. Watson, choosing to bestow upon him such marks of favor as only three or four of his contemporaries in art, whose name is legion, have been accorded.

Mr. Watson was yet a seventeen-year-old boy when his poems began to appear in a Liverpool periodical called the *Argus*. Five years later, he published "The Prince's Quest and Other Poems." This was followed in 1884 by a volume of "Epigrams." The next year, he contributed to the *National Review* a series of sonnets which he was pleased to call "Ver Tenebrosum." His "Collected Poems" appeared in 1893; "Odes and Other Poems" in 1894; and another volume of "Collected Poems" in 1899.

The age has passed when men were judged by the narrow ideals set up by others. When Coleridge uttered the first dissenting voice in that great chorus of critics who were trying to confine Shakspeare to conventional rules, he performed a greater service than he knew for literary criticism. We may take time to think for a hundred years or so—it will then be early enough to try to decide whether Mr. Watson is a great poet. But, in the meantime, it may be interesting to examine his conception of his art and see to what extent he is its realization.

"Poetry is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes."

It is inherent in man's nature, a part of his being. He hears
in the whole system of things an endless

"Strife toward music
Euphony, rhyme."

Stars, trees, tides, "tremble with song."

It is eternal:

"Song cannot perish."

It is

"Youth's one elixir,
Fountain of morn."

But still more exalted:

"God on His throne is
Eldest of poets:
Unto his measures
Moveth the whole."

It is not surprising that one who had such ideals of his art
never wrote but in the loftiest strains, never sang but in the
purest tones. Well could he say of his muse:

"At least she prompts no vulgar strain;
At least are noble themes her choice."

One naturally thinks, in connection with Mr. Watson, of
Mr. Stephen Phillips, and finds himself unconsciously com-
paring the two. Mr. Phillips's genius has so far developed
within a very narrow range—he has seemed limited to ques-
tions such as life and death, the grave, and the soul. Mr.
Watson has written verse along almost every conceivable
line. Nature, religion, patriotism, philosophy, poets, politics,
love—what has he not attempted? But he lacks, perhaps,
that intensity of feeling, that burdening of language with
thought, and that power of condensation which are so
characteristic of Mr. Phillips.

The term poet, in our modern days, generally suggests
"green fields and running brooks"—a lover or two, occasion-
ally. We can scarcely conceive of a poet who does not draw
his inspiration from Nature. Since Wordsworth's day, we
hardly receive as orthodox poetry that which does not
breathe of grass and flowers and trees, and is not painted

with the eternal glories of clouds and sunsets. But, that poetry can exist apart from these, has been demonstrated by Mr. Watson, as well as by his contemporary, Mr. Phillips. Not that Mr. Watson never directly or indirectly uses Nature as the inspiration of his muse—some of the poems so inspired are among his best work—but we can never feel that his passion is an absorbing one or that it has come to mean very much in his life. He is rather a man of the town, fond of “commerce with mortality,” remembering that “there is a world of men for a man.” And in that world he lives, and moves, and thinks. In *A Dedication (To London, My Hostess,)* he says:

“Yet, from thy presence if I go,
By woodlands deep
Or ocean-fringes, thou, I know,
Wilt haunt my sleep;
Thy restless tide of life will foam,
Still, in my sight;
Thy imperturbable dark dome
Will crown my night.”

But he has written a few poems in which he rises grandly, nobly, almost to the highest conceptions of Nature. In *Vita Nuova* and *Autumn*, the best examples of this class of his poetry, he has even approached the deep repose and the “calm passivity” of the “great high-priest of Nature.” Hear him to *Autumn*:

“Thou most unbodied thing,
Whose very being is thy going hence,
And passage and departure all thy theme;
Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem,
And thou at height of thy magnificence
A figment and a dream.
* * * * *
O Past and Future in sad bridal met,
O voice of everything that perishes,
And soul of all regret.”

But it is in his critical poems that Mr. Watson has attained his chief success. The *Lachrymæ Musarum*, *Wordsworth's Grave*, *Shelley's Centenary*, *To Edward Dowden*, and *The*

Tomb of Burns are almost great poems. He speaks modestly of his verse,

. "Which shall endure
By splendor of its theme which cannot die,"

but after reading these poems carefully, we feel that there is something in them worthy of attention beyond the mere splendor of the theme. We feel that he has understood these poets, that he has sympathized with them and their point of view, that he has breathed the very atmosphere in which they lived. And so he is that rare thing in literature, a genuine interpreter of the thoughts, the feelings, and the life of others. And not this only, but he has the discerning eye, which sees into the very heart of literature and enables him to understand its philosophy and to assign to each man his position in its development. Add to these the power of expression in terse and vivid style and the indescribable glamour of the poetic imagination, and you have the elements which have contributed to the success of our poet-critic. What could be finer for keen, analytical perception and happy expression than these lines on Wordsworth:

"Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;
Not Shakspeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

* * * * *

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth."

How nearly descriptive of Tennyson:

"Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head:
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er."

At times he seems fairly to revel in his hero-worship:

"I see the wizard locks like night that hung,
I tread the floor thy hallowing feet have trod;
I see the hands a nation's lyre that strung,
The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God."

Mr. Watson's style is that of the conscious artist. There is everywhere the constant striving after mechanical perfection, after smoothness and beauty of expression. Grace, elegance, and purity are all present, but there is a lack of humor and perhaps just a little too great display of learning. For instance, when he speaks of "million-billowed consentaneousness," the average man gives up in despair, without even consulting his dictionary. Mr. Watson set before himself as models the great masters of English verse and worked towards them with patient aim. He has

. "Not thought it shame
To tread in nobler foot-prints than mine own,
And travel by the light of purer eyes."

But with all his imitations, he has touched his subjects with something fresh and original and breathed into them the spirit of true poetry. The patience of the workman demands our respect, the genius of the poet excites our admiration.

A word must be said concerning Mr. Watson's philosophy. He stands in the presence of the mighty world around him and is, as it were, dazed by its greatness. His life seems a struggle between Hope and Fear, between Faith and Science. He looks, he gazes on the distant worlds, he sees God, perhaps, and Hope flashes up in his soul. But then comes a moment of meditation, Doubt enters,—and conquers. Still he is not the contemptuous skeptic, but the honest inquirer. Perhaps the title of his poem, *The Unknown God*, is most suggestive of his beliefs, or disbeliefs. To him it is all unknown—what shall be after death, whether God answers prayer, whether man's conduct can have any effect on the plans of the Eternal. This world is all we know anything about; here lies our sphere of action :

"Here, where I fail or conquer, here is my concern."

But a note of sadness, even regret, pervades his very expressions of agnosticism. In *To Aubrey de Vere* he says:

“Not mine your mystic creed; not mine in prayer
 And worship at the ensanguined cross to kneel;
 But when I mark your faith, how pure and fair,
 How based on love, on passion for man’s weal,
 My mind, half envying what it cannot share,
 Reverses the reverence which it cannot feel.”

But it does not stop here. We feel that there is something noble in it, after all. For he does not allow it to narrow him in his relations to man, but it arouses in him a loftier notion of man’s real duty to man. This view, of course, is a reaction against the vale-of-tears theory that this world is simply a preparatory stage for a world to come.

Skepticism, however, is, at the best, only a good fair weather doctrine, and breaks down when brought face to face with suffering. The man who has suffered pain, loss, grief, or who has gone down, it may be, into the very jaws of Death, feels the need of a more lasting faith and knows that there is something beyond the grave. Hence, we are not surprised that experience has touched some deeper chord of Mr. Watson’s nature, and that he feels himself, after suffering,

. “A note
 Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
 And voiceless mountain,—nay, a string, how jarred
 And all but broken! of that lyre of life
 Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
 Resolving all its mortal dissonance
 To one immortal and most perfect strain,
 Harps without pause, building with song the world.”

IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

BY E. C. PERROW.

"Yaas, I guess ye kin stay all night but the house is kinder crowded and ye'll have sleep in the old smoke-house. Ye'll find it pretty tolerable comf'table tho'. Theer's a bed in theer my old 'ooman put in theer last spring fer sister when she wus a visit'n us en' thet'll be a sight better'n the ground these chilly nights."

The speaker was a man about fifty years old of stout muscular build, with a shaggy grey beard and snakelike eyes that were anything but prepossessing to me, a young man, for the first time on the road. He raised himself slowly from the rail fence on which he was leaning and, thrusting his right hand into the gaping pocket of his dingy jeans trousers, drew forth a piece of "long green" and began to cram it into his corn-cob pipe. "Git down" he said "en' I'll take keer o' yer hoss."

I did not like his looks very much but I obeyed at once. It was perhaps better than a night in the open air and besides I was hungry having ridden since sunrise with nothing to eat. I was then traveling for a Knoxville firm and had been out some days collecting. As I struck deeper and deeper into the mountains I found the houses farther and farther apart, and it was with difficulty sometimes that I could find accommodation for myself and horse. I was now in one of the wildest and most beautiful regions of the Tennessee mountains. All around me were lofty knobs now glorious in their autumn dress of red and gold, relieved here and there with dark clumps of pines or cleared fields where the thrifty natives had taxed even the steep mountain side for its quota of corn and wheat. As I rode up the long lane to the old man's cabin, filled tho' my mind was with apprehensions for the safety of myself and the money I carried, I could not help looking back now and then and remarking the surpassing beauty of the scene as it lay blushing in the last rays of setting sun.

While my host was putting my horse in the little pine pole stable on the right of the big gate, I had a chance to take a look at my surroundings. The gate opened upon a sloping field of about two acres in extent and apparently used for a pasture. On the upper side of this field stood a cabin built of large logs daubed with mud. From the stick chimney at one end came a thin blue column of smoke which, rising above the stunted peach trees that grew around the house, showed clearly against the dark back ground of pines that covered the ridge to the westward.

"Guess ye air kinder tired if ye hev rid from Middlesboro to-day," said my host as he reissued from the stable and propped to the door with a piece of rail. "Come along to the house. Supper'll be ready soon."

I followed him to the house and was ushered into a large room the sides of which I saw were covered with old newspapers. There was one window to the west through the dingy panes of which the evening twilight filtered and struggled for supremacy with the firelight from the old-fashioned hearth. The room was not ceiled overhead; there were only rafters and a rough floor laid above. From these rafters, brown with the smoke of many winters, hung in festoons strings of dried apples serving the double purpose of a fly-roost and a food reserve for the family. In one corner I saw a ladder leading into the "loft."

"Thet's where the boys sleep," said the old man as he saw my eyes resting on the opening that yawned above my head. "I've got four boys en' they are about as shif'less a set as ever was raised in Hancock county. I can't git no work outen 'em en' I've jest quit trying. The farm aint done no good since I got down in the back two years ago. But we manages to make a living some how. I sell a hoss now and then, and occasionally a traveler drops in en' spends the night. The' was a fellow here last night named Morris. Said he was from Knoxville. May be you know him?"

"Guess I do," I answered. "He and I worked together two years in the axe handle factory. Where was he going?"

"Said he wus goin' to Norton, Firginia."

"Maybe I'll overtake him; I'm going that way to-morrow."

"May be you will," he said very naturally, but I did not like expression on his face as he leaned over and, taking the tongs, put a live coal to his pipe.

Just then the back door opened and a tall, thin woman with sharp hard features appeared. "Sam," she said, "supper's ready. The boys haint come yet but I reckon we kin eat without 'em."

As I sat down to the supper-table my coat caught in some way on the back of the chair turning my pocket upside down and throwing on the floor a purse containing some silver coins. They rattled suspiciously as the purse struck the floor; but I hastened to pick it up hoping that it had not been noticed. But I could not help wishing that I had ridden on instead of stopping. What if this evil looking man and his sons should attempt to rob me. A thousand stories of murder and crime came rushing through my brain. But I put them down as best I could and continued my supper. I decided that I would not sleep that night. Coffee would keep me awake so I tried to drink more than usual. But it had a peculiar taste and I could swallow but two cupfuls. While we were eating the boys came in and I was not in the least reassured by their appearance. Two of them were drinking and were talking a great deal. They had heard that a revenue officer had been seen at Joe Hill's store, and they "would get even with that damned Whiteside for peaching on them if it took them all their lives."

Immediately after supper I told my host that I was tired and should like to go to bed. He took down a pine torch and lighting it led the way to an old smoke-house that stood in the back yard. We passed by a large dog chained to a post. He growled at me fiercely as I passed. "We

keeps him tied in the day and turns him loose at night," said my guide. "There's so many damned revenue men around a man aint safe in his own house."

The room into which I was shown was very dirty and greasy and, having been used for years as a smoke-house, smelt horribly of rancid meat. In a corner was a bed, the dirty sheets of which did not look inviting to even as tired a man as I was.

"I'll leave the torch with ye so's ye kin see how to git to bed." With that the old man turned and went out the door and, to my horror, I heard something snap on the outside. I sprang to the door. Yes, as I had suspected, it was locked. I began to look about for a place of escape but I found neither window nor door. "Well," I thought as I examined my "Smith & Wesson," "if it comes to a fight I'll try to take some of them with me." I tried to feel brave, but at that moment I would have given all I had or ever expected to have to be at home under my father's roof. Continuing my search for a place of escape I looked under the bed and there I caught a glimpse of a man's foot and leg. "Oh yes," I thought, "waiting for me to go to bed are you?" I started to shoot him but that would not do. The shot would arouse the old man and bring the whole family upon me. I knelt down and, cocking my pistol, said, in as firm a voice as I could command, "Come out from under there!" The man did not stir. I seized the foot nearest me and began to pull. Slowly I dragged him out. He seemed strangely stiff and inactive. He must be dead. Then his face came into view and—"Great Heavens!"—it was my young friend Morris! I dropped the foot that I held and stood for some moments stupefied. After a short time, however, I recovered sufficiently to examine his body. His coat and vest were bloody, and there was a large wound in his breast made, apparently, with something like a butcher-knife. I looked into his pockets and found nothing but an empty cigarette case and two letters from his sweetheart—a girl I knew quite well in Knox-

ville. He had evidently been murdered the night before and robbed. As I looked at the poor pale face that I had known and loved for many years, my heart grew sick and I felt the tears gather in my eyes. But it was no time to weep. Something must be done or I should share the fate of my friend. I was never counted very clever but somehow danger seemed to sharpen my wits. I turned down the bed-clothes and put the dead body between the sheets and covered it up as best I could, turning the face to the wall. Then, having removed my shoes (for I wished to be able to move with the least noise possible), I placed myself against the wall so that I should be behind the door if it should be opened, and then I waited. Soon the torch went out and all was dark save for a beam of moonlight that came through a knot hole and fell on the floor a few feet from the bed. Silently I waited. The patch of moonlight moved nearer and nearer the door; the night was advancing and the moon was rising higher and higher in the sky. After some time I began to feel drowsy. I fought it with all the resolution I could possibly command. What could have caused it? Was not the horror of the situation enough to keep any man awake? Then I remembered the coffee. It must have been drugged. At last, in spite of my efforts, I sank into slumber. How long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by footsteps and voices outside the door. "Fer the Lord's sake keep quiet Bob," said a voice I recognized as the old man's, "ye'll wake him up, en' we wants to catch him a sleepin'." Then I saw the spot of moonlight disappear—someone was standing before the door. The lock clicked, the door creaked on its hinges, and a flood of moonshine burst into the room. From my position behind the door I heard the steps of four men as they filed in. I gathered from their conversation that the other boy was too drunk to come. "Be keerful Jim," said one of the boys who had done so much talking at the supper-table. "I seed a mighty good gun stickin' outen his pocket to-night." "He's sound a sleep," said the one addressed, as

he bent over the bed, "but if this knife is any good he'll wake up in hell." I could observe his actions very well through the knot hole, and as he uttered these words he struck a quick blow at Morris' breast.

"Didn't even groan," said Jim as the others crowded around, "Now fer his pockets. I claim the pistol."

"We'll see who'll find it fust," said a third, and they all fell to rummaging the dead man's pockets.

Just at that moment a cloud came over the moon. I saw my chance and stepping from my hiding place I slipped as quickly as possible through the door and gained the open air. I longed to make a dash for my horse but there was the double danger of being discovered by the men and of arousing the dog. So I began at first to creep softly from shadow to shadow. "What's that noise outside?" I heard the old man ask. "Guess't must be Fido," answered one of the boys.

After a few minutes which seemed ages to me I succeeded in making a detour of the house and then I raced for the stable. I found my horse with his bridle still on. I did not wait to saddle him but, leading him into the yard, I sprang upon him and dashed through the open gate. As I went down the lane I heard the dog barking and the men shouting. The old man and his sons had at last discovered their mistake. But I did not pause to listen. I had seen enough of that place for one night, and as the sun rose the next morning it found me entering the quiet little town of Rogersville, some thirty miles away.

It was nearly a year before I again passed through the section where I had come so near to losing my life. As I passed by the old cabin I saw that the weeds had choked up the path that led to the house, the old gate had fallen from its hinges, and everything had a deserted appearance. I asked at Hill's store what had become of the inhabitants. I learned that six months before some revenue officers had tried to arrest them for moonshining. Two of the boys

had been killed in the encounter; one had escaped and gone west, while the old man and the remaining son had been sent to the penitentiary. I have passed the place several time since but I always feel a shudder of horror whenever I catch a glimpse of the old cabin and think of the hours of agony I spent there on that moonlight October night so many years ago.



WHAT IS LIFE?

BY L.

*Life is not pleasure only,
Sorrow will visit ere long,
Thy heart be sad and lonely,
Thy spirit be without song.*

*Our life is not sunshine only,
Dark clouds will rise by and by,
Days will be dark and gloomy,
Fierce storms will sweep thro' the sky.*

*Life is not all peace and joy,
Strife and heart-ache will come.
No joy is free from alloy;
Nor peace, till Heaven is won.*

*Life is not love all alone.
Hatred must, too, play its part;
Malice cause many a moan,
Envy pierce deep with his dart.*

*Life is not sorrow, not shadow;
Life is not heart-ache, not strife.
Life is not hatred, not malice—
These do not make all of life.*

*Life is sorrow and pleasure;
Life is sunshine and rain;
Life is both love and hatred—
Both major and minor strain.*

*We judge the bush by its rose
And not by the thorn it bears;
So judge not life by its woes,
Remember its joys, not cares.*

A FIGHT FOR THE SHEEPSKIN.

BY JIMMY BERNBRED.

The clock in the tower struck one. It was a cold, bitter night, the wind howled and moaned, and the snowflakes falling were hurled hither and thither, until finally they came to rest on mother earth. Occasionally the long, deep bark of a watch dog or the incoming of a train broke for a moment the stillness of the night.

Barton Maynard, in his luxurious apartments at the greatest university of America, was reclining in a cushioned chair, and with his feet stretched out before him, was gazing disconsolately into the burning coals. A knock was heard on the door, and in response to his "come in," another student entered. He was tall, black haired, and of a muscular build. He carried himself gracefully and his piercing black eyes flashing under heavy eyelashes, made him indeed a handsome man. When the new comer caught sight of Maynard's disconsolate face, he whistled softly, and drawing up a chair before the grate he lit a cigar. Then, giving himself a backward tilt, he looked over at his friend and said, "Well, out with it, old boy; what disturbs your serenity at this late hour, and why does not your virtuous head even at this moment press your downy pillow?"

Maynard said nothing, but handed him a letter that had been lying open on the table. "Read it, Wilson, and judge for yourself," said Maynard, after his friend had held the letter awkwardly for some moments, as if not certain what to do.

Wilson's face had a pitying look as he folded up the letter and laid it back on the table. Then, looking shyly at his friend for a moment, said, "Barton, it is a case of hard luck that I did not expect you to fall into, but I am your friend; demand from me whatever you wish and it is yours."

Maynard stretched his hand out and clasped that of his friend. "No, Jack, you cannot help me; I must give it all up and clean out."

"What! and in the last half of your senior year," said Wilson. "Don't let that pride of yours drive you to such a quick decision. Stop and consider. You have four more months to stay here, and your expenses for that time will not exceed over four or five hundred dollars, and I will gladly lend you that amount."

"Thanks, Jack, but it won't work. I couldn't pay you back in several years, even with the good position that would come to me, for I would have to clear off the governor's debts, you know. I am sorry, but I can't accept your loan."

Jack Wilson looked baffled. The letter had said that Maynard's father, who had been a wealthy Wall Streeter, had failed, and that Maynard would have to leave college for that year at least. Wilson, seeing Maynard in no mood for conversation, and feeling somewhat sleepy himself, soon rose and went out.

Maynard, as he sat there gazing into the coals and watching the flickering shadows chase each other over the room like evil spirits, was not thinking altogether of himself. He pictured his gray haired father away off in New York struggling with poverty. Then he pictured in his mind's eye his old home, the quiet old home of his boyhood, sold to pay off his father's debts; and then a picture came before his eyes that caused them to soften, and a tear drop fell on his coat as he thought of the sweet, smiling face of the mother he had loved so well, and who had always had such pride in the success of her boy. "Mother," he murmured, and there was a sob that accompanied the word, "for your dear sake I will fight it out; for though you are in heaven, you love me still."

Maynard had had a promising future before him. On the day of his graduation he was to receive a high salaried position from some of his father's friends; and unless he graduated he could not receive it, as the firm only employed graduates. Now he saw the necessity of this position, for with it he could help his father and also keep the home of his childhood from being sold.

Something was in the air. The Harvard students in their rooms and on the campus talked of nothing else. A professional pugilist had appeared at the college that day with his trainer, and although it was kept from the faculty, every student knew that there was to be a fight in the gymnasium that night. A prize of five hundred dollars was to be given to the winner.

By nine o'clock that night, the fight was to be at ten, several hundred students had gathered at the gymnasium and were discussing the coming event. One said, "Our instructor is not going to have any showing, in my opinion. Clugwell, the pugilist, is not only a powerful man, but he is skilled to a high degree."

"It is not the instructor that is going to fight him, but one of the sub-instructors, who has a big idea of his own skill."

Thus the talk went on until the clock struck ten, then the crowd filled the gallery, or indoor running track, and also crowded around the ropes in which the fight was to be.

Maynard and Wilson stood together near the door, waiting for the fight to begin. Wilson had insisted on his chum coming with him in order to keep unpleasant thoughts from his mind for awhile at least.

Suddenly the dressing-room door opened and Clugwell, with his trainer, stepped into the ring amid the muffled cheers and clappings of the students. Clugwell was indeed a fine specimen of a man physically. His huge muscles were trained to work as though they were oiled, and he moved his hundred and ninety pounds around as easily and gracefully as a wild panther.

After waiting a few minutes the trainer grew impatient and sent a boy to bring the sub-instructor who was to meet Clugwell. The boy returned in a few minutes with the information that no one was in the dressing-room. The trainer saw that the man had failed him, but rather than lose a two thousand dollar house, he stepped into the center of the ring

and called out, "Gentlemen, your man has failed us. I offer five hundred dollars to any one who will take his place, and the prize of five hundred if he wins." There was silence for a moment and everybody looked at everybody else. "Is there no one?" the trainer repeated.

"Wait ten minutes, please, and you shall have a man," said a voice in the crowd, and two men slipped quickly out of the throng into the dressing-room.

Eight minutes had passed, the crowd was getting excited, and at every noise would turn and look toward the dressing-room door. There was very little talking going on and that was carried on in whispers. Nine and a half minutes, and the excitement among the spectators was increasing. They pressed closer to the ring and constantly looked toward the dressing-room. Those at the back rose on their tip-toes and tried to get a glimpse of the dressing-room door. Clugwell, with a couple of blankets around him, was sitting quietly in his corner, awaiting the course of events, while the trainer, although he had a frown on his face, waited expectantly. Just as the clock pointed to 10:10 the door of the dressing-room opened and two men stepped out, one dressed like Clugwell, while the other carried a blanket and a couple of towels.

Maynard! The word went around from mouth to mouth, and the astonishment of the crowd only added to their excitement. Maynard looked very pale under the electric lights, but his bulging muscles proved him to be no mean antagonist. He stepped into the ring; and, after saluting the referee and then his opponent, fell on guard.

Clugwell rushed to the attack like a wild beast confident of his prey. He thus exposed himself, and before he had time to prevent it, he received several hard blows in the face. This only enraged him and made him a little more careful. He went about it scientifically now and soon began to get the best of Maynard, who was fighting hard now with quick gasps. Maynard had received much punishment and was

growing weak and dizzy. All at once he felt Clugwell land him one square on the nose. He tottered and things whirled around and around, then he fell. Before the referee had counted five the gong had struck, ending the first round, and thus the fight was not yet lost.

Wilson whispered words of encouragement and advice to Maynard as he applied the wet towel to his bruised face and washed away the blood from his nose.

"Time up," called the referee, just as the gong struck. Clugwell began the second round even more confident than he had the first. He knew that his opponent was in a bad fix also. This time he went about it coolly and deliberately, often putting a lick in on Maynard's sore nose, which caused him to turn white with pain. Maynard had also gotten in some good licks, but he could not stand the punishment that his opponent could, and everybody could see that the fight would soon end. Clugwell worked quickly now, feinting and dodging, trying to get in a final blow. Suddenly he struck hard and viciously for Maynard's eye, but the latter ducked his head, and quick as a flash delivered a terrific blow over his antagonist's heart. Clugwell staggered and dropped his guard, and immediately Maynard's right shot out, landing square in his opponent's face. Clugwell tottered for a second and fell, and Maynard stood panting and trembling as the referee counted one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Clugwell did not rise, and the referee, turning to Maynard and offering him his hand, said, "Permit me to congratulate you, young man; you have both grit and muscle."

Maynard and Wilson, after receiving the money, slipped into the dressing-room, and after dressing hurried to their rooms. "Barton, you are a brick," said his chum. "Hereafter I shall duly respect that right arm of yours."

Maynard did not say anything for quite awhile, but let his chum run on. Finally he said, "Perhaps mother would not have approved of what I did, but it was either that or leave college and lose my home and my promised position."

"O, you did just right, Bart, and gee whiz! what a lovely blow you gave him on that ugly mug of his."

"Please don't say any more about that, Wilson, I can't stand it."

"All right, old boy, but where did you learn to use your fists so well?"

Maynard saw that there was no way of silencing his chum, so he began to get ready for bed. Wilson finally got up, and with a final congratulation and a "good-night," left the room.

Maynard was not altogether unhappy. He saw his course clear before him now, but he knew that the news of his fight would get out, and he dreaded that.

Next morning before he had even got up, Wilson came tearing into the room waving a telegram. "Here, take it, and also my congratulations."

Maynard tore it open and read:

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 6 A. M.

DEAR BARTON:—Have just received a telegram from my lawyer saying that my affairs are O. K. again.

FATHER.

Tears of joy came into Maynard's eyes, joy for his father, and after showing the telegram to his friend, who had suspected its contents at first, said, "Jack, our little adventure last night was all for nothing, but it was a fight for the sheepskin."

LOVE'S CROOKED PATH.

BY J. D. L.

"Good-bye, Horace, I will keep you in mind while I am gone," and with a last fond clasp of the hand, Rosalie went into the car, leaving Horace looking very desolate, as he stood upon the platform at the railway station.

Horace Raymond and Rosalie Blackwell had grown up together in the mountainous district of the western part of North Carolina. Their fathers' farms lay next to each other, and during all their childhood these children had played together as if they were brother and sister. But we will pass over the history of their early lives. The childish love which they had for each other developed into a deeper passion as they grew in age. They ceased their childish play, walked now with each other in the evenings, and wrote many amorous missives to each other. Old people smiled as they passed by and said "Those doves will soon mate," and indeed no fairer match could be found around.

Horace was now sixteen years old, and was a tall, broad-shouldered youth, who, though he had an awkwardness about him, due to his overgrowth, yet was very manly to look upon.

Rosalie possessed a figure that Diana would envy, and a face that all who love beauty would like to possess.

When Rosalie became sixteen her parents decided to send her to college, the college decided upon being one for boys and girls. The announcement that she was to leave sent a pang to Horace's heart.

"Rosalie," said he during one of their evening strolls, "I am afraid that you will get off among fine folks and forget all about the one who loves you down here in the backwoods."

"No, Horace, you know I can never forget my dear play-mate and my promise to him." And then anew they pledged themselves to everlasting fidelity.

"I will keep you ever in mind," she had said, and Horace returned to his home with these few words to comfort him. Ah! how many times did he repeat those words over and over, lest if he forget them she should also forget the promise. How many times did he upon his knees pray that God might make him worthy of his dear one's love.

In a few days he received a letter from his lonely "little girl," and how much did he long to be there to comfort her in her loneliness. "The girls are so unsocial," she wrote, "and the boys appear to be rude. I want to see you, Horace, so bad, and I know my heart will break if I have to stay in this hateful old place long," and here Horace imagined she wept.

He answered immediately, and comforted her the best he could. "Never mind, dearest, the time will come when we can laugh at this unsocial world, and we will be happy in our own little home."

Thus they wrote. But college work is so confining that one cannot devote much time to letters, and so now she only wrote once every three weeks. Horace understood all these difficulties, and, though he longed for a letter every day or two, endured patiently.

Soon the tenor of her letters changed. She was not now that lonesome little being that first called the school hateful. "All the girls are just darling to me," she wrote, and "we have company every Friday night, though of course," she added in an apologetic way, "I'd rather be with you than anyone." And Horace was rejoiced over his dear one's happiness, and believed that only his presence was needed to make it complete. Poor fool!

"Dear Horace," she wrote one day, "I know you will forgive me if I'm not punctual in my writing. The fact is our work is increased, and what with social functions and other things, I have scarcely time to write home once a month.

His poor girl was overworked, and he wishing to take up so much of her time! What a beast he now thought himself. "Write when you have the time, dearest," he answered.

Soon the one month limit lengthened into two, and instead of letters filled with love as formerly, Horace now received missives containing accounts of banquets and dances, and such expressions as "the dearest little fellow," and "the cutest old boy," and "such a flirt, but in the swim here." She now received company twice a week, "but all the girls do and of course I have to, to keep from appearing odd." And Horace's heart was wrenched and twisted at every change, but he would not hurt her feelings with complaints. Then the letters stopped.

"I hear'n tell," said an old gossip in Horace's presence, "that Rosalie Blackwell is the popularest gal goin' at that college where she's at, and that all she boys there are lovin' her just fit to kill," and Horace wept in heart.

The year rolled by and vacation came, but Rosalie went to visit a friend, so that Horace did not see her. Vacation also passed and Horace, who had saved up some money, prepared also to go to college. His mother was not able to "rig him up" after the latest fashion, but she, dear old soul, thought no one could be handsomer than her boy Horace in his bright new suit spun and and woven by herself. He too felt proud of her work and the love she had for him. Poor folk! little did they know of that "cultured" world where modesty yields to fashion, and manhood is submerged in wealth.

On arriving at college he secured a boarding place. Rosalie had arrived the same day, but he had not seen her yet. He thought, "How glad she will be to see some one from home, even though she did stop writing." The next afternoon as he was strolling along one of the campus walks, he met Rosalie with one of her friends. His eyes brightened, and with a glad smile he hastened to greet her. She saw him, turned a little pale and with a cold "How do" like a sarcastic king's "sirrah," she passed on quickly.

"That was the son of a poor woman who lives near us," she said in answer to her companion's inquiring glance. "Good people, but—" and her words became inaudible.

Silently and with bowed head Horace returned to his room. He pinched himself to see if he were alive. "No, no!" he exclaimed with anguish, "that cannot be Rosalie, dear little innocent Rosalie; no, it cannot, cannot! O God! who would have believed it!" and throwing himself across his bed, the strong, manly youth shed bitter tears. He had realized before he came to college that she was not the same to him as before, but that she could treat him thus! A tragedy of human life that can bring more anguish than scorned, rejected love and friendship has never been experienced.

Long he lay there. Long he cursed the school, the girls, the boys, that had changed an innocent and open heart into a cold and bloodless one. Then, rising up, he made up his mind to show her that he was a man. He would make his name respected in college circles and public life. He would keep to himself, work hard and not let taunts, or even such cruel wounds as the present one swerve him from the path of duty. He kept his resolution.

Being well advanced, Horace entered the Sophomore class. He toiled hard for two years, and won the scholarship medals and one or two society medals. The years passed swiftly, and it was now Horace's Senior year. He and Rosalie were to graduate together. Friday, the last day for work, came and with it their last examination. All the class except Horace and Rosalie finished in about half the time allowed. She stayed because she had answered only one or two questions; he, because he wished to be thorough. The Professor had left the room. Rosalie was in tears. She could not answer the questions and could not graduate if she failed. How humiliated she would be if she failed, and the prospect increased her tears, she even sobbed. "Oh," she sighed, unconscious of the presence of anyone, "I'd rather die than fail."

Horace, sitting just behind her, heard these words and they stirred his heart as it had never been stirred. His love

returned with tenfold power, drowned his sense of duty and of honor, and left instead the picture of the girl he had loved in trouble, and himself able to save her. With a start, as stirred by some resolve, he wrote on the back of his papers which contained the answers to the questions, "Use these, you must not fail," and passed them to her. She turned a pitiful look of gratitude toward him and, taking the papers, copied the answers. Oh, Falstaff! thou hast perverted the age, but honor indeed cannot cure a love sick heart. Rosalie's pride cannot endure humiliation and she falls. Horace's heart cannot endure her suffering and he yields. The papers are handed in and for the first time Horace signs a lie.

The next day the President asked to see Mr. Raymond in the office. He went and found all the faculty there.

"Mr. Raymond," said the President in a sorrowful tone, "I have to speak to you upon an unpleasant subject. We have at hand two examination papers which are alike, and one of them belongs to you. Circumstances compel me to speak to you first about it. We know you have hitherto been an honorable student and even now can hardly believe you are guilty of cheating. Have you an explanation?"

Horace sat as one dazed. Should he clear himself from the guilt? He was indeed partly guilty, but not so much but that it could be pardoned. Could he let the one he loved more than life itself, even in her disgrace, suffer? There was a struggle in his heart that no one knew of and which his face only partially revealed. He thought of his future either blotted out by certain disgrace or opened up in bright colors. He thought of the world casting epithets upon him, or showering praises upon him. And he thought of his mother, his dear old feeble mother; by his present decision he could bow her head in grief over his dishonor or raise it proudly to greet her brave boy when he brought home his diploma. Then these thoughts vanished and instead appeared the image of a weak and sinful maiden, holding out her hand to him in supplication to save her from disgrace and shame.

"Doctor," said he, and his voice trembled, "I have tried to do my best. I was behind on my history work and could not afford to fail. I have no more to say."

The President rose to his feet as Horace concluded and said, "Mr. Raymond, we are sorry indeed that we have to do our duty on this occasion. You were tempted and you fell, and while we cannot say that you are worse than others, yet our duty compels us to ask your withdrawal from college. May God give you success, for I always had the utmost confidence in you before. Out of consideration for your past work we will keep to ourselves the cause of your leaving college.

Silently Horace took his sentence and left the room. Going to his room he packed his trunk in readiness to leave the next evening.

Rosalie soon heard that he was going to leave school, and fearing the worst she sent him a note asking about it. He wrote a brief answer: "They compared our papers; but never mind, Rosalie, remember that I looked on your paper. It is better so. I leave to-morrow evening."

All night Rosalie tossed upon her bed and reproached herself for having been the cause of his disgrace. She now saw him in a new light. She saw a manhood in him that even the apparent dishonor could not efface, and with this new light her old love returned. No, he should not leave. He should not be disgraced. She would tramp up and down the campus proclaiming her own guilt rather than that. "No, he shall not go!" and saying this aloud, she started up. Then a picture of her own disgrace came before her. She, the belle of the college, the leader of society, the wit and dash of the girls' dormitory, beloved of all the girls, and admired by students and teachers. Could she bear it? Great God! why didn't some bolt from heaven strike her before she stooped to shame? Then she railed upon Horace for putting temptation in her path, but at last her heart went out to

him for his love. Thus she continued all night long till morning found her haggard; but duty had conquered.

While the faculty were holding a consultation that morning, some one knocked at the door. It was opened and before them stepped a figure of human loveliness, pale and trembling, but all the more beautiful for her timid looks. Withal there was in her face a sign of determined resolve.

"Sirs," she said, "I come before you to do my duty, when doing it brings shame upon myself. Horace Raymond is not guilty of cheating, but the one who is guilty stands before you. He indeed gave me the chance to copy his papers, but I need not have done so. I alone am guilty, and pray your forgiveness. I am now ready for my punishment." Then she stood trembling, humbled indeed, but woman in all her glory, and President and faculty sat in tears.

At last the President arose and said, "Gentlemen, I wish to ask for power to settle this affair, and feel that you will concur with my opinions." The members of the faculty bowed in assent. "Then, gentlemen, through this confession Horace Raymond is restored to his former standing in college, and Miss Blackwell's courage and honorable dealing at present entitles her also to hold her former relations to the college; for, sirs, I thank God that this college not only gives the degrees of A. B. and A. M., but also those of Hero and Heroine; and I'd rather have the honor of sending out such types of manhood and womanhood as have been presented to us to-day and yesterday, than to command the armies of the nation. God bless you, daughter, you fell, but have indeed arisen." With tears of gratitude, she left the room.

The President then sent for Horace and made him acquainted with the confession of Rosalie, and the steps the faculty had taken. What a load was now taken off his breast! He saw in Rosalie a different being; and going to his room he thanked God, upon his knees, for the change.

Soon there came a note from Rosalie asking him to come to see her that night. He went and, with beating heart, he

entered the parlor. Rosalie stood in the center of the room with a smile on her face he could not fathom. He approached and held out his hand, but she said, "Horace, I have wronged you, will you take me now with all my faults and shame?"

Would he! He opened his arms and, with one glad cry, the head that found the world too much for it found a firm resting place upon his manly breast.





CHAS. K. ROBINSON, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 E. C. PERROW, - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A contributor to one of our leading State papers recently took a survey of literary culture in North Carolina, and was almost joyful over what he discovered. The three principal claims made are substantially as follows: First, that our newspapers compare favorably with the metropolitan press; secondly, that our lawyers, preachers and politicians are the peers of any that can be found; thirdly, that there are in many communities men and women who can, at a moment's notice, write with the ease and grace of the old masters. Upon these statements is based the conclusion that literature is flourishing among us.

So far as the first and second statements are concerned, we think that the writer has made a mistake in carrying his inferences further than the facts as stated by him will allow. What is claimed for journalism is in a measure true. We have a few, a precious few, well edited newspapers, and it follows that there are a great many appreciative readers of these papers. But if newspapers constitute literature the word literature loses its force. Good newspapers may, of course, exist where literature has been established; or they may be, as we think they are with us, forerunners of a literature yet to come. And again, our lawyers, preachers and politicians may be able men, but very few names among them are known for anything done outside the practice of law, the preaching of theology and the manipulation of politics.

With the third claim the writer's conclusion must stand or fall. To those who can write with the ease of the old masters we may look for an expression of the life of the whole people; an expression that can't be found in the work of any profession, however excellent that work may be. Is it worth while to ask where the writings of these men and women can be found? If such writers lived among us would we not have great libraries, universities, art galleries, magazines, literary clubs, publishing houses, and recognized literary centres? And would not the problem of indifference to education be solved?

There are many, no doubt, who will admire the loyalty shown to the Old North State in the above mentioned article, and their hearts will swell with State pride; to some, perhaps, there comes a feeling akin to sadness when a delusion like this is scattered among the people. Great efforts have been made, and much has been accomplished, towards establishing an educational movement that will give us a literature, and a doctrine like this, by encouraging satisfaction with existing conditions, increases the burden of those who are laboring patiently to create a true literary spirit—a spirit that never has prevailed among us and whose coming seems to be by no means near at hand.

From time to time a great deal is said about shortening the four-year course in colleges and universities. It is said with much truth that a man who intends to enter some profession after graduation must spend a long time in the preparatory school and college before he can enter the professional school. Some men who are able to pay for this long training do not want it; others who are anxious for the culture and broad outlook on life which comes from four years in college are not able to bear this expense in addition to the cost of the professional course which follows.

It is true that the average graduate of college and professional school becomes self-supporting rather late in life. Some institutions have attempted to solve the problem by shortening the course to three years; but they do not at the same time decrease the work required, and only men of exceptional ability are benefited by a plan which allows four years' work to be done in three. The latest phase of the question is the proposal of Dr. Butler of Columbia University to give the Bachelor of Arts degree to those who complete a two-year course. This plan is open to the serious objection that it lowers the standard of the B. A. It is hardly fair to lessen the value of the prize which many are willing to seek, for the benefit of those who can not or will not enter the race.

President Eliot of Harvard long ago declared that the first step in settling this question should be taken in the secondary schools. If the preparatory student could be further advanced in his work than he is now after his long stay in these schools much of the difficulty would be overcome.

It is to be hoped that no plan will be put into practice which will lower the standard of college training. There is a tendency among some educators to regard the purely literary training as not so important after all, and in some quarters too much emphasis is placed upon technical education. Technical skill was never so important as it is now, but no amount of cunning with hand and eye can take the place of the stamp which the college places on a man; and he who begins to specialize without first pausing a while in the quiet of college halls to survey what mankind has done in the fields of knowledge has limited forever his capacity for a broad view of life.

It would require profound speculation to discover the motives of some men in joining college literary societies. The work in these societies, if pursued with any

measure of diligence, will give as much mental discipline as any course in the college curriculum. The man who can hold the attention of an audience is a man of power; and we can only lament that this power is denied to most of us. But very many students join those organizations apparently with the child-like faith that after four years of irregular attendance, and with no effort on their part, they will come forth young Ciceros, and imagine no doubt that a Catiline will appear in due season for them to thunder against.

It is true that a small amount of good may be gained by listening attentively to declamations, debates and orations; a man's vocabulary may be unconsciously increased in this way; but too often the men who take no part in the programme seem to be bored by those who are doing the work of the society.

Some men are kept out of active work by timidity; but as a mere business proposition, if nothing else, they ought to see that they can't get any return for their money paid as fees and fines by sitting tamely in their comfortable chairs. If the knees tremble and rock against each other, and the organs of speech refuse to perform their usual functions, it is all paid for with your own money. And the most unpromising speaker who ever fell into a critic's hands can by perseverance acquire what every college man should have when he leaves college—the ability to face an audience for a few minutes without having an ague. That ability is, perhaps, all that most of us will develop; but it is inconceivably better than merely furnishing a means of revenue.



Literary Notes

MISS EDNA CLYDE KILGO, - - - - - MANAGER.

The University of Oxford celebrated this fall the tercentenary of the famous Bodleian Library which first opened its doors to students in November, 1602. There was, of course, a library at Oxford before 1602 but there were no books. Much unauthorized looting, year by year, under cover of the visit of the commissioners, left the library stripped absolutely bare. Instead of facing the situation and building up the library anew a committee of "venerable men" was actually appointed to sell at auction even the bookshelves with the chairs and benches. Such was the condition of the library when Thomas Bodley was a resident there.

In 1597 Bodley quit public life, and then, to quote his own words, "I concluded at the last to set up my staff at the library door in Oxon, being thoroughly persuaded that I could not busy myself to better purpose than in reducing that place to the public use of students." From that date until his death, 1613, he lived only for the library. It occupied his thoughts night and day. On it he lavished a fortune, pressed all his powerful friends into the good cause and his agents to ramsack the continent for manuscripts, visiting France, Germany, Spain and Italy.

Despite neglect and carelessness since, the Bodleian has continued to grow, great scholars, book-collectors and antiquarians continued to enrich it with priceless bequests.

Regardless of the fact that there is a fixed belief in the British public mind that a literary man is not in the course

of things, qualified for success in Parliamentary work, no English public man of the present day has had a more remarkable political career than John Morley. He has taken to literature as a profession and has made for himself a distinguished name as a writer of books and an editor of reviews and newspapers. To students of literature he is widely known as the editor of 'The English Men of Letters' series. His life of Richard Cobden is one of the most complete and characteristic pieces of biography accomplished during our time. The same success has been achieved, it seems to me, when telling us of Burke, of Voltaire, and of Rousseau; and Morley has been for a long time engaged in preparing his life of Gladstone.

The issue of new editions of Dickens goes steadily on. We are told that *Pickwick* is the most popular of them all and that *David Copperfield* runs it very close. Dickens has already been dead many years but the sale of his books shows no sign of diminishing. George Eliot's books have greatly fallen off in popularity and Thackeray's works do not begin to sell as well as Dicken's. We were told soon after his death that Dickens could not live because he was a mere caricaturist but evidently he is destined to retain his hold on the public much longer than any of his contemporaries. Of course this does not necessarily mean that he was greater than any of them.

Mrs. Edith Wharton in a recent number of the *North American Review* calls our attention to the almost simultaneous production of three plays on the subject of Francesca da Rimini by playwrights of three different nationalities, as illustrating, in an interesting manner, that impulse of the creative fancy which so often leads one imaginative writer to take up a theme already dealt with by another. To this we can add another curious coincidence of this simultaneous cerebration, also by playwrights of three different nationalities, on the subject of Mary of

Magdala. It has been made public that Mr. Stephen Phillips is engaged on a poetic drama of the Magdalene, for Miss Julia Marlowe; also that Mrs. Fiske will open shortly with a translation of a play by Paul Heyse, the German novelist and dramatist, on the same theme. But before these announcements were made Miss Florence Wilkinson had conceived and written out the scenario of play called Mary Magdalene. We understand that Miss Wilkinson has since completed her drama, and as it is very effective in dramatic treatment and construction it is likely to be produced by some aspiring actress desirous of rivaling Miss Marlowe and Mrs. Fiske.

To those who have enjoyed Tom Grogan and Caleb West, those vigorous, warm-hearted studies of men and women who deal at close range with the realities of life, a new novel from the pen of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is quite welcome. He has drawn now upon his experience as an artist and, in "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," has taken us into the studio life of New York forty years ago. The gayety, vivacity, good-fellowship of that Bohemian life of hard work and wholesome if unconventional fun are delightfully brought out by the writer who not only loves his art but his fellow-men as well. Beginning his novel on the eve of the war, in a Middle South community, Mr. Smith has an opportunity to introduce some of the Southern types which he is very happy in delineating. Olive Horn's father and mother are true gentlefolk, sketched with delicacy and yet with distinctness.—people whom it is a pleasure to associate, so charmingly do they combine exacting social standards with the kindest heart and dignity of bearing with the democracy of constant helpfulness and delicate thoughtfulness for others. Oliver's career gives ample opportunity for bringing back a group of men who brought great honor to American art in recent years; and the contagious good spirits, the con-

tempt for shams, the free expression of young hope and idealism brought into the story without effort. The novel is full of sentiment without sentimentality, it has the courage of genuine feeling; it is a story of the heart such as all of us enjoy.

The book of Henrietta Cochran, "Celebrities and I," is nearly ready. It contains personal reminiscences and anecdotes of Dickens, Thackeray, the Brownings, the Rossetti's, Ruskin, Lord Leighton, Watts, Cobden and Cardinal Manning. The gossip is said to be good humored, improving and "intimate."

Last year, through "The Ruling Passion," Dr. Henry Van Dyke won our hearts. In the stories of this volume there was a note of intensity, of concentration of dramatic movement; each tale concerning itself with some motive or desire which drove all the force of the man before it; it is a book of emotion, of passion, of action. This year we heartily welcome "The Blue Flower," a new volume of stories from Dr. Van Dyke. In the stories now collected the emphasis rests on the pursuit of the ideal in some form; they are chapters in the record of that search for happiness which has drawn into its eager quest not only those who care for the more material pleasures and rewards of life, but also those sensitive natures who recoil from the grossness and hardness of life and take refuge in the pursuits of ideals which recede as they advance, but in which they who pursue never lose faith.

The quality of these tales is suggested by the title, for the Blue Flower was the symbol for the ideal to the German Romanticists of the beginning of the last century: a group of men of somewhat vague intellectual aims but of deep feeling and quick sensibility to the appeals of sentiment. Novalis, the gifted writer of whom Carlyle wrote with genuine sympathy, was temperamentally the representative member of this group, and Doctor

Van Dyke prefaces his tales with a characteristic fable from his pages.

Doctor Van Dyke is an artist and his stories charming pieces of fiction, told with delicate feeling and with that fresh felicity of style which is at the command of this vigorous and fascinating writer. Some of the tales are deeply poetic in conception; they are all pervaded by a reverence for the deeper inspirations of men, and by that touch of fellowship which has unlocked so many and such diverse experiences to the author of "The Blue Flower."

"The Battle with the Slum" Jacob A. Riis's new book will be published this month. It is a sort of complement to "How the Other Half Lives." Some of the subjects of which Mr. Riis treats are the conditions which act upon home life among the very poor; how the wrong beginning may be prevented; and how safe and decent homes may be had in crowded tenements.

The handsome Riverside Edition of Bret Harte has been completed in twelve volumes. It is a fitting memorial of one of our greatest and most original writers of fiction. It can be bought only by the set.

Cook, the well-known London Journalist, will edit two volumes of selections from scarce Ruskin pamphlets dealing with Turner and other notable artists. The book will be called "Ruskin on Pictures," and will be illustrated.

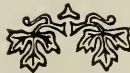
MacMillan Co. announce Mr. Stephen Phillips' new play, "David and Bathsheba" to be published soon.

Bowen-Merrill Co. announce "The Long Straight Road" by Ted Horton, author of "Like Another Helen," and "The Loom of Life" by Chas. Frederick Goss, author of "The Redemption of David Corson."

Among Scribner's new books this fall are: "The Blue Flower" by Henry Van Dyke; "The Little White Bird"

by J. M. Barrie; "A Captured Santa Claus" by Thos. Nelson Page, and "The Makers of British Art" a Series of Illustrated Monographs by James A. Mason.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish "A Song of a Single Note" by Amelia Barr; "Paul Kever" by Jerome K. Jerome; "Temporal Power" and "A Christmas Greeting" by Marie Coreli, and "Wanted: A Chaperon" by Paul Leicester Ford.





Editors Table

E. W. CRANFORD,

MANAGER.

Many Magazines have come to our table this month, among which are some of excellent standard. Judging from the character of the issues with which they have started out, one would feel safe in predicting a year of enviable success. The majority of the colleges represented upon our table are to be congratulated upon their excellent beginning, and the outlook is indeed encouraging. Since it will be impossible to speak separately of all of the magazines, we shall confine our remarks to a few of the most noteworthy.

The Wake Forest Student, to begin with, was our first arrival and contains much good solid matter. It also has some very striking and well written editorials. The *Student* is one among our best exchanges and is a magazine of high order. We think, however, that it might improve its fiction.

The *Emory and Henry Era* is, in our opinion, the best magazine that has yet come to our table. It seems to embody a genuine college spirit, and approaches nearest our idea of what a college magazine should be. It shows a healthy scarcity of solid matter, a feature that is always commendable in a college journal, yet what it does contain of solid matter is of a praiseworthy and thoughtful kind. Its most noticeable feature, however, is its fiction and poetry. "A Post-Matrimonial Flirtation" is an exceptionally well-written story. It shows evidences of desirable literary talents in its author, and also the develop-

ment of an attractive and pleasant style. "Miss Brown's Love Affair" is also a very good story, but not so good as the one above mentioned. Both these stories, however, are neat productions, and are just suited for publication in a college magazine. We hope to read many such stories in the *Era* before the year shall end.

The *Randolph Macon Monthly* is especially noticeable, in its last issue, for its poetry. The greeting upon the first page is not deep in thought, but is patriotic, and is the expression of a commendable college spirit. The little poem entitled "Dawn" is very good indeed. It seems to us that the author has touched upon the vein of genuine love poetry in the first three lines of the last stanza. A "Sonnet," by the same author, is a love sonnet well worth reading. It seems to state concisely and beautifully the problem that has perplexed many lovers. The *Monthly* also contains some good editorials. The one on inter-collegiate debating struck us as being especially thoughtful. We have only one objection to offer to this excellent magazine, and that is its lack of fiction. We hope, however, that this objection cannot be urged against its next issue.

The *Davidson College Magazine* comes to us in a very beautiful and attractive cover. The magazine upon the whole contains some very wholesome and readable matter. Its fiction this time is very poor. The production entitled "An Incident" is overdrawn, and we fail to catch the point in "Love in a Cabin." The solid matter shows better skill. "The Ministry of Natural Beauty" is perhaps the best production, and evinces a high æsthetical sentiment.

The *Pine and Thistle* is coming to be one of our best exchanges. It is true that it is small in size and modest in content, yet what there is of it is well worked-up indeed. Its stories are short, well written, and sensible. "The

Mistake of Her Life' shows clear insight into human nature and the command of an easy and lucid style and upon the whole, reflects great credit upon its author. 'Five Creeks and How They Were Named' is even more romantic and equally well written. The poem 'Life Is What We Make It' should entitle the *Pine and Thistle* to a place among the best College magazines of the South, even if it contained nothing else worthy of mention. The *Pine and Thistle*, like the *Emory and Henry Era*, seems to have a correct idea of what a college magazine should be and many of our magazines that are representatives of larger institutions would do well to follow its example.





At Home and Abroad

W. G. PURYEAR,

MANAGER.

Owing to the fact that the contractors have been exceedingly busy finishing up the new buildings, and in making alterations in the old ones, they have as yet been unable to connect the new dormitory with the central heating plant. Consequently, oil stoves are at present at a premium. This state of affairs is not expected to last long, though, as workmen are now putting in the radiators and piping as rapidly as they can. The buiding is expected to be completely connected in a few weeks.

A large plot of ground is being laid off around the new dormitory, and is being fertilized preparatory to the sowing of grass next year. This improvement, with the completion of the system of walks which is being laid out, will aid very materially in the appearance of the building. The plot is also being extended far enough to take in the library, and when it is done that part of the campus will have an appearance very different from what it had last year.

The Glee Club is still booming. Heretofore, many glee clubs have been started—in fact some attempt has been made nearly every year to start one—but until this year they were all failures, existing in name only. However, this one seems to be on a sure footing. There is quite a number of very promising candidates, and twice a week they all meet to be instructed in their several parts by Mr. Overton, manager of the Southern Conservatory of Music of this city. A mandolin and guitar club will be organized soon as an auxiliary to the glee club, and later

on concerts will be given by those clubs in various towns of the State. Mr. L. P. Howard, '03, has been elected manager of the Glee Club and Mr. W. P. Budd, '04, treasurer.

Mr. W. W. Card, of the Angier Duke Gymnasium, will shortly organize and instruct a class for all candidates for the track team. This will be done in order that he may study to better advantage the peculiarities of each man, and assign him such work as will develop him for the event he wishes to enter.

Mr. W. W. Dowd, a former student at Trinity, is at present taking such work in the college and gymnasium as will enable him to take a course in the Physical Training Department at Harvard. He is also doing some instructing work in the gymnasium here.

Trinity has now quite a large representation at the University of North Carolina. Messrs. D. F. Giles, a former member of Class of 1903, Murray Allen, '00, and J. Peele, '00, are in the Law Department. Mr. J. Mann, also ex-'03, is in the Medical Department. Mr. M. H. Allen, an old member of our present Junior Class, is continuing his work in the Literary Department, and Messrs. R. M. Whitaker, L. K. Wooten, L. S. Daniels and L. A. Tomlinson, 1905 men of one year's standing, are also in the Literary Department. Messrs. Mann and Giles have both played 'Varsity foot-ball this fall, and the former especially seems to have made good.

The 13th of October was University Day at Chapel Hill. President Venable addressed the student body on the history of the University. Several of the students spent the Saturday and Sunday preceding the holiday with friends in Durham.

A short time ago the Atlanta Constitution gave notice of the debate which is to take place between Emory Col-

lege and Trinity. No arrangements have yet been made relative to the place or time for the debate. However, Emory has accepted our challenge and has requested that a committee be appointed by us to meet a like committee from Emory to arrange these details. The debate will take place some time next spring. X

The Historical Society met on the 27th of October for the purpose of organizing for the ensuing year. Dr. J. S. Bassett was elected President; Mr. C. K. Robinson, Vice-President; Mr. H. B. Adams, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. C. F. Lambeth, Custodian of the Museum.

A holiday was given the 29th of October that all students who wished might attend the Raleigh Fair. Several of the faculty and a large number of the students went. X

Mr. L. B. Cox, of Richmond College, recently spent a few days on the campus.

Mr. Jas. A. Claywell, a member of the Senior Class, has left college to accept a position in a bank at his home in Morganton.

X Dr. W. P. Few, of the Department of English, represented Trinity at the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as President of Princeton University.

X Mr. Bohannon, a former student of Trinity, stopped over with us a short time ago, on his way back to Bethlehem, Pa. He graduated last year from Lehigh and secured his present position with the Bethlehem Steel Works shortly afterwards.

Mr. F. C. Odell spent a day on the campus with his brothers, Ralph and Arthur, not long ago. Mr. Odell is a member of last year's Senior Class. He is at present in the office of the Odell Manufacturing Co., Concord, N. C.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1902.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.


All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to C. K. ROBINSON, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues).

ADVERTISING.

 Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.

Direct all communications to

T. W. SMITH, Business Manager,
Trinity College, Durham, N. C.



C. W. LAMBETH, - - - - - MANAGER.

DIOGENES TEUFELSDROECKH.

BY J. P. BREEDLOVE.

The chief interest in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" is the autobiographical revelations. The reader would improve his chances for an intelligent understanding and appreciation of it by reading the second book and then the first. The second book while treating of Teufelsdröckh's, gives to a large extent Carlyle's own life from its beginning to the time he found his profession. It is the purpose of this paper to outline the second book. The words and at times the sentences of Carlyle are freely used.

Interesting indeed is the beginning of the philosopher of clothes. In the village of Entepfuhl lived Andreas Futteral and

his wife Gretchen. Theirs was a childless home yet a cheerful one. Andreas was once a grenadier sergeant and a regimental schoolmaster under Frederick the Great. He had quitted the field and school-room for the spade and pruning hook. Fruits he grew and knew how to sell. In the evenings he smoked and told the stories of the battle-field to a neighbor or read. Gretchen, his wife, was won more by his deeds than his good looks, and in her judgment a grenadier sergeant and regimental school master was no less than a hero.

One evening after sunset a stranger wrapped in muffled mantle entered Andreas' house. Saluting them gravely he began to unwrap himself and put on the parlor table a basket wrapped with a green silk coverlet. Then he said: "Good christian people here lies for you an invaluable loan; take all heed thereof, in all carefullness employ it, with high recompense or else with heavy penalty will it one day be required back." Uttering these words the stranger withdrew and was not seen again.

The Futterals could have fancied it all a dream so noiseless was the whole transaction. Yet there remained on the table within reach the basket. They unwrapped it and found within a red colored infant in "soft sleep" amid down and rich white clothing. What must Andreas and his wife do with it? They resolved to feed it and rear it into manhood. They were successful, for as later events proved he has made for himself a place in the world and is known as Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, professor of the new science of things in general in the University of Weissnichtwo.

The facts of his mysterious beginning were made known to him in his twelfth year by the good Gretchen. His interest was stirred to know what person this who put him in the orchard cottage and glided away so mysteriously. The little green coverlet had his name worked in it yet that gave him no clue to that of his father. Searching the records of the army lists and every catalogue of names he found his

not once. Young Diogenes, or rather young Gretchen as he was called, passed over their stages of meditation quickly and said there was other work cut out for him to do and he quit his whimpering.

Teufelsdroeckh's childhood is given us in the second chapter. It is a beautiful tribute to childhood. Time, he says, to the child is a sunlit ocean, years are ages. He reflects upon his childhood as poets do. He tells in beautiful language how he often climbed to the top of the garden wall and ate with relish his supper (bread crumbs boiled in milk) and at the same time watched the setting sun and afterglow of gold and azure. His fondness for animals was unusual. For seldom does one characterize a hog except in the low plane of greediness, yet Teufelsdroeckh acknowledges that they have intelligence, a certain humor of character, and a touching, trustful submission to man. Perhaps this early fondness for animals created in him a sympathy for animated life. The tales of Andreas especially made deep impressions upon Gretchen awaking in him a certain interest in history. Furthermore the stage coach taught him that "any road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the world." But the grand summary of Entepfuhl child-culture, he says, was the annual cattle fair. Here came nut-brown maids and men for dancing, treating and happiness. Swiss brokers, Italian drovers, potters from far off Saxony, peddlers and clowns came in the interest of their business. "Thus encircled by the mystery of existence, under the deep heavenly firmament; waited on by the four seasons, with their vicissitudes of contribution, for even grim winter brought its skating matches, snow-storms, and its Christmas carols, did the child sit and learn. These things were the alphabet, whereby in aftertime he was to syllable and partly read the grand volume of the world."

Even when the happiness of child seemed perfect there was a ring of care in it. "It was a ring of necessity whereby we are all begirt; happy is he for whom a kind heavenly sun

brightens it into a ring of duty and plays around it with beautiful prismatic diffractions; yet ever, as a basis and as bourn for our whole being, it is there." He does not wish to quarrel with this upbringing. It was frugal, unscientific, yet he asks is there not in that strictness and domestic solitude a root of deeper earnestness. His mother, the good Gretchen, for he called her mother, did him an invaluable service when she taught him her simple faith.

Teufelsdröckh was taken at the age of nine by Andreas to Hinterschlag Gymnasium to begin his school days. He had already acquired a considerable amount of learning. He never remembered to have learned to read. At Hinterschlag a sudden loneliness came upon him and the boys treated him roughly. In the beginning he was worsted in the fights, but at time he became so enraged that he made the boldest quail and claimed his rights as a man. Of the school he said, "Hinterschlag professors knew syntax enough; and of the soul thus much: that it had a faculty called memory and could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch rods. "Such teachers will remain until communities and individuals find out that the fashioning of souls can be ranked with blowing their bodies to pieces by gunpowder. There should be, if possible, true God-ordained priests for teaching.

In this third year at Hinterschlag his father died. Besides producing in him an inexpressible grief and melancholy in gave him a sense of the mystery of life and death. His mother wept and gave vent to her grief while his tears were pent up in desolation. Yet he says, "Life is so healthful that it even finds nourishment in death."

He enters the University which he calls the Nameless because he does not wish to make known to the public the name of an institution which he regarded as being so weak. Of the University he said, had you a walled in square furnished with poorly selected books and 1100 youths to tumble them about as they pleased and persons called pro-

fessors to stand at the gates to proclaim that it was a University and to collect large admission fees, then you have in spirit the University. Eleven of the 1100 were probably serious students. Happily for Teufelsdröckh he gave his time to reading and thinking instead of rioting. In the library he probably succeeded in fishing up more books than perhaps the keeper knew about. He began and laid the foundation of a literary life. Here he began to have doubts as to the evidences of religious faith, and after many struggles his believing heart sank into unbelief.

At the University he met Herr Towgood, a young Englishman of quality. He was talented but his talents were ill-cultured. He was clever and Teufelsdröckh almost loved him. Later he laughed at himself for thinking so. He said, "If man's soul is indeed as in the Finnish language and the utilitarian philosophy a kind of stomach, what else is a spiritual union but an eating together?"

Gretchen quitting college found himself in the world having within him physical and spiritual forces, hopes, passions, thoughts—all the furniture belonging to that mystery, man. The question that troubled him was what should he do. He studied law, stood his examination and won honors for himself. But his progress in the law was slow. Gretchen seems to have vanished from the scene. Teufelsdröckh had no income. Necessity pushed him. He made his bread and water wages by tutoring and translating. Yet he paid his way.

He tells of his invitation to aesthetic tea, regretting however, that a wash of quite fluid aesthetic tea had to be substituted for solid pudding—a hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed, talks to the count. In speaking of the onward movement of time, he says, "Our whole terrestrial being is based on time and built of time, it is wholly a movement, a time impulse, time is the author of it, the material of it. Hence our whole duty which is to move, to work in the right direction." But he had nothing to do and became

wretched enough. He was not friendly towards men, he had an ironic tone and, in his own estimation, he was a pest to society. This is unpromising for a young man who is to unite himself with someone and somewhat.

Teufelsdröckh at length gave up his profession and in his solitary life began to think, as was natural, of a companion for life. He says, "In every well conditioned stripling there always blooms a certain prospective paradise cheered by some fairest Eve; nor in the stately vistas and flowerage and foilage of that garden is a tree of knowledge wanting." His fancy for the "fair sex" grew upon him until finally he met fair Blumine who did not look upon him coldly. He said of himself, "A nature which in his own figurative style we might say had not a little carbonized tendency of irritability, with so much nitre of latent passion and sulphurous humour enough the whole lying in such hot neighborhood close by a reverberating furnace of fantasy, have we not here the components of the driest gun-powder ready on the smallest occasion, to blaze up?"

In such a state of mind he met fair Blumine. She did not despise him, but looked upon favorably and encouraged his love. As time passed she "resigned herself to wed some riches." They parted and a great cloud of darkness came over the soul of Teufelsdröckh.

Thus rejected he says there remains one of three things for him to do, establish himself in Bedlam, write satanic poetry, or blow out his brains. One can allow for such exaggerations in his case. He did neither of these three things. He begins to travel and has written a beautiful passage on his last look upon Entepfuhl. He regards himself as a hunted animal which returns to its native home when persecuted. While standing on the hill-top and looking upon his native village he calls to mind his own acts and the business transactions of the people and concludes that no help would come to him there and begins his travels onward.

He goes to the mountains. They have greater grandeur and grace than ever before. To him peace had placed itself in strength. While contemplating this scenery a carriage and four passed. The servants wore wedding favors. That happy pair had found each other. It was their marriage evening. Herr Towgood and Blumine were the pair. They were on their way to heaven and he remained alone in the night. What hope his rejection had left in him was now gone and he pursued his travels through the world purposeless. Travelling from place to place and getting his bread and water here and there a nameless unrest seized him. He must be going no matter where. Hunger alone kept him from suicide. While wandering in this way to and fro he wrote his sorrows.

Teufelsdröckh at length lost faith in God and in himself. For several years he had no hope which is man's inspiration. His heart was smouldering in a sulphurous fire. He had no definite fear, were it of man or devil. Yet he did fear and it seemed that all things in heaven and earth would hurt him. While in the depths of despair and unrest this thought came to him: Why should he fear? of what was he afraid? Why like a coward should he go whimpering, cowering, trembling? He had a heart and why could he not trample under foot the devil and endure whatever befel him? He took courage, became strong, and could not measure his strength. He recorded his "everlasting no" to the devil's persuasions and declared that he was free.

Teufelsdröckh is now in the stage called by himself "center of indifference." He contemplates the past, visits cities, thinks of man's activity and achievement. The results of these are mystic, aeriform, preserved by tradition. Handicrafts, manufacturing skill, one's whole daily life is spiritual. The tangible products of the past are cities, tilled fields, roads, and books. The greatest is books. Teufelsdröckh sees too the battlefield, the shells, the dead bodies, destruction. He questions nature as to its intentions for such a

place. Did it find its rightful purpose? Thrifty nature induces some profit out of great waste, brings life for the living from the very carcass of the killer.

Thus the professor's attention was taken from himself to the affairs and rights of the world. There was little substance for the heart but much for the eye. He saw how many ways man seeks food, protection, and warmth. Great scenes and events he has witnessed, sat under the palms of Tadmor, smoked in the ruins of Babylon, seen the great walls of China, seen kings reduced to custom-house keepers, worlds won and lost in a day, a hundred thousand persons killed in one day. The birth pangs of democracy could not escape him. He always had a great interest in great men. Few escaped his notice. They are the inspired text-book. He disguised himself as a tavern-waiter so he might not wait on the great Schiller and the greater Goethe under that shady tree at Treisnitz by the Jena highway. He was with the great Napoleon.

Teufeldsroeckh had by these experiences been growing spiritually. Wretchedness was still wretched but he now despised it. He asks, what is this little dog cage of an earth? What is he who sits whining there? He is still nobody. The burden is heavy but he will surely loose the bands some day and leap forth free with a second youth.

Teufeldsroeckh's life was pressed by necessity, yet the meaning of life was freedom. In the beginning we have hard fought battles. For the God-given mandate "work thou in well-doing" burns within our bosoms until it is obeyed in our conduct, a visible, acted gospel of freedom. There is a clay given mandate "eat thou and be filled" that proclaims itself and there must be a contest. Temptations come to all of us, unhappy are we if we do not have them. We would be half men if they did not come. Our wilderness is the years of our life. If Teufeldsroeckh did not win victory he was conscious of battle and resolved to struggle therein as long as life lasted.

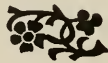
Doubt, unbelief, and finally denial had come to him but these conditions of the mind passed and again he had faith. His pilgrimings were purifying temptations in which the devil was worsted. He tells of his last hope and in this condition he sat down on a high table land. While there he fell asleep and when he awoke a new heaven and earth had come to him. He pictured his position, looked at the country below. Nature was very beautiful to him. So natural to one who had experienced so great a storm. He thought of the lives of the people below in the nine villages and towns, of their daily work, of their loves and hates.

He then said he looked on the world with different eyes. It was his needy mother and not his cruel step-dame. Man had become dearer to him and was his brother. The knot that had been strangling him he had now found. Man has a soul that cannot be satisfied and his unhappiness is because of his greatness. The finance ministers and upholsterers of England cannot make a boot-black happy with all their wealth longer than an hour or two because he has a soul that has ever new wants and wishes and nothing less than God's infinite universe altogether to himself will make him happy.

There is something higher for man than happiness. It is the God in man. Love not self, love God. This is his "everlasting yea." It is only with renunciation that life properly speaking can be said to begin. Teufelsdroeckh goes on in this way commenting upon the soul life of man and he at last said: "I too could now say to myself be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even worldkin. Produce!! Produce! were it the pittifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee, out with it then."

We have now traced the events of Teufelsdroeckh's life through its youthful period, the following entanglements, and unbelief until he has found himself or, as he says, been converted. Henceforth we shall see him at "work in well-

doing" with the spirit and clear aims of a man. The ideal work-shop he panted for is the same ill-furnished work-shop he has been stumbling in so long. Every man has tools and the thing for him to do is to use them. Teufelsdröckh has found his calling. It is writing, "wherein," he says, "with or without perceptible result I am minded diligently to persevere." The editor doubts whether he has given a true picture of Teufelsdröckh, for his reticence is so marked and his jottings in the paper bags are so various that he may not have interpreted them rightly. The man is not the facts of his life but the spirit he worked in. Teufelsdröckh resolved to endure what was before him, and to learn to suffer. Everywhere the shows of things oppress and crush him and he can only gain a stronghold by penetrating through the shows of things into the things themselves. He is at the University of Weisnützwitz meditating upon the frame-work of the world, time, nature which to him is woven into the garment of life. This the editor characterizes as the outline of his clothes-philosophy.



THE WARMEST TRAIL IS NOT ALWAYS THE SUREST
TO VICTORY.

BY FRANK.

I had a pretty good practice and well—so did Brown. Brown was my rival for Mary's hand, and we were having it nip and tuck. I had worked hard all day and I thought it would be a good chance for me to go out to Wheelersville, to see Mary, who was spending the summer at the country house of her aunt about a mile out of Wheelersville. When I reached the depot there was Brown.

"Well, Brown, old man, where are you off to?"

"I am only going down to Whitley (same direction as Wheelersville) for a hunt."

"I wish I could go with you but I have a case up at Gary (away from Wheelersville) that must be attended to right off."

We then chatted until our trains came in, shook hands, wished each other luck and were off in opposite directions.

I went down to Gary, spent the night and the next afternoon boarded the train for Wheelersville. I arrived there just a little before dinner time and had just time to run up and change my clothes. Coming down I went into the sitting room and ran up on Brown.

I looked at him and he looked at me. "I hope you had a successful hunt," I said. "Oh, very fair thank you," he replied, "I struck a hot trail soon after I reached these parts and I followed it all day and flatter myself that my time has not been wasted, but how is your patient?"

"I am rather afraid that I stayed away too long, for a patient in a small place needs constant attention. Rather unfortunately for me a man from the city (looking him in the eyes) reached there about a day before I did and called me a quack and I am afraid that he had time to make my work all for naught. However, as I wont be busy for a day or two I hope to stay on the grounds and roust him out entirely."

He started to reply, but just then Mary came in and my heart thumped fearfully. "Why Frank, where did you come from?" I mumbled something and took her hand very tenderly, forgetting all about Brown. "It seems," she continued, "that we are destined to have surprises out here, for who should drop in yesterday but Mr. Brown." "Ah! yesterday you say?" "Certainly, and we have had a very pleasant day, haven't we? I am getting awfully lonesome."

"You don't mean to say," stammered Brown, "that that is the only reason"—

"Certainly not the only reason. One could hardly expect such a thing, knowing you."

This went all over Brown. I could see it in his face. "How much more than is meant do some people read into what is said," thought I, "but Brown always was a conceited ass."

Mary then turned to me. "How long are you going to be here, Frank." I expected to stay two or three days, but seeing the lay of the land I replied, "Oh, I just came down to spend the evening with you."

"Do you have to go back so soon?"

"Yes, my work"—

"Oh, bother your work. Do you ever think about anything else?"

Before I could answer she had turned to Brown and dinner being announced, we went out to dinner, Mary and Brown and her aunt and myself, while her uncle brought up the rear. I was placed on one side of the table, opposite sat Mary and Brown and our host and hostess at the ends.

Mary and Brown soon seemed to be very much interested in each other and so I talked to her uncle and aunt. We soon got on politics, which was her uncle's hobby, and he started to talking while I, well—I never saw Mary look so beautiful. Her eyes had a soft glow in them, when she turned her full face to me, which made me feel awfully sorry for myself. She would smile at me and I would have given all to read her mind. Things went on this way until we got up

from the table. Her uncle offered me a cigar (he knew my weakness) which I immediately accepted and we went on the piazza to smoke. Brown never smoked and so he and Mary didn't appear.

Mary's uncle took up his conversation (at least I suppose it was there) where he had left off, and in order to pull myself together I tried to bury myself in what he was saying. I succeeded fairly well and we talked on until it was not long before I had to leave.

I went into the house and started in the parlor, but as I reached the door I saw that Mary and Brown were sitting very close together and Brown had her hand in his and was talking very low. My heart fell at once and I turned and went up for my grip.

Coming down I went in to tell Mary good-bye. They were still on the same sofa and neither were saying anything. Brown was only holding her right hand as if he feared if he moved it he would lose something. "I'm so sorry you have to go," said Mary and looking down into her eyes I could have believed her had it not been for that hand business.

"I appreciate that very much," I answered, "but"—

"But how about staying 'on the ground' and 'that patient'," answered Brown.

"What patient and what ground are you talking about?" asked Mary.

I didn't say anything and Brown told her what I had said. She laughed and raising her arms, letting her sleeves drop almost to the shoulders, she placed her hands behind her head and looked up at me and I—I straightened up and held to a chair—this was very tantalizing in Mary for she knew what I thought about such things.

"Do you think you are such a quack? If I were you I would stay and show my patient different," she murmured.

"Well I don't know but what he is right. The man who said I was, is a very fine fellow and I would commend him

to you if you ever run across him. He is really the best man for you, I think." I had lost all hope and thought I would make the best of it.

"Thank you," she said slowly, "but you doubtless remember that we scarcely ever agree. In fact, if I'm not mistaken our opinions are almost always diametrically opposed."

I gripped that chair harder than ever and Brown took a sudden notion that he wanted to speak to Mary's uncle and I—well I thought that the first duty of a doctor was to look after the patient who wants him and needs him.



CHRISTMAS IN DE AIIH.

BY E. W. CRANFORD.

*Dis yeah I'se been a workin' hard,
I'se studied night an' day,
But now I's laid aside me books
An' is waitin' fer me pay.*

*But de 'fessor wants ye keep right on
An' do jes' what he keeh,
But I can't help his feelin's much,
Fer Christmas mos' too neah.*

*Hain't sceered a bit o' de 'fessor's scowls,
Ner threatment in his tones,
Fer Ole Man Nickson's in me skin
An' Christmas in me bones.*

*Don't give a darn fer what he say,
Ner a ding fer what he don't,
He dasn't hurt me when I CAN'T
An' sceered to when I WON'T.*

*Jes' let him cuss an' fume an' see
Efenybody keehs;
A week from now I'se gwyin' to be
Beyant dis veil uv teahs.*

*Den come on, boys, don't strain yerselves,
Fer soon we's gwyin' home,
Jes' sw'ar ye'll work ne're nuther lick,
Tell New Yeah's done an' come.*

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY O. J. JONES.

Franklin's story of The Whistle is familiar to almost every school-boy and school-girl. *Poor Richard's Almanac* was a store house of "rough maxims hewn from life," from which the men of pre-Revolutionary days got a stock of practical business sagacity. In its influence on the early life of our country. Father Abraham's Speech is to be ranked with the Declaration of Independence and Washington's Farewell Address. Just how much *Poor Richard's Almanac* counted for in influencing the life of the early colonies it is almost impossible to estimate, for it was almost the only literature, besides the Bible, that entered many homes.

Franklin is also known for his experiment with a kite in drawing electricity from the clouds. But it was not as a scientist or a man of letters that Franklin rendered his greatest services to his country. Along with his contributions to literature and to science we have his services to Pennsylvania and to the city of Philadelphia as a public-spirited gentleman. It is really surprising how many improvements were brought about in Philadelphia by Franklin and how much the state of Pennsylvania stood indebted to his indefatigable labors.

In the autumn of 1727 Franklin formed "most of his ingenious acquaintances into a club of mutual improvement, which was called the Junto." This club met every Friday evening and discussed, in a sincere spirit of inquiry, questions relating to Morals, Politics and Natural Philosophy. Franklin, speaking of this club in his autobiography, says: "It was the best school of philosophy, morality and politics that then existed in the province: for our queries, which were read the week preceding their discussion, put us upon reading with attention upon the several subjects, that we might speak more to the purpose." Out of the Junto grew the American Philosophical Society. This society like the Junto

was the immediate result of a suggestion by Franklin: he designed it "to give a common ground of association to those in the various American colonies who were presuming studies in science and philosophy." The Philosophical Society was organized 1744 with a membership of nine, and six out of this number had been members of the Junto.

It was as a member of the Junto that Franklin first conceived the idea of a subscription library for Philadelphia, which he succeeded in establishing in 1732. Franklin says in his autobiography that since they often had occasion to refer to their books in the discussions at the Junto he thought it convenient to have them there that they might consult them at any time. Acting on this suggestion all the members brought to the meeting place of the Junto the books that they could best spare. At the end of a year however the members took their books home, but Franklin had gotten the idea of a subscription library and he set about securing one for Philadelphia. By the aid of some other members of the Junto he succeeded in getting fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with and ten shillings a year for fifty years. The number of subscribers was afterwards increased to one hundred, when a charter had been obtained. Franklin calls this library "the mother of all the North American subscription libraries now so numerous." Speaking further about it, he says: "It is become a great thing in itself, and continually increasing. These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries, and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defense of their privileges."

In 1751 Franklin wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled "Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania," and set on foot a subscription for opening and supporting an academy. For this purpose he raised a sum of five thousand pounds. The school opened the same year

and the number of students increased so rapidly that they soon had to get a larger building. Franklin, having been appointed on the board of trustees to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of a member, secured the house that had been erected by the hearers of Mr. Whitefield. "Dividing the great and lofty hall into stories, and different rooms above and below for the several schools," he got it into such shape as to meet the needs of the Academy. "The trustees of the Academy were after a while incorporated by a charter from the governor;" lands were granted the school by the proprietaries and funds by the Assembly; and thus the Academy grew into the present University of Pennsylvania.

Through the efforts of Franklin the streets of Philadelphia were paved and scavengers were employed to keep them clean. Though the city was not lighted directly at his suggestion, he suggested an improvement in the structure of the lamps that enabled them to give better light. These lamps admitted no air below and "the smoke did not readily go out above, but circulated in the globe, lodged on its inside, and soon obstructed the light they were intended to afford." Franklin suggested that crevices be made to admit the air below and by this means the lamps were kept clean. The lightning rod and the Franklin stove were his most important inventions.

Franklin also organized the first fire company in America. He had about thirty associates in this scheme. The "articles of agreement obliged every member to keep always in good order and fit for use a certain number of leathern buckets, with strong bags and baskets (for packing and transporting of goods) which were to be brought to every fire."

Franklin did not desire a political career and never sought an office, but his country honored him with several positions of trust. In 1737 he was made postmaster of Philadelphia. In turn he was a magistrate, a member of the common council, an alderman, and for ten years successively a member of the Assembly. His services were not inconsiderable

in the French and Indian war and, though, at the time of the Revolution, Pennsylvania was called the enemy's country, he espoused the American cause, doing us incalculable service as minister to France. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, the treaty with France, the treaty of peace with England, and finally of the Constitution of the American colonies. His attitude on the question of taxation of the colonies is well set forth by him in the following words: "The more I have thought and read on the subject, the more I find myself confirmed in opinion that no middle doctrine can be well maintained, I mean not clearly with intelligible arguments. Something might be made by either of the extremes: that Parliament has a power to make all laws for us; and I think the arguments for the latter more numerous and weighty than those for the former." Still more expressive are the following words written to an English friend at the time of the Stamp Act: "I have some little property in America. I would freely spend nineteen shillings in the pound to defend the right of giving or refusing the other shilling, and, after all, if I cannot defend that right, I can retire cheerfully, with my little family, into the boundless woods of America, which are sure to afford freedom and subsistence to any man who can bait a hook or pull a trigger."

Franklin was opposed to slavery and the slave trade. He became the first president of the first abolition society in America, and he signed his name to the first petition for the abolition of the slave trade ever sent to Congress. The last paper he ever wrote was aimed at the destruction of slavery. In this paper he took all the arguments advanced by those who favored slavery and showed that each one of them was a reason for ending the system.

This man who had stood by his country in every change of fortune did not desert her in that dark hour that came just after peace with England. Along with Washington, his voice was heard pleading for union. He was an ardent advocate of union when so many who had been active in fight-

ing for liberty thought union was impossible. He said: "I have long been of opinion that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lie in America; and though, like other foundations, they are low and little now, they are nevertheless broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever yet erected."

The last important duty his country required at his hands was that of membership at the Constitutional Convention of 1787. There he sat as a member for nearly four months, and his services on the floor were invaluable. It was he, who, prophet and sage as well as statesman, when the members were signing the immortal instrument looked towards the President's chair, at the back of which a rising sun happened to be painted, and observed to the few members near him that painters had found it difficult to distinguish, in their art, between a rising and a setting sun. Then this old man, who knew that he could not live to see the prosperity and greatness of his beloved country, to whose construction he had given the mighty labors of his life, and who knew, that like Moses from Pisgah's height, he could only view from afar the promised land, but not enter, said, "I have often and often in the course of this session and the vicisitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked behind the President without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting, and now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

BY S. W. E.

Two of the best autobiographies that have appeared in recent years are "The Making of an American" by Jacob A. Riis, and "Up from Slavery" by Booker T. Washington. Both books were published about the same time and both give forth in a graphic and interesting way the struggle from obscurity up to fame. And no matter what may be one's ideas about the Negro question and social equality, he cannot but admire the personality of Booker Washington. In making a study of such a man it is very necessary that all racial prejudices be laid aside and that we consider the man as he is, irrespective of race or nationality.

Booker Washington was born in Franklin County, Virginia, about 1858. The name of his father is not known, but this fact has not prevented him from pushing himself to the front ranks of our nation's greatest men. He was born a slave as to his body but not in mind. It was Lincoln who freed his body from the shackles of slavery and gave to him an opportunity to cultivate the great mind that lay in him as a slumbering lion, only awaiting the prick of some external stimulus to arouse it to action.

Very soon after the civil war, the boy and his mother went to the Kanawha Valley, in West Virginia, whither Booker's stepfather had preceded them. Here Booker was put to work in a salt mine, and from this mine dates his first book knowledge. He learned the number "18," which was put on every barrel that belonged to his stepfather. "From the time that I can remember having any thoughts about anything, I recall that I had an intense longing to learn to read." This best describes the young mind filled with ambition in early childhood in his own words. In a very short while after the number "18" was stamped upon his memory, he secured an old "blue-back" speller. He devoured this old speller with an eager and earnest mind. The hunger for

knowledge was fast becoming, as it were, a demon within him, and the more he learned, the more intense the thirst became. As soon as a colored school was opened in the Valley, he began to think that his dreams of learning would be realized, but his stepfather discovered that he had a financial value and refused to allow him to attend the school. But his undaunted ambition tided him safely over the obstructing obstacles and soon he was taking lessons at night. He always held to the determination to secure an education at any cost. To carry out this determination he had to breast many obstructing waves. When a white boy starts into the world, the odds are in his favor, but the negro starts out with the presumption against him. We expect the one to succeed and are surprised if he does not; we expect the other to fail and are exceedingly surprised if he does succeed.

Not very long after the beginning of the night school he secured a position in the house of a Mrs. Ruffner, where he remained nearly eighteen months. While there he heard of Hampton Institute and he determined to go. He gathered together his few belongings and started on what has proved to be the road to honor and fame. But he did not wake up the next morning and find himself famous. He secured a position in the school as janitor and worked for his education in more ways than one. His entrance examination was the sweeping of room, and thankful to the training received at Mrs. Ruffner's, he was able to pass successfully. When he found himself fairly started on the road to knowledge, he found that it was not a road paved with gold nor was it provided with downy beds of ease at every mile post. It proved to be a road that ever lead upward and was never free from difficulties which had to be overcome by great exertion both mutually and physically.

But this was one negro who was not easily discouraged. While he had a great task to provide for his own wants, he never found himself too helpless to assist others. He learned

early in life this great lesson, one that he has never forgotten, "Those who are happiest are those who do the most for others."

In June of 1895 he finished the regular course of study at Hampton, and went back to his old home to teach. While at Hampton he learned that it was not a disgrace to labor, a lesson that the average negro fails to learn, and thereby, becomes a burden and a menace to society instead of a positive good. Two years later he went back to Hampton as an instructor, and while there this time his life's work was opened up to him by General Armstrong who offered to him a colored school in Tuskegee, Ala.

He did not accept this position without much prayer and consideration, and finally accepted it with the full confidence that God would never desert one of his children in the time of trouble. He found but poor encouragement at Tuskegee in the way of house and friends, but this is where we see this man at his best. In the face of overwhelmingly odds, he stood the test and has come out of it covered with honor and crowned with success. He went at the undertaking with a vim, and soon had many very influential white people interested in his project and succeeded in borrowing from them money with which to start one of the greatest, if not the greatest, schools for negroes in America.

His first step was to teach the negro that it is no disgrace to work and thus freeing their minds from the new-fangled idea that he who has a little book learning must not soil his hands with the dust from manual labor. This was a hard and difficult task, but he has so thoroughly instilled it into the minds of his pupils that to-day the graduates turned out by Tuskegee are in demand everywhere.

To carry out successfully his schemes for the education of the negro he needed money, and this he did not have, but he made several trips to the north and interested many men and women who were able and did freely assist him in his great enterprise. When he went to Tuskegee, he found a

dilapidated house and few friends; to-day the school property including endowment is worth more than a half million dollars. He began with thirty pupils and now he has enrolled over eleven hundred and a faculty of eighty-six.

When the fact that Booker Washington was born a slave with an unknown father is taken into consideration, we think that it is hardly possible that the little slave of '59 could have developed into the negro who has done more for the elevation of his race than any other man. Some one has said that greatness is born in a man, if this be true we feel certain that this negro must have had a big brain of the finest quality of greatness in him when he first opened his eyes on a Virginia plantation. He began at the lowest ebb of the tide, but taking it at the flood he he has been carried on to greatness. He, to-day, stands first among his own people and is acknowledged by all distinguished men to be a great man. He seems to be full of the "dare and do" spirit, and his life is an illustration of "where there is a will there is a way." To sum up this negro briefly, we can say that he is a man whose undaunted will-power and fear of God has placed him before the world as the greatest man of his race. He will go down in history as an example of what a man can do, no matter what he may be in regard to his surroundings.

THE PSALM OF FOOTBALL.

BY ~~W. G. TURYEAR.~~

100 Baringer

*Tell me not in mournful numbers
Football is an empty dream,
And the man's not mashed that slumbers,
Downs are not what they seem.*

*Downs are real, downs are earnest,
And a rush is not the goal;
But drop-kick or make a touchdown,
Of objects it is the sole.*

*In the game's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of the strife;
Be ye like dumb maddened cattle,
Rush the line for all your life.*

*Plays of players all remind us
We can make our runs sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Pursuers almost dying.*

*Players, then, be up and doing,
Try to rush against the fate
Of the man who is opposing,
Do your best to lay him straight.*

AN ECHO OF THE SIXTIES.

BY G. G. C.

Whether it be to the credit of North Carolina or not, the fact yet remains that there lived in the mountains of our State, during the Civil War, certain clans or bands of bushwhackers. Though their history lie hidden, buried immeasurably deep under the thousands of noble deeds of Carolina's true sons, they lived by plunder and marauding, while other men were away fighting.

Having spent my life in the very country around which these clans centred, I have often heard something about their deeds—or rather misdeeds. I have had the good fortune to be very intimately acquainted with one of those true sons just mentioned.

Alf Reppy is now in the evening of his life—the old man's head has long been grey, was grey the first time I ever saw him, and—I bow my head to such—one sleeve hangs limp. In his seventies he will soon be gone—he, the last of his company and with him will go one of the noblest characters I have ever known. A typical southern fighter; a typical southern gentleman, a typical southern leader. They will all be gone soon, they are going fast—fast comes the day when to you and me those voices shall be hushed forever. Realizing that the opportunity will soon be gone, I am always glad of a chance to hear the stories of these—may God make their last days happy—who live even now in the dim distance of the sixties.

This is what Alf Reppy told me on the last evening I was at home:

“Young man, you know where Laurel Road crosses Linville creek—I mean at Double Branch crossing?”

To be sure I knew. This place, a lonely mountain road, running across Linville has a reputation, and the loneliest spot on the whole road is where it crosses a big creek at a place called “Double Branches.” The laurel is so thick that

the sun never strikes the road—the whole mountain is covered with laurel so dense that it is only with difficulty you can make your way through it—altogether a place one doesn't care to visit on a dark night—mendon't go that way often.

“One evening” he went on, “just after the war had closed I went over to M—— to a meeting a few of us had arranged and didn't get started back till late in the evening. We had been working hard all day, trying to form some plans for starting up anew all that we had lost. Gloomy, and in fact, not feeling in the best of spirits, I felt that I was in a mood to whip the whole Yankeedom, if only I had a chance.

It was just beginning to rain when I left M—— and by the time I got to Linville it was coming down as I had never seen it come before. It was almost dark now, though only about five o'clock, as I remember.”

Reader, have you never been over a mountain road while it was raining? If you haven't—well, you have something to live for.

“The clouds were awful—the lightning around me more awful. Peal after peal of thunder made the whole mountain tremble. Below me I began to hear the roar of Linville creek and I knew I was going to have a hard time crossing, for when it rains Linville is all devildom broke loose. I urged my horse on as fast as possible” (which, you know is very slow on a wild mountain road, at night, while it is raining.)

“There came a terrible flash of lightning, when I was pretty close to the creek, and I saw old man Linser, not fifty feet in front of me, on horse-back. I knew, as did all the boys in the county, that Mike Linser never went alone. The old scoundrel was the leader of a band of Bushwhackers and sixteen men were in his gang. I knew that they must be somewhere near and I knew also that they didn't have any special love for me, for I had had some dealings with them during the war.

“Suddenly, away up on the mountain, I heard the report of a rifle, then another, then two in quick succession—a signal I knew well. They had found out I was to come that road and were laying for me and I understood now that Mike Linser had been down the road as scout trying to see if I were coming. Evidently, he had failed to see me and had decided I was not going home that night. Here was my chance, a chance to put my mood into action. Young man, a Bushwhacker is worse than a thousand Yankees and every true Carolinian wanted Linser’s crowd broken up—and I decided I’d try to do it.

“I had managed to keep my two pistols dry so far. I knew there was a sheep path leading up the mountain somewhere near me and I halted a minute for another flash of lightning and saw Mike turn up the path. I followed and after we had ridden half way up the mountain he began to go in the direction of the old pine bluff. At last I saw, in the distance, a camp fire and around it the sixteen men—all of them I had seen before. The camp was not a hundred yards from Linville creek and I knew the only way I could break up the gang was by making them believe a big crowd of us was after them, for I knew that they supposed the Klu-Klux was watching them all the time. Of course it was not called Klu-Klux yet, but we had organized ourselves a little just to keep the boys together. Any way they thought they were being watched and none of them were extra brave. So I knew that if I could charge down on them from the upper side of the mountain and make them believe a crowd was with me Linser’s gang would be broken up forever, for if they ever had good proof that we knew the place of their camp, they would not dare gang together again.

“Acting on this belief I made a circle around the camp to the upper side of the mountain, and hitching my horse, came slowly closer and closer to them until I was about fifty yards from the camp. Through a little opening I could see very plainly all that was going on—Mike had just got back to

camp and grouped around the fire they were all busy talking. This was my chance. I went a little closer and then yelled out with all my might "charge, boys!" and fired both my pistols at once.

"During all my years of war I never saw such demoralization, such absolute fear—such yelling I never want to hear again. The rain was still falling in a flood and the peals of thunder were terrible, but above it all I heard those yells distinctly—I can hear them now, such yelling is not forgotten soon—genuine yells, why, young man, they were scared to death—yells and oaths of utter despair such as I suppose all Bushwhackers give vent to when they reach the infernal regions—that's where all such go, you know.

"The men made a wild rush toward the creek and I followed to push the advantage I had gained. I knew they were going to try to cross and I knew the creek well enough to know that there were only one or two places where crossing would be safe. I found one of these in a few minutes and when I was about half way across the roaring got ten times louder. I knew that terrible sound—a great wall of water, higher and more terrible by far would soon be upon me and I struggled as I had never struggled before. My hand touched something—it was a body. I was almost to the bank and climbing up a little further I pulled the body after me and just as we got out the wall came, the most terrible one ever known on Linville.

Surely you must have seen one of these walls in a mountain stream.

"A flash of lightning," the old man was beginning to be lost in the post "and, God forgive me, I saw that I had rescued Mike Linser. He soon came around all right—such a picture of human misery you never saw—and then that praying—the most awful appeals ever made by a human. He swore by all that was good and bad that he would never again cause trouble in the community. On account of the old scoundrel's wife and children I let him off. He told me

that he was just ahead of the rest of his gang and that he thought they were drowned. Not one of them has ever been heard of so I suppose they all died together—at least I succeeded in breaking that gang up forever.”

Here the old man stopped speaking and seemed lost in the memory of the past. I knew the story was ended for to him it had become not a story, but a reality—those days were come again—again Uncle Alf was living over that night on Linville mountain—again he was living over those days of his best manhood, days of the sixties.



THE GIRL WITH THE BRIGHT BLUE EYES.

BY E. C. PERROW.

*When night-winds bold at day's decease
Steal down from the jar of hills of peace
And chant their lulabies,
The forms of long lost loved ones seem
To come and go in the starlight's gleam
And for hours I sit and dream and dream
Of a girl with bright blue eyes.*

*I can see her now as I saw her last,
As she stood that day where river glassed
The blue of the summer skies;
And there as we stood by the river side
Watching the ceaseless water glide
She promised to be my own, my bride,
My girl with the bright blue eyes*

*Such dreams were dreams too bright to last
And one by one they faded fast,
As stars from cloud-wrapt skies,
And now where the tender grasses wave
Sleeps she to whom my heart I gave
And the stars look down on the lonely grave
Of the girl with the bright blue eyes.*

*But she is not dead. Each gentle breeze
Seems to whisper among the trees
Of a love that never dies;
And oft when the angels hover near
A well-remembered voice I hear
And I see the form of one most dear—
The girl with the bright blue eyes.*

*And oft when the midnight stars are aglow
Clothed in the brightness of long ago*

A fairy form will rise

*Then it seems that the song of an angel band
Floats down from the far off spirit land
And I clasp again the gentle hand*

Of a girl with bright blue eyes

*Oh I long for the time when life's care and pain
And the sorrows that fall like autumn rain*

From dark and cheerless skies

*Shall cease, and the night of time give place
To the perfect day when face to face*

I shall meet and clasp in tender embrace

The girl with the bright blue eyes.

*For tho' she sleeps beneath the sod,
Before the great white throne of God*

In the home beyond the skies,

*I shall see amid the star-crowned throng
The face of one I have loved so long*

And shall hear again the happy song

Of the girl with the bright blue eyes.

EXPERIENCES IN NOVEL READING.

I.

BY MISS J. L.

When quite a child I often wondered why I was compelled to eat my dinner before dessert was served. To have to eat cabbage or roast with a tempting pudding before me, on the sideboard, was something terrible. Such a thing as indigestion had never entered my mind. So it was when I began the study of literature. E. P. Roe, Augusta Evans and books of like character were the dessert, and I begged, pitifully, to have "all pie" for my dinner. All kinds of light reading, serials, with their nerve-stretching "to be continued," dime novels and detective stories, all were eagerly seized, lectures, scoldings and—things more serious—had no effect but to draw me nearer to my fictitious friends who were to be snatched away with ruthless hands. I could be found in the attic or behind the wood-pile, with some old volume, laughing or shedding tears as I passed through the rough or tender scenes with my heroes and heroines, and well do I remember the time when my loud sobbing caused me to be found under the buggy shelter, crouched down and almost heart-broken over "East Lynne." These characters were not merely "brain-children." To me they were real. I walked with them, played with them and loved them, often forgetting that I was anyone but the hero or heroine, and what a blank fell upon my life when the last chapter closed, leaving me "happy ever after," and I awoke to find myself shivering on an oak-log in the back-yard, feeling as though I were looking into the grave of some pet dog.

One day, my father came in with eleven volumes of "Dickens," saying, "If you *will* read novels, take something standard." To get us interested he told us the stories of Nicholas Nickleby and Oliver Twist, and I left off my literary dessert for more substantial food. Book after book was hurried through till "David Copperfield" was taken.

Then, there came a pause in my pell-mell reading. I read it again and found that there was a deeper well in my girlish brain, from which I could draw a sweeter, purer draught, or which I might fill with mud, sticks or other rubbish till neither depth nor purity would remain. This awakening to my truer self caused a start of, almost, terror. I saw the many months wasted, in which I should have learned to appreciate the good and beautiful about me and to have so filled my soul with useful knowledge that some other life might be broadened and strengthened by coming in contact with mine, and, that at my death, there might be something more than an "empty cup" turned down.

If we are a part of all we have met, then, are we not influenced by the characters in fiction as well as by real persons? In reading David Copperfield I seemed to forget myself, and to follow closely the movements of every figure represented. The joys and the sorrows of that little hero, as he played with his beautiful young mother or sat motionless, hour after hour, under the piercing gaze of Miss Murdstone and her brother, seemed to enter into my life as though I were really passing through the scenes, and I could now give greater sympathy to every lonely, neglected child. I painted imaginary pictures as I read: the old homestead, with its cold, stone steps and large, curtainless windows, through which I could see massive furniture, stately and uncomfortable; the old deserted rook nests in the trees, falling to pieces, carried away by the wind, or hanging like broken pieces of twig; every scene was as natural as if I had been there years ago. The old school house where Creakle acted upon the memory of his boys "by the appliance of birch-rods," stands out bold and strong before me. There is the long, unpainted room where the little boys sit up in the bed shivering, as they tell ghost stories, whispering for fear of the spying janitor, And there I seem to see Steerforth lying near the window with his head upon his arm and the moonlight streaming in up his pale face, and when, again, I

see him, lying on the beach, his head resting on his arm as he used to lie at school, I bring upon me the ridicule of those present by bursting into tears. The little dusty boy, as he runs away from school, touches a tender chord in my heart. I laugh over the repeated allusions to bear's grease and pinching shoes, while reading of his many love affairs, but when the bewitchingly, silly Dora appears, I am undecided whether I love or pity her most. Then comes the period of gloom, of anxiety, then of bereavement as the "Little Blossom" withers and dies. All this time I am sensible of the influence of the noble Agnes, the "good angel" of the story, and, as she stands in the doorway, on the night Dora dies, with her hand pointing upward, she seems to me more than human.

This book awakens, in me, a deeper longing for intellectual things. Augusta Evans, with her enticing mythological stories, gives place to the quiet scenes of Yarmouth, the wooing of Madge Alden is hidden by the noble self-sacrifice of Agnes Wickfield. No murderer, hunted by detectives, can be so mysterious as Littimar, or so fascinatingly repulsive as Uriah Heep. Every character in the novel has his or her place and not one can be spared. We see in everyday life such men as Mr. Micawber. There are still a few loyal souls like Dr. Strong, and those who mingle with the poorer classes may find such noble men as Mr. Peggoty and Ham.

Thus character after character passes by, a panorama of life-like figures, from the devoted Peggoty to the haughty Miss Darth, from Uriah Heep to Agnes. We are shown how some are of the earth, earthy, while others look with clear, pure eyes into God's sunshine. Do we as the pure ones,

. . . . "to the stars look up,
Till Heaven to earth invert us
Like an empty cup?"

II.

BY C. K. R.

The third story of the house in which I happened to be born is an old garret, filled with all those things one expects, and is yet half surprised, to find in a garret. The house has stood only since 1860; but, from the number and variety of the articles gathered up there under the roof, it seems as though countless generations have left there some quaint mementoes of their stay on the earth,—a storehouse where the rubbish of one generation is claimed by the next as heirlooms and curiosities.

One of my earliest delights was to spend hours up there, especially if it was raining, prowling through the musty newspapers and magazines, and handling with a sort of awe the curious implements of household and war left by my ancestors. Here, too, I sometimes carried a story or novel whose contents would be in keeping with the place and its relics of other days,—some tale of love and chivalry. And many a day, when the gutters outside were sputtering and strangling with the torrents of rain pouring down their long tin throats, I have sat there, if not indifferent, at least oblivious of the world below me.

It was there that I read my first novel, after I had gone through my reader and acquired some familiarity with long sentences. It was in Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs* that I got my first view of love and war as shown on the stage of the novel. But it was not as a representation of life, written for any effect, that I read it. Every detail of the story was real to me; the idea of mechanical execution never occurred to me, and I regretted that I had been born too late to know the characters portrayed. To me William Wallace was the prince of heroes, and his deeds for Scotland were the most important events in mankind's history. I was present, and my heart beat faster as he marshalled his soldiers under the shadow of some old castle in the grey dawn, and, climbing the walls, put the hated Southrons to flight. The deep vil-

lainy of Montieth, who betrayed him when the cause of Scotland's liberty was lost at Stirling, aroused all my indignation, and years afterward the name of Monteith on my geography at school revived the early prejudice. I wondered why the editor didn't petition the legislature to change his name, and if he didn't at least feel deep shame at having such a traitor in the family.

The last scene between Wallace and his sweetheart, who had followed him to the tower, almost moved me to tears. How I loved this girl for being true to Wallace, when those who had followed him in his victories deserted him in the hour of defeat. And it was a great disappointment to me when my grandmother told me that Wallace did not die before the English could get a chance to hang him as a traitor, and that he was actually hanged, drawn, and quartered, and that his sweetheart was n't there. Since those days I have seen, I trust, some better literature; but I have never again experienced that keen delight and sympathy for any characters drawn for man's amusement and recreation.

III.

BY MISS R. L.

Ever since I was eight years old, from the time I amused my big brother by telling him that I would rather read "The Little Match Girl" in the Third Reader than to have a stick of candy, I have read everything in the shape of a novel I could get my hands on. I may have cultivated a taste for them for mere curiosity's sake to find out what could be in them to be preached about so much and to be forbidden at a parsonage.

However, the taste grew and my hungry soul fed on such books as I could borrow here and there, trashy or standard. Sometimes it would be "Children of the Abbey," where Amanda faints on every page, again it was "Adam Bede" or "St. Elmo," now "David Copperfield" closely followed by "Parted at the Altar," and "Thelma" and so on. But when

I got hold of "The Choir Invisible" it got hold of me. I simply "devoured" the book. I forgot the author ever existed, saw clearly the characters, heard clearly John Gray's gentle, solemn voice, Amy's piquant laughter, Mrs. Falconer's smothered sigh, and even saw the little boy's toes curl as he devoured the apple in school.

All things taken into consideration, I can truthfully say that "The Choir Invisible" is, of all recent novels, my favorite. It breaks the monotony of "getting married and be-happy ever afterward." I have derived more genuine pleasure and shed more sympathetic tears over this tragedy than any I have ever read. Who with a soul could help crying over that letter John Gray wrote to Mrs. Falconer when he is an old man, revealing to her a long hidden secret.

I have read it again and again and it seems more interesting and more pathetic every time I read it. "Oh, Jessica, Jessica, Jessica! How many more than seven pears have I loved you. . . . I have forever been coming back!" These lines make an outlet for tears which silently flow until the end of the letter.

History is not overdrawn and there are just enough characters to make it intensely interesting. This is one of the most soul-thrilling love stories I have ever read. One must be a hard-hearted soul who could read it and not feel like crying, if he didn't do it. Who can help loving Kentucky's nobleman, the hero? Who can read of such a character as brave, yet submissive, Jessica Falconer and not have a higher estimate of woman? Of course Amy is flippant and thoughtless but she is a necessary character. She gives coloring to the story. She reminds me of Tennyson's Amy. John Gray must have said,

"O my Amy, shallow hearted,
O my Amy, mine no more,
O the dreary, dreary moorland, and
O the barren, barren shore."

Indeed his life did seem to be a barren shore where he walked like a "tall spirit," always silent and cold, while the protecting spirit of Mrs. Falconer hovered around him.

I shall never forget the circumstances under which I first read this novel. My sister and I read it aloud to each other on Roanoke Island. We had just finished the Jercklins and were laughing over funny old Jake when we got this new book, "The Choir Invisible." We were a little doubtful as to its being interesting by its title, but we were willing to risk it, so out to the old iron swing we "flew" and spent the whole afternoon thoroughly enjoying it, laughing and crying in turn, while we pitied our next door neighbor's children for their poor taste in preferring the jumping rope and hopscotch to reading a novel. Just as we were right in the midst of our hero's panther-fight and were terribly excited, my father appeared on the scene. The book was quickly hidden between us and covered by my short blue-and-white-checked apron while I commenced in a high treble, "I was seeing Nellie ho-o-o-m-me," while my sister joined in with a doleful alto.

When it grew too dark for us to read we went upstairs to our room, lighted a lamp and sat down on the side of the bed to "see how it turned out." We had followed our heroine to the little log cabin, where lay our hero surrounded by his poverty, when some one called us to look at the sky. We looked, and it seemed as if the very heavens were on fire. The marshes that surrounded the island had caught fire and was beyond human control. The sky looked like a perfect canopy of flame and smoke. Many superstitious souls thought Judgment Day had surely come and were watching with anxious eyes the red glare. But not even this had the power to tear us away from our novel. One would watch the sky while the other read. We read on and on, pitying John Gray, hating Amy, loving Mrs. Falconer, laughing at little Jennie and revering the Parson. But when we came to John Gray's letter, the one page in the book of his life, the book dropped on the floor heedlessly and we sat looking at

each other and crying as if our hearts would break. Again, the book was picked up and I read with a shaky voice, "My candles are all beginning to burn low now. For as we advance far on in life, one by one our duties end, one by one the lights go out." Just as I read the conclusion of that beautiful letter, my father came in and asked what we were crying about. We silently escaped from the room, leaving the precious book in his hands. The lecture that I expected was never given. Papa thought as we did, that the book was interesting from "kiver to kiver," as old Jake would say, and I will always love the memory of it until I join the "choir invisible of those immortal dead."





CHAS. K. ROBINSON, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 E. C. PERROW, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Among the many reforms that Southern life and thought have undergone during the past few years none is more significant than the tendency now making to accord honest labor of whatever kind a worthy and honorable place in society. In spite of the fact that the abolition of slavery resulted in the breaking down the outward forms of the aristocracy that had existed previous to the war, there were many aristocratic ideas that have continued to exist even down to our present time. One of the most dangerous of these was the tendency on the part of the best families to hold labor in disrepute and to bar from their circle those who had to work for their living. But the Southern people are now beginning to see the absurdity of this position, and the day is fast coming when the laborer will be held in higher esteem than the idler, whether that idler be a hobo counting cross ties or nabob lounging in his palace.

The effect of this reform is nowhere more plainly manifested than in the tendency toward teaching young women to do some kind of work by which they may make their own living. There is in every parent's heart a desire to shield his daughter as much as possible from the drudgery of life but it is a mistaken idea on his part to prevent her from learning a useful trade. Nowhere is business more uncertain and society more subject to change than in America, and the parent never knows but that some day his daughter may find herself thrown on the world with no means of support

except what her inexperienced hands can find to do. If through foolish pride she has not been allowed to learn the great lesson of work, she will find that the great world is a more dismal school room than her father's home and that her years of idleness have made the task all the harder.

Most parents try to provide for their boys some means of making a livelihood, but looked at rightly it is even more urgent that their girls be given a like opportunity. A boy thrown on his own resources can make his way by doing almost any kind of rough work, but no one is more helpless than a dependent girl. There are few desirable places open to inexperienced girls and as a result the majority of the girls who are left without support must either starve or enter work for which they are unfitted both by nature and education or else marry for homes. There are many who choose the latter alternative. Compelled by poverty many a girl has been forced in a marriage that was utterly repugnant to her higher nature. I believe that a large percentage of the unhappiness in married life come as a result of love-less marriages into which girls have entered in the hope of securing homes. Had they been provided by their parents with some means of earning a livelihood they might have waited and chosen companions more suited to their tastes and dispositions.

But even if uncertainty were no factor in the problem of a girls life—if she were sure of having, all her life, a competent allowance, she would not lose any thing by learning a trade. No person—man or woman—should live a life of idleness. Work of some kind is an absolute necessity both of body and mind and it were better that a girl be trained to do careful systematic work than that her energies be spent in a purposeless, haphazard way. The fact that she can do something and do that something well, far from detracting from her, makes her a stronger, better woman, and if her mission be to bring sweetness and light into the world—to sympathize with human woes and to minister to human suffering

she can all the better accomplish that mission where she has learned, to meet and look squarely in the face some of the many problems that forever perplex the hearts of more than two-thirds of the earth's toiling millions. By all means let each young woman be taught to do some kind of work and do that work well. P.

If any one doubts that the South can support a standard literary journal, he has only to look at the history of *The Sewanee Review*. The *Review* was established ten years ago; and the work that it is now doing as well as the editor's retrospect on its tenth anniversary clearly show that it has been successful.

There was a time when Southern magazines were weak and ill supported; when such a City as Charleston, with all its wealth and culture, was known as "the graveyard of magazines;" when such a periodical as the *Southern Literary Messenger*, brought into life by the genius of Poe, dragged on a weary existence and perished during the war. To-day many of the discouraging conditions of that time have passed away.

So much has been said in praise and encouragement of the educational awakening that it is, perhaps, difficult to say at the present anything more that will not be tiresome. Still, we can not forebear mentioning the Educational Conference recently held in Raleigh by Mr. Joyner and the county superintendents. Here were men from almost every county in the State who had come to confer with their chief. And for what? Not to devise some political scheme for carrying an election; not to organize a corporation to control the market; but to consider means of improving school houses, lengthening school terms, and increasing the salaries of poorly paid teachers. This is business; it is oratory and

sentiment beginning to pass into action. These superintendents are the men who must do some of the rough work of overcoming illiteracy, and they seem to be getting in earnest about the matter.

Christmas is almost here. Even now perhaps the Coed. is packing into her medium sized trunk what would fill one side of a department store, while the boys are announcing on every side that they "feel Christmas in the air"—which, being interpreted, means that they have quit studying one week before the final recitation.

It is a great comfort to the college man that this happy season comes during the college year instead of in July. Before the November leaves begin to fall, the Freshman is wondering how much of Tennyson he can remember when he is again seated beside the damsel whom he speaks of as his "best girl;" as December approaches, the upper classmen speculate as to the effect of their science and philosophy on the community at home; the faculty, after three months' struggle "the infinite capacity of the human mind to resist knowledge," breath sighs of relief; and everybody is looking forward to a season of happiness and good cheer.



Literary Notes

MISS EDNA CLYDE KILGO,

- - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. Owen Weister is a Philadelphian, forty-two years old, a Harvard man who went West for his health on graduation and sixteen times afterward for the love of it. In ten years he has written four books of short stories of the West. As Bret Harte took full measure of Sierran miners and the life of early California so Mr. Weister, in "Tin McLean," "Red Men and White," "The Jimmyjohn Boss" and "The Virginian," has exploited the essential spirit of frontier, Wyoming and Arizona. These cattle people and the cattle country with the plains and mountains where they live are all wholly American, of our blood and soil.

This large spirit is phrased in narrative that is exhilarating for the graphic plausibility of what it tells and inspiring for the deep suggestiveness of what it means. Mr. Weister capably carries on Bret Harte's work. "The Virginian" is a vivid narrative of exceptional power, especially showing in its story of the cow-boy's love. Yet very slowly did the author enter his popular heritage, keen and quick as some critics were to see a new force in his work; but now "The Virginian" has come into a blaze of popularity.

Miss Ellen Glasgow has steadily gained in power and skill since her first book was written and now holds an enviable place among our young writers. Four novels and a book of poems are the result of her work. "The Descendant" and "Phases of an Inferior Planet," her first books are unconventional and are clearly the product of an independent and vigorous mind more accustomed to study than to observe.

In "The Voice of the People" Miss Glasgow reveals her ability to handle her material, Northern or Southern, for what it is worth to her purpose. This novel is an admirable picture of the old and new South in conflict.

"The Battleground" registers a further advance in her art. It has a charm not to be found in other novels. The characters are all interesting and real. Miss Glasgow has perhaps the richest field that any American artist has chosen; and the vigor of her mind and thoroughness of her methods make it clear that she can add this great field permanently to the geography of American fiction. Her last book is a volume of verse, "The Freeman and Other Poems." It is a slender book but in it we are brought to face the worst, and the poet interprets it with relentless frankness and fine philosophic courage. Miss Glasgow's work has not reached her highest capacity. She has not forced her growth and has worked without reference to applause or popularity but in obedience to her own high standard as one who works for permanent distinction. We have no novelist who shows a higher aim.

Let me suggest to the readers of THE ARCHIVE as the Christmas tide draws near, that they all read some of the Christmas literature which stirs the imagination, warms the heart and recalls the generous impulses of childhood. Among the many books in which this contagious atmosphere abounds there are Dickens "Christmas Carol," Milton's "Ode on Nativity," four chapters in Irving's Sketch Book, Alexander Smith's essay in "Dream Thorpe" and many of Thomas Nelson Page's stories, especially "Santa Claus's Partner" and "A Captured Santa Claus."

The Tragedy of Peelee, by Geo. Kennan, is one of the most interesting of new books. Mr. Kennan went to Martinique, on the government vessel Dixie, as the special representative of *The Outlook*. This volume tells what he saw and learned there. His adventures were by no means devoid of danger. The readers of *The Outlook* do not need to be informed as to

Mr. Kennan's faithfulness and thoroughness as an observer, nor as to his vivid and pictorial narrative style.

Did you know that there is no happier way to remember one's friends at Christmas than in the giving of books? We who are to give and receive are quite fortunate this year in having so many new editions of standard novels such as the Virginian edition of Poe, one of Carlyle, John Fiske and others too numerous to be mentioned here. In fiction are "The Blue Flower" by Van Dyke, "The Little White Bird," and a hundred others. The season has also been rich in short but thoroughly well written biographies, such as Higginson's "Life of Longfellow," Woodberry's "Life of Hawthorne," and Rollo Agden's "Life of Prescott."

The large number of new books of Travel is striking. In one magazine this month I noticed "All the Russias" by Henry Norman, "Through Hidden Shensi" by F. H. Nichols, "Across Coverted Lands" by A. H. Savage Landor, "Unknown Mexico" by Carl Lumboltz, "Picturesque Sicily" by Wm. Paton and "Wayfarers in Italy" by Katherine Hooker.

Charles Lamb's "Adventurers of Ulysses," originally published in 1808 has been brought out again as an appropriate book for the holidays.

The most noticeable announcements from the publishers this month are Harper & Bros., "The First Christmas" by Lew Wallace; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in The American Men of Letters Series, "Life of Prescott," the historian, by Agden; Doubleday, Page & Co., "Tame that Hand to Turn" by Gilbert Parker, and "Just So Stories" by Rudyard Kipling; Chas. Scribner, "The Book of Joyous Children" by James Whitcomb Riley, "Captain Macklin" by R. H. Davis and "The French Revolution" by Thomas Carlyle, the first volume in the new edition to be published in six volumes; MacMillan Co., "Cecelia" by F. Marion Crawford, "The New Empire," by Brooks Adams; and two books in the Century Classics, "Essays of Elia" and "A Sentimental Journey."



Editors Table

E. W. CRANFORD,

- - - - - MANAGER.

The magazines that we have perused this month are not up to the standard of those of last month. In most of them there is a perceptible falling off in solid matter and a decided decline in fiction and poetry. We do not make this charge against any one in particular, for the malady seems to be more or less general so far as we have investigated. Let us be careful not to lose any ground and by all means to maintain the high standard with which we started out.

The *Amherst Monthly* for November contains some fairly good matter. The short article, entitled "Rudyard Kipling and His Stories of India," is perhaps the best. The "Eleventh Hour" starts out with a good plot and is tolerably well written, and if it had been carried on to a finish in keeping with its beginning it would have been an excellent story, but, as it is, its ending is commonplace to say the least. "The Littlest Freshman" does not show this fault, and is a very interesting little college story. The poem entitled "After the Dance" is rather a poor specimen. It savors little of poetry in thought, to say nothing of its metre. The *Amherst Monthly* is a good magazine and we consider it one of our best exchanges, but coming from the institution that it does, the public has a right to expect more of its literary department than it may just now find, and we think this magazine, like a great many others, might improve its literary department with impunity.

The *Roanoke Collegian* also appears to be very scarce in the line of reading matter, in its last issue. The little poem, "Opportunity" on the first page is very good and the same

may be said of "More Worlds than One." The latter is very interesting and instructive. "An April Mood" is very hard to appreciate, and harder to understand. The lover seems to have been either excessively nervous or drunk or both, at the time he was making "you know" to the girl, judging from his failure to get said anything that was sensible. Perhaps if the article mentioned had been written for the stage and one could see it acted, one might better appreciate it, but it is hard to become interested in an account of a courtship which consists of a number of halting attempts to tell something that is never told.

The *Davidson College Magazine* is one of the few exceptions that may be said to have made improvement upon its first issue. Its literary department for last month is very well worked up, and contains some interesting reading. The poem, "A Tale of War" is very good and savors much of college life. "The Story of an Ideal," which is the only piece of fiction, is exceedingly well written and holds the reader well. If the lovers could have been consistently re-united, the ending would have been more pleasant, but the fact that they were not does not detract from the literary value of the story. This magazine also contains some solid matter, and, as it usually does, a goodly number of healthy and sensible editorials.


The *Buff and Blue* is another one of our best magazines, yet, like the others, its last issue shows a sad lack of good contributors. "The Character of Queen Elizabeth, etc.," is the only one that can be called good, with, perhaps, the exception of the poem, "The Song of Wanton Wa-Wa."

We very much enjoyed reading the *Emory Phoenix*. It contains a healthy mixture of prose and poetry and upon the whole is much superior in this respect to the majority of the magazines of the last issue. We shall mention only one article, namely, "Whose Hand?" This is a very interesting story and shows signs of a desirable literary talent

in the author. It is perhaps, just a little overdrawn in some respects.

The best magazine that we have read this month is the *Criterion*. It may not be not be a very pleasing announcement to the male colleges of our exchange list, to say that with perhaps one or two exceptions the best and most interesting magazines come from female colleges, but it is a fact nevertheless. The literary department of the *Criterion* is good and well worked-up. Its fiction, solid matter and poetry are all alike praiseworthy and are of a kind well suited to college journalism. For lack of space we mention only one article, "My First Trip to Hades." This story is remarkably well written and from the standpoint of literary merit is decidedly the best production of the kind that has yet come to our table. It shows evidences of a free and easy style, and the possession, by the author, of a wonderful imagination. The plot, perhaps, is not altogether consistent with itself all the way through, but, regardless of this fact, it is a excellent literary production and throws much credit upon its author.

We hope that none of our suggestions appear harsh to anyone, or will be taken as such. We think it a very bad policy to praise everything that is written, whether or no, for our remarks would soon become meaningless, and would be of no possible benefit to anyone. If a magazine fails to be what it should, its failure is not always due to the editor or the editorial staff, or perhaps it may not be chargeable to anyone who has anything to do with it, but rather to those who have nothing to do with it. No editor nor corps of editors can make a college journal what it ought to be by themselves. If any of our criticisms appear too strong, it should be remembered that we all fall far short of what we should do in this line, and that any criticism we offer may sooner or later be applied to us all. What we wish to do is to notice our several faults as we come to them.



At Home and Abroad

W. G. PURYEAR,

MANAGER.

The North Carolina Academy of Science met here the 28th and 29th of November. The following is the list of papers which appeared on the program: (1.) "Certain Compounds in the Husk of *Juglans Nigra*," by C. E. Brewer; (2) "Prairies in North Carolina," by W. W. Ashe; (3) "Diurnal Nutation in *Bindens Frondosa*," by F. L. Stevens; (4) "Some Interesting Insect Captures," by Franklin Sherman; (5) "Predecessors of Roentgen and Bequerel," by James L. Lake; (6) "Changes in the North Carolina Coast in Two Decades," by Collier Cobb; (7) "Notes on the Reproduction of Certain Reptiles," by C. S. Brimley; (8) "Some Nuclear Phenomena in *Sychytrium*," by F. L. Stevens; (9) "A New Method of Investigating Alternating Current Phenomena," by C. W. Edwards; (10) "Ecological Notes on Mosquitoes (which notes on Color Preference)," by W. G. Sackett; (11) "The Animal Tuberculoses and their Relation to Human Tuberculoses," by Tait Butler; (12) "The Primary Nucleus in *Synchytrium Decipiens*, Farlow," by Mrs. F. L. Stevens; (13) "The Pollen of the *Gymnosperms*," by W. E. Coker; (14) "Origin of the Sand Hill Topography of the Coastal Plain," by Collier Cobb; (15) "Some Plant Formations Southeast of Raleigh," by W. G. Sackett; (16) "Notes on North Carolina Plants," by F. L. Stevens; (17) "A Zoological Reconnoissance of the Cane River Region of Yancey County," by H. H. Brimley; (18) "Recent Discoveries in Bacteriology," by Fred C. Cooke; (19) "A List of the Dragon Flies of Raleigh," by C. S. Brimley; (20) "Additional North Carolina Desmids," by W. L. Poteat; (21) "Distribu-

tion of Some Birds in Eastern North Carolina," by F. G. Pearson; (22) "Some Considerations of the Rare Earths," by Charles Baskerville; (23) "A Simple Device for Illustrating the Periodic Law to Students," by Charles Baskerville; (24) "Some Recent Work on the Morphology of the Coral Polyps," by J. E. Duerden. A large number of people attended all the meetings. On the night of the 29th a banquet was given the scientists in the dining hall of the new dormitory.

The debate between Trinity and Emory College will take place in the Memorial Hall next Easter. Emory had the choice of sides and took the affirmative. The question reads: *Resolved*—That legal provision should be made in this country for the appointment of tribunals of arbitration to settle strikes and lockouts, such tribunals to have power, when negotiations between employers and employees have failed, to assume jurisdiction and to judicially determine and enforce for the industry in question just rates of wages and conditions of labor.

The Historical Society met Monday, December 1, to listen to a paper by Dr. Bassett relating to North Carolina in the colonial days. It was very entertaining and full of good information. After the lecture, Dr. Bassett showed a number of interesting specimens that had recently been donated to the Historical Museum by various parties.

The Science Club met and organized a short time ago. Prof. L. C. Nicholson was elected president, and Mr. C. E. Edgerton, secretary. Prof. Pegram then read a paper on "Incandescent Gas Burners." Prof. Edwards followed with one on a "Description of the General Electric Works at Schnectady."

The 9019, a Junior Secret Society, treated itself to an oyster supper last month. After the supper a short meeting was held to transact some delayed business. If appearances

count for anything the evening was a most enjoyable one to all concerned.

Prof. Pegram while attending a recent meeting of the North Carolina Chemical Society at Raleigh, read a paper on "Chlorides in Tobacco."

Dr. Bassett went to Winston last month to lecture before the Wachovia Historical Society on the "Social Import of the Study of North Carolina History."

Dr. Mims went to Oxford, Miss., a few weeks ago to preside over the annual meeting of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the South. Before the Association adjourned Trinity was selected as the next place for meeting.

Dr. Kilgo was absent from the Park not long ago. He went to South Carolina to dedicate the new Methodist Church at Darlington. On his way back he stopped over at Monroe to attend the Western North Carolina Conference.

Prof. Durham also attended the Conference at Monroe, and while away made a short visit home.

Prof. Flowers left a few days ago to attend the North Carolina Conference which meets at Wilmington.

WELCOME

We extend a Hearty Greeting and Warm Welcome to the Faculty and Student-body of Trinity College. We welcome you to our city, our churches, our place of business and our homes.

COME TO SEE US. : : : : :

Complete Line of Gents' Furnishing Goods. Seniors, buy your Graduating Suits. Marshals and Managers, get your Best Suit and all of your Dress Suits from

W. A. SLATER COMPANY,

HEAD-TO-FOOT FURNISHERS,

111 West Main Street, DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA.

COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVE--Mr. T. W. SMITH.

SPALDING'S SPORTING GOODS,

Fancy Goods, Notions, Fine China, Cut Glass,
Books, Stationery, Etc.

TENNIS GOODS

FOOT BALL GOODS

At J HENRY SMITH'S

Next Door to Postoffice.

THE ROLFE SHAKESPEARE IN LIMP. . LEATHER

Single Volumes, net, 90 cents; 40 Volumes, boxed, net, \$36.00

Edited by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, Litt.D.

(Formerly Headmaster of the High School at Cambridge, Mass.)

For twenty years the Rolfe Shakespeare has been regarded as the standard in point of text and notes by the leading schools and colleges of the country. It is now issued in handsome olive green limp leather binding, stamped in gold, with gilt top and specially designed title-pages in two colors. This edition is much more attractive than the cloth for the library and much better suited for pleasure reading. It is likewise well adapted for general study. This edition is the genuine copyrighted edition, with Dr. Rolfe's full notes.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY, 33-37 East 17th Street, New York, Union Square, North.

Call at I. R. Dickerson's for Flour.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., January, 1903.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.


All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to C. K. ROBINSON, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues).

ADVERTISING.

 Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.

Direct all communications to

T. W. SMITH, Business Manager,
Trinity College, Durham, N. C.



C. F. LAMBETH, - - - - - MANAGER.

THE CORRELATION OF OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.*

BY DR. EDWIN MIMS.

Since we last met in annual session notable events have taken place in the educational world—in this State and throughout the country. I doubt not that when the history of North Carolina is written the year 1901-2 will be known as the year of a great educational awakening extending from the humblest rural school to the highly endowed institution of learning. It is a joy to be living at a time when our State and section are being born again; a task is upon us fit "to employ all the heart and the soul and the senses

*An address delivered as President of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly at Morehead City, June 11, 1902.

forever in joy." Significant as is this awakening to all classes of people it should especially thrill the soul of every teacher or scholar that he now has an unusual chance to do some perpetual good on the earth—a work vastly significant for the years to come. I greet you this evening as you come from all sections of the State and form all types of institutions. We have had our disappointments during the past year, I dare say, as we have come face to face with what Prof. Lounsbury calls "the infinite capacity of the human mind to withstand the introduction of knowledge;" we have grown discouraged as we have thought of work that is yet to be done before we can see established a great educational system, modern in its spirit and harmonious in its workings. And yet we come this evening, I trust, inspired by a common hope and united by a common purpose. Here by the sea-shore, within hearing of "that voice mysterious which whoso hears must think on what has been and what will be," let us realize in a large way the ties that bind us together, let us think clearly and sanely about the problems that confront us, and let us will energetically to do things that will tend to the improvement of this commonwealth.

Outside of our State this has been a year of striking events, interesting to every educator. In October, Yale celebrated her two hundredth anniversary, receiving from all the institutions of the country congratulations on her long continued devotion to scholarship and culture and on her patriotic service to the nation. In February scholars gathered about Johns Hopkins to testify in an appropriate way to the noteworthy work done by this pioneer in graduate instruction. A few weeks ago Nicholas Murray Butler was inaugurated president of Columbia; under the administration of this aggressive friend and student of education the metropolitan university will doubtless take on new life. All these academic celebrations emphasize the victories of scholarship in this country; they emphasize no less the emphasis now put on higher education by the citizens of the Republic. Every

man who read about them must have felt that now as never before the college and university must share the burdens no less than the privileges of a democracy. To every college in the State they should bring fresh inspiration for the work of the future.

These celebrations in the higher institutions are paralleled by the organization of the American Board of Education which emphasizes the supreme duty of universal education. The directors of this movement believing that the only democracy that will amount to much is a democracy in training, have made plans tending towards the amelioration of the neglected masses of this country. While the aims of this organization are national in scope, temporarily most of its money is being spent in aiding the recently formed Southern Board of Education, organized for the purpose of removing the stigma of illiteracy that rests on such a large part of our population. While I am quite willing to admit that there are points about the work that on a superficial view tend to repel men—that some men in the North will look upon it in a wrong way and some men in the South will use it for selfish purposes,—still I believe that we shall all come to see that it is a great and patriotic work undertaken with the highest Christian motives. It is only natural that New York as the center of wealth in this country should use its resources for helping the rest of the country. No one raises an objection when Mr. Rockefeller gives millions to found a university in the West. Why should objection be raised when he seeks to help his fellow-citizens of the South? If we welcome the funds that come pouring in upon us in times of disaster or disease, we should no less welcome the aid that comes to us in times of intellectual stagnation.

Four things strike me especially about this movement. The members of the Board—business men, editors, preachers—impress one as singularly wise and broad-spirited men, who will prevent the “fadist” and the crank from having

sway. They are concentrating their attention on rural schools and on schools fitting teachers for those schools, thus preventing the scattering of their energies. They give aid only on condition that communities help themselves, thus preventing indiscriminate charity and furnishing incentives for action. Some of us recall vividly that striking scene in Greensboro when Dr. Buttrick read the first proposition that came from the Board, and that magnificent audience moved profoundly by it gave \$4,000 dollars for the schools of Guilford County. It is no wonder that a writer in *Harper's Weekly* characterized this meeting as the most significant ever held in the interest of public education. More significant than any of these features, perhaps, is the removal of sectionalism from this educational problem. The meetings at Winston and Athens produced almost a new America. Politicians frequently engage in a good deal of gush about the decay of sectionalism and then take part in debates and scenes that give the lie to all their utterances. A new era is upon us when men of the North and men of the South can move forward together in a great constructive work.

Under the inspiration of this national movement it is but little wonder that the agitation that had already started in this State should have taken on new life. The fact is, my fellow teachers, we are in the presence of a great truth that will revolutionize our State. Deeper than any plans that have been laid, more vital than any methods that have been suggested, is the overwhelming sense of our obligations to the less fortunate of our fellow-citizens. It is easy to engage in gush and sentimental talk about the masses, and we have seen and heard the thing greatly overdone, but one may be excused for feeling very deeply that we have been, partly by reason of our poverty and partly by reason of our social ideals, very negligent of a supreme duty that lay upon us. The time has come now when representatives of every institution in the State can meet in the Governor's office and

make a platform on which we all may stand. I do not know of a single educator who would not subscribe to that declaration against illiteracy. The time has come, too, when in Greensboro and Charlotte large audiences, composed of all professions will be stirred by appeals in behalf of education as formerly they would have been stirred by political or religious appeals.

The relation of this educational revival to Southern life, past and present, has been no where so charmingly and convincingly set forth as in a book recently published by Mr. Walter Page, entitled "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths." You may have got at it by other means or have had experiences that enabled you to see as by intuition the bearing of the whole movement, but this little book has given me as nothing else the setting of this movement in the life of the South. I consider that it is one of the best products of, and will be one of the chief forces in, the awakening of the public mind. I wish here and now to record my obligations to one who has stated so clearly and so luminously some of the points that we must all intelligently grasp if we are to do the most effective work. Surely the time has passed in North Carolina when we consider that he alone is our friend who flatters us rather than leads us. Surely the time has come when his native state can appreciate the work of one who with all his fame and his opportunities in the metropolis of the country still turns fondly back to his own people and writes thoughts that breathe and words that burn in behalf of the forgotten men of the mountains and seashore. I do not agree with Mr. Page in all that he has said, I think he has at times been unfortunate in his manner of saying things, and yet when all is said, there are few men whose words are of more significance to us right now than his.

He has taught us that we are the builders of a new social order, and that ours is the most patriotic and important service that any class gives to the State; that the greatest

undeveloped resource in North Carolina is that of undeveloped humanity, our untrained Anglo-Saxon blood; that it is a mistake to undertake to develop a few men and women, because no man can be really well developed in a community of undeveloped men; that by a rational system of common schools we may have thousands of the best trained hands and minds to the making of useful and beautiful things. Following out these lines of development the South will become democratic instead of aristocratic, many schools will build towns and our commonwealth will be rebuilt on modern lines and in harmony with an advancing social order. This is his gospel.

A comparison has been suggested between Thomas Nelson Page and Walter Page, the former as the champion of the South and the latter as the slanderer of the South. Let us suggest another way of comparing them. The Virginia Page has with much charm expressed in terms of art the life in Old Virginia "befo' de war," and we are grateful to one who has done so much to preserve a civilization that is passing away. The North Carolina Page has, with less charm but far more penetration and insight, set forth the defects of that old life and pointed the way to a larger and less provincial life. If we honor the first as the romancer, we may honor the second as the herald of a new order, a critic of our life in the light of the best that has been and is. Both men are necessary, for both points of view are necessary in achieving that radical-conservatism that is the basis of all enduring progress.

It is not necessary to underrate other forces in making our claims for education—the church, if it realizes its duty to change as conditions change, the press as the friend of worthy movements, the industrial order as furnishing the basis for a much-needed prosperity—all these and other forces must have much to do with the regeneration of society. Along with these movements and coöperating with every healthy tendency, the school, developing in accordance

with high ideals of righteousness and service, and the emancipated college standing for new thought and scholarship, must be recognized as prime factors in this period of transition. Nor must we think that the ends we seek are to be realized in a short while. The way is a long and hard one. Sometimes in our enthusiasm we see already the ushering in of the full day, but we are simply in the dawn. The best that we can hope to do is to help lay the foundations for those who come after us; he labors best who is willing to set in motion forces that have the eternal years of God in which to realize themselves.

If it has been our task during the past year to create an educational spirit in the State, if many of us, led by our distinguished governor, have plead the cause of popular education, what is our problem here to-night and for the future days of this Assembly? Surely we do not need to be aroused to an interest in education. Our task is a more difficult one; we need light rather than heat, a patient consideration of some of the more intricate problems rather than an undirected enthusiasm. We need to know facts, to consider in a sensible way the best results of other men's experiences. Can we, as honest men, dare look at present conditions and ask ourselves uncomfortable questions? As I look out over this audience I see men representing all types of institutions; you are in the minds of the people of the State educators; from another standpoint you are distinct workers in distinct fields. What are those fields? Are they well defined in your minds? Is our educational system correlated?

These questions suggest the burden of my message to you to-night—the need of intelligent and sympathetic effort on the part of all of us in the direction of a better understanding of what a common school ought to be, what a secondary school ought to be, what a college ought to be, what a university ought to be. We sometimes talk of education as if it were an abstraction. The real difficulty comes

when we attempt to organize our system on intelligent and rational lines. To put the whole problem concretely, there are teachers in colleges here to-night who have to do school work, there are school men who are attempting to do college work, or have to do elementary work. To put it another way, there are boys in secondary schools who ought to be in primary or elementary work, and there are scores of boys and girls in colleges who have no business there, but ought to be in secondary or even elementary schools. These conditions bring us face to face with the most important problem that we have to face—the attempt to define the work of the common school, the secondary school, the college and the university. If a boy in one of our city schools were to apply to the superintendent to go from the sixth to the ninth grade, or if a sophomore in college were to demand that he be a senior we should see the absurdity of it, and yet such leaps are being made in passing from one part of our educational system to another, and nothing is said about it. So long as our institutions lap over in this way we are in a state of educational chaos.

I have time to only suggest the problem, but I trust we shall think of it very seriously and honestly. Let me give instances to illustrate my meaning. I know a boy who entered one of the best high schools in North Carolina, who had never been to a common school; three years' study put him in a college. What is the use of all this agitation in behalf of common schools if that can happen? A young man who had finished the ninth grade of the Durham public schools applied to enter the freshman class of Trinity College; if we had let him enter the same class as those who finished the tenth grade, it would have been saying to the students of that school, "You don't need to take the tenth grade work, because it puts you no further along in your standing at college." Professor Matheson would have had a perfect right to be indignant with us for encroaching on his work. A student who finished the tenth grade of the same school

went to Horner's to spend a year before entering the University. He wrote back to his mother that he was taking the same work he had taken the year before. His mother very wisely took him away and sent him to the University where he belonged. The public high school, the private high school, the church college and the academic department of the university had in these two cases cited become correlated. The curricula of the schools were more or less identical, and the requirements for admission to college practically the same. And yet how many instances are there where this harmony is not at all realized. A college that admits the graduates of a secondary school to the sophomore or junior classes is interfering with the normal order of educational standards. School men have a right to be indignant with a college that does its work, and college men have a right to be indignant with school men who claim that one man or three men can do as good work as the members of a college faculty.

Let us look at the problem from the standpoint of the college teacher. Suppose I have in the same class boys who have finished at the best schools in the State and those who come from our ordinary common schools. In addition to the natural inequalities of men I have to labor with the inequalities arising from the difference of preparation. I have taught men in English who had read most of the classics of American and English literature, and men who had read nothing but the Royal Path of Life or Hostetter's Almanac. If the college man under those circumstances teaches for the poorly prepared, the work is a dead loss to the other; if for the well prepared men, then the man of meagre acquirements might as well be in the corn-field. The whole question of scholarship and honor is involved in what is apparently as small a thing as a requirement for admission.

If we consider the problem from the standpoint of the college student, we see a still greater need for the maintenance of well defined standards. And yet I heard a college

president make this plea at an educational meeting: "I cannot send away a bright young fellow that comes to me from the country, eager for a college education and unable to go to a high school. One of those boys led his class in college last year." He failed to speak of many other men who had dropped out of college because they had not been able to keep up with their work, disappointed and disheartened for all life's work. If they had gone to some good school, where they belonged, they might have made useful men; as it is their intellectual life is a failure forevermore. The worst of it is that it is not their fault, but the fault of an educational system that is causing the slaughter of many innocents.

I beg you not to think that I am overstating the case. I have abundance of material to prove my contention. The task to which I call you is not one of a year or of a decade; but we need to begin on it now. If we have all been won to the cause of universal education, if college men have at a great sacrifice of time done their part in this revival about which we hear so much, then we demand that all of you—superintendents and teachers and friends of education—rally to this much more difficult task of the adjustment of our institutions to one another, and the maintenance of educational standards. If I have drawn illustrations largely from the relation of secondary schools and colleges, I might just as well have cited some that show the chaos existing in secondary and elementary work.

I can perhaps show the significance of intelligent coöperation of all of us if I refer somewhat at length to the teaching of English. The work of the common schools in this subject is one hundred years behind the time; it is deplorably bad and ought to be righted. Literature that ought to be the inspiration of every young child in this State is denied them, and instead we have miserable grammars and rhetorics and, worse still, books about literature that a college professor would find it difficult to remember. Great good will come

from the establishment of the rural school libraries, *provided* we change our method of teaching English in those schools. This work neglected in the common schools must be done in the secondary schools, although in many of them there is no adequate instruction in either composition or literature. The result is that a teacher of English in college has to start with pupils who have not read Gulliver's Travels or Robinson Crusoe and cannot write decent English. If the teachers in common schools, secondary schools and colleges would agree on definite work to be done by each type of institution, then we should have harmony instead of chaos. This has been done throughout the country at large, but we have lagged behind.

What I have said of English might be said of other subjects. And the problem suggested by these facts belongs to all of us. President Eliot, of Harvard, the prime minister of our educational system, says in his paper on The Unity of Educational Reform, "In this process of educational construction, so new, so strange, so hopeful, I believe that the chief principles and objects are the same from the kindergarten through the university; and therefore I maintain that school teachers ought to sympathize with university reform and progress, and that college and university teachers ought to comprehend and aid school reform and progress." His own triumphant life should be an inspiration to every educator in the land. He certainly understands better the problems of university work than any other man in the country. It is almost as true that he comprehends best the problems of the college and secondary school, and seven of his best contributions have been those relating to the grammar school. Thirty-three years ago he began his work as an educational reformer. By attending educational meetings such as these and coming in vital contact with his fellow-workers, by writing with great force and persuasiveness, and above all, through the report of the Committee of Ten, he has realized many of his ideals. We stand now at the begin-

ning of the work he has outlined for the whole country. Are we going to be satisfied with things as they are or with a sort of enthusiasm for education in general, or are we going like men to the intricate and difficult work of constructing an enduring and harmonious educational system?

In setting about this work we need first of all to know the facts involved. Some of you will recall that at the Educational Conference in Raleigh some objection was raised to putting in the platform adopted a comparison of the condition of our State with those of other States, but this sentiment prevailed—let us state the truth whatever it may be. One of the strong points in the campaign has been that men have dared to let up in the fulsome flattery of the people and have tried to make them realize that the State has a stigma upon it that should be removed. In the same spirit we must know the facts with regard to these less patent but equally significant conditions. Of what avail will it be to have more schools and better school houses if in those schools are to be taught subjects in such manner as to dwarf instead of broadening the minds of the young? I was very much impressed with the article of Professor Eggleston in the *News and Observer* a few days ago. He is making a scientific study of conditions in the Southern rural schools and comes to the conclusion that many of them might be called Associations for the Atrophy of Natural Talents. He says, "Our present education in the country schools causes a continual struggle between the aptitudes of the child on the one side and our divine three R system on the others." One of the most important papers to be read at this meeting will be that of Professor Claxton, in which he will outline certain defects in our school work and suggest improvements. Such facts should make us blush quite as much as the terrible fact of illiteracy. In our zeal for those who have not seen the inside of a school house let us not forget many of those who have and yet might as well have not.

The same study of facts must be brought out with regard to other parts of our educational system. In our secondary schools what is being done in the way of teaching history, science, French, and German? Do their requirements for admission call for any work in the elementary schools, and are they so intent on making money as to destroy the ideals of scholarship? If we have asked in the past as to whether a college is a church or a state college, would it not be just as well to ask if either is maintaining the standards of admission and graduation that a respectable college ought to. Some very interesting facts could be brought out if some investigations could be made of these conditions. Libraries and laboratories are as necessary for college work as cotton for the manufacture of cotton goods. It is idle to talk about Mark Hopkins and the log; as has been well said, Mark Hopkins would never have been found on the end of a log. The great men who have come out of these colleges would have done just as well if they had gone to a school. I am not disposed to blame any one for this condition of affairs, but surely the time has come when we shall demand the same standards of honesty in education that we do in business. One has to make a good many inquiries about one's diploma before he knows whether it represents scholarship or shoddiness. I hope we shall not have in North Carolina what happened in Texas when a man wrote back to one of his friends that he had built two colleges and had the logs cut for another; or when in Alabama men started a college on the basis of a two thousand dollar subscription. Such institutions in the South and West have made us the laughing stock of the world and they ought now to be for us. I would far rather be the head of a good secondary school or a common school that is filling its place well, than the head of a college that is unable to be what a college ought to be.

Next to realizing the actual facts is the necessity of studying the best results of men in other parts of the world. Provincialism is the curse of any people and especially in

education. When Archibald Murphy was put on a committee to make a report on education in North Carolina, he went to New England and Europe that he might study what men who were far ahead of us had done. His example ought to be followed by all educators. The strength of Thomas Jefferson's services in behalf of education lay in his study of the township system of New England and the higher institutions of France and England. The adoption of this spirit does not mean that we are slavishly to imitate other people, but adopt and adapt whatever they may have for us. That has been the strong point in the reports of Commissioner William T. Harris; he has enabled us to know what has been and is being done in education in all parts of the world. No teacher within reach of his valuable reports should think of letting them go unread. Who can estimate the inspiration that comes to one from the study of the life and work of Horace Mann or Henry Barnard or Charles W. Eliot? The strong point in Professor Claxton's work in this State was that he kept us in touch with the best men who have written on education and put into his paper some idea of a world outside of our own State. There ought to be men amongst us who will interpret and adapt for us the monumental report of the Committee of Ten on the basis of which all intelligent educators are now working, or the Committee of Fifteen dealing with elementary instruction. These two reports prepared by the most expert school and college men in the country and almost universally adopted by progressive educators have revolutionized ideals and methods of study in private and public schools.

If we exchange products of merchandise with New England then we ought to be able to profit by an interchange of ideas. If we have adopted in business many of the plans of progressive New York, then we ought to see the good that might arise if we adopted the idea of a Board of Regents with general oversight of the educational system of the State. We need to be familiar with the best educational

journals, with the best biographies of distinguished leaders of education, we need above all to travel and see what is being done elsewhere. When we do these things we shall be cured of this spirit of everlasting boasting, and shall be able to set about our work in an intelligent way.

Fortunately we have in the graded schools of the State an illustration of the point I am making. I believe that as a whole they are the most modern and progressive of all the types of institutions. They have worked together better and have willingly shared each other's ideas and plans. More than that they have been glad to adopt ideas from all sections of the country. In the Durham schools, for instance, there has been a continued progress because of the way in which successive superintendents have appropriated the best results of other men's experiences. When Mr. Toms was elected superintendent, he put out at once for the North to find out what was being done in manual training. After visiting Pratt Institute and studying the reports of such school superintendents as the one at St. Louis, he inaugurated manual training in the schools of Durham, selecting as his first teacher not a novice or an amateur, but an intelligent student of Pratt Institute. Besides greatly improving the course in English, he adopted the policy of selecting specialties in each subject and now of the thirty-eight teachers in the schools twenty-six are college graduates. I remember being amazed one day as I looked through Mr. Toms's library to find so many up-to-date books on education, but they explained to me the great success of the school. He knew the best that had been thought and written on his subject. His successors have followed in his footsteps and other superintendents of the State might be cited as well. Through the association of superintendents the results have been more than satisfactory.

The same spirit of coöperation and of a desire to appropriate the best, the same effort to come to an agreement with each other as to certain uniform standards and require-

ments, if applied to the other parts of the system, will bring about the correlation that I have been pleading for. Only it will take much patience, much sacrifice of one's own feelings, much wisdom.

I have not attempted to discuss any of the abstract questions of church and state that have often disturbed us, I have not gone into those educational theories that have resulted in so much nonsense being perpetrated on a long suffering people. I have simply tried to raise a question as to actual conditions and to suggest a goal towards which we must all work, if we work for the future. All this talk will amount to but little, however, unless we do something. I propose a committee of this assembly who will take up the practical questions involved in the correlation of our system—wise men, earnest men, and experts. Let this central committee nominate sub-committees on each of the subjects taught in the schools who will give definite suggestions as to methods of teaching, the relative time to be devoted to each subject, text-books, etc. When these committees have reported let us hear them and adopt their suggestions. We need to respect authority and not let every man be his own law. From such a plan if we have the men who are willing to undertake it, will come a desirable uniformity in our educational work and a more harmonious coöperation of all forces. For then we are working not upon dead issues but upon living issues that have the future in their keeping. Standards and methods of work will not be all that we seek for, for after all the ultimate end of all our institutions is the building of character. We shall find, however, that character building will be an easier thing if we proceed from a reasonable and business-like basis.

Who will undertake this work? There are some things in which business men and editors, preachers and politicians can help us, but in the more minute details of our work we must work alone. Here we need educational statesmen, leaders and constructors of a new order. All of us need to

have a higher sense of the sacredness of our calling. Time was in the South when the height of every bright boy's ambition was to be a lawyer or a public man; but in the increasing complexity of our life new professions have been born, and we are coming to see that all work is sacred, none more so than that of developing young minds and enlarging the bounds of the kingdom of light. Scholars and teachers are feeling the new impulses of a new age. Some men have thought that we are all teaching until we can find some better job, and have sneeringly said that we all have our price. It is a slander that we need to resent. I believe there are men in North Carolina to-day who would do as President Eliot did: when offered a salary of five thousand dollars to become treasurer of a cotton mill, he preferred the humble position as tutor in Harvard College. Let us love our work and be willing to give years of energy and study thereto.

LINES.

BY JULIUS WARD.

*Too oft we sing aloud in doleful measure,
 "This world is but a wilderness of woe,"
 While careless of another's pain or pleasure
 We scatter thorns and thistles as we go.*

*This world is not all sadness—not all sorrow,
 E'en in the storm we hear a music sweet,
 And flowers bright spring up along our pathway,
 Spring from the very thorns that pierce our feet.*

*I do not know how other hearts have found it—
 This world that seems so oft but broken rhyme—
 Yet I have found that God's above, around it,
 And I have found that living is sublime.*

THE POEMS OF DR. VAN DYKE

BY INEZ D. ANGIER.

Those who heard Dr. Van Dyke's literary address at Trinity Commencement last June, were deeply impressed, no doubt, with his strong personality and the power with which he spoke. His presence inspired the vast audience before him and, after hearing him speak, they felt that they had really been in the presence of a great man, and one who had a message for them—and this message was of life, work and love. His subject was "Life and Literature," and he showed the vital connections between the two. One of the most striking points he made was on the value of books. He said, "A life without books is possible, may be useful and even beautiful, but books without life are vain things." He is the teacher of life and literature and has given himself entirely to the study of literature.

As a result of his study we have some of the most beautiful poems and stories written in recent years. Perhaps there are few other men who interest the American people more at this time than Dr. Van Dyke, because he stands for a literature of this century. His poems and stories will last because they appeal to man and cause him to feel their influence. He puts into his works his heart and soul and they express exactly what he feels. They are the language of faith, of feeling, of sentiment, of love, of honor—of the things in which we live.

His stories reveal both the outward and inward life and are characterized by genuine human quality, beauty, and force of style. Unlike nearly all stories they have no morals tagged to them and in a simple way they reveal the life of humanity about us. The "Ruling Passion" expresses the deepest passion of a human heart, and its characters are vividly drawn. His latest work, "The Blue Flower," is entirely different from the "Ruling Passion." It portrays the inner life and records the pursuit of happiness and its

and its rewards. In these two books Dr. Van Dyke interprets the deepest truths and his stories are told in a charming manner with delicate feeling.

As a poet Dr. Van Dyke interests us and we admire him for his power of delineating life. He has a keen insight into human character which is clearly brought forth in "Toiling of Felix" and "Vera." A true heart breathes through all of his poems and sympathizes with the great struggling throng of humanity. In his love for humanity he may be compared with Wordsworth. He, too, thinks "On man, the heart of man, and human life." His poems are delicate poems and in a gentle way they give to the world sweetness and light. They express the poet's idea in the most simple and direct way. They are never involved nor vague: the expression is natural and easy.

The poem which is Dr. Van Dyke's longest and best expresses his idea of life is "Toiling of Felix." Truth and religion are clearly brought forth in this poem. He almost paints us a picture and we see a man struggling along the toilsome pathway of life through the heavy land of heat and blistering sands. As he plods step by step he reaches the rugged mountain top and there he awaits the long-desired vision. Day after day he dreams, still no vision comes and at last the words of the Master come to him,

"Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me;
Cleave the wood and there am I."

Heavy-hearted he descends and turns his footsteps backward to common life. There among the lowliest worker he finds his lot and he toils. His sleep is sweeter and and he knows he has done his part. He has at last found peace and joy because he has done his Master's bidding.

"Where the many toil together, there am I among my own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone.

"Every task however simple, sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy done to man, is done to Me."

Felix found that his mountain tops and dreams were as

nothing if he remained on the heights and dreamed yet never worked. But after he had done the bidding and taken part in human strife then it was that his dreams were realized and he realizes that

"Who does his best shall have as a quest,
The Master of life, and of light."

One of the most significant characteristics of Dr. Van Dyke's poems is his choice of subjects. They are simple and yet there is that depth of feeling, intensity, and emotion which appeal to the heart of man. Simple as his subjects are, his poems are strong, masterful and effective, and reading them leaves a glow in the heart. Like Burns he has taken the daisy as a subject and made it beautiful in its simplicity. He has force and yet he is tender, and sympathy pervades his poems. What is more gentle than his tribute to the daisy:

"Afterthought of a summer's bloom!"

Dr. Van Dyke writes in a clear, unique style and can be easily understood. In the writer's request of his Master he says, "Show me that as in a river, so in a writing, clearness is the best quality and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed."

Another characteristic of his poems is the love and sincerity in them. There is the love of nature, music and humanity in them. All these have their place and power in human life, and his poems are dear to us because of the love which characterizes them. In "Vera" he says,

"For love is life, and they who do not love
Are not alive. But every soul that loves
Lives in the heart of God and hears Him speak."

His heart flows out to humanity and he discerns some good in everything. As a poet he is sincere and pure in his thoughts. They come right from his heart and after reading his poems we feel that his sincerity has gone into our hearts. And after all, sincerity is the measure of worth. Sincere and

sympathetic! What more needs to be said of a poet? In "Vera" he says,

"Love to do its perfect work must
Be sincere and pure."

Besides poems Dr. Van Dyke has written some songs. Although they have not been set to music, they are music in themselves and are pleasing in their merry way. He has his place with the singers, and his songs will ever live in the hearts of the people and will help in their sweet way to make the world brighter and happier. He sees into the heart of things and interprets the thoughts and feelings of others. They are just the things to read when all the blue is banished from the sky and Fortune smiles unfavorably. His lyrics are of such purity and beauty that they will ever live in American hearts. In their simple way they teach the deepest and most beautiful truths.

Although Dr. Van Dyke's poetry is not in great bulk it is extensively important in quality. It gives him a place among the successful poets of the present day, and, in its clear, finished style, free from strain, it shows the utmost care. He is a poet of the quiet life and brings us into a world of repose and calmness. His poems are characterized by that which is noble, divine, and inspired. The love of all that is beautiful pervades them and after reading them one feels that one has been in the presence of this man—so much has he put his heart into his writings. They put new life into us and impress us with all that is true and noble. He has set before us the whole philosophy of life—the beauty of work, the joy of life, and the reward of love. He has interpreted the three best things for us, work, life and love.

WORK.

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
'This is my work; my blessing not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This Work can best be done, in the right way.'

"Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
 To suit my spirit, and to prove my powers;
 Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
 And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
 At eventide, to play and love and rest,
 Because I know for me my work is best."

LIFE.

"Let me but live my life from year to year,
 With forward face and unreluctant soul,
 Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
 Not murmuring for the things that disappear
 In the dim past, nor hold back in fear
 From what the future veils; but with a whole
 And happy love, that pays its toll
 To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

"So let the way wind up the hill or down,
 Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
 Still seeking what I saw when but a boy,
 New friendships, high advantage and a crown,
 I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
 Because the road's last turn will be the best."

LOVE.

"Let me love my love without disguise,
 Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new,
 Nor wait to speak till I can hear a clue,
 Nor play a part to shine in others' eyes,
 Nor bow my knees to what my heart denies;
 But what I am, to that let me be true,
 And let me worship where my love is due,
 And so through love and and worship rise:

"For love is but the heart's immortal thirst
 To be completely known and all forgiven,
 Even as sinful souls that come to heaven;
 So take me, love, and understand my worst,
 And pardon it, for love, because confessed,
 And let me find in thee, my love, my best."

A WAVERING LIGHT.

BY JENNIE LANGSTON.

"I must give it up, Bess, father obstinately refuses to help me. I suppose my school days are ended." The speaker was a tall, handsome young man of twenty years. His rather pale face looked whiter in contrast with the black hair and dark blue eyes, and there was a pitiful droop at each corner of the mouth. Standing there, by the public well, in the shadow of the old factory, with his usually proud head bent dejectedly on the well-curb, he seemed out of place with all the surroundings. On the opposite side of the well was a bright-eyed girl, dressed in a plain, calico dress, the sleeves of which were opened at the cuff and pinned back to the shoulders. Her brown hair had been rumbled by the bonnet that now hung from her neck by the strings, and as she wiped the rust of the well-chain on the long gingham apron, a sympathetic look flashed over her face. "Tell me about it," she said.

"You know, Bess, how I'd set my heart on going to college this year. I've worked so hard all summer to be able to do this, but the sickness and death of mother have thrown us behind and father says I must help to bear the expenses. He thinks that three years at the high school is enough. He told me, to-day, that I could get on as well in the world as he without an education. I suppose I can Bess, but to live and die in this factory, with the surroundings which we have, where people are born, live, work and die with no thought but to earn food and clothers, is the bitterest cup I could drink. And, Bess, I want to be able to have you live an easier life," he added, with a tender look at the crimson face across the well.

"I'm sorry, Jack," said Bess, "I ain't had no chance of learnin'. What with mama being a widow with all the children to support, I ain't had but three months' schooling. I read all I get the chance of but that's precious little. Uncle

Bob takes the *Farm and Fireside* and I get the *Constitution* from our next neighbor. That's all. I'd be afraid to go in town to the library. I ain't never done it and I wouldn't know how. Then, the work runs bad and I'm usually so tired at night. I'd rather die, though, than spend my days weaving, with nothing to look forward to, and—some day, I shall go to school," she added, lifting her head proudly and sending an ambitious flash from the gray eyes into the blue ones opposite her, "and yet, this is all I'm fit for, I guess," she faltered. "I've been in that mill since the day I was ten years old. I've worked nearly every day since, except Sundays and two or three days every Christmas. Thanksgiving Day and Fourth of July mean nothing to us mill-folks. I know nothing of cooking or keeping house, and I can't even make a dress. But—I'll try to learn," she murmured into the deep well. Just then, the sun sent its last ray across the corner of the mill, and lingering a moment on the bowed head, turned the brown hair into golden threads. Jack, reaching over, lifted the blushing face, and kissed it, there over the still, deep water. Then lifting the heavy bucket, they turned toward the home of the young girl.

A struggle had been in Jack's heart for years; the longing for a higher life. During his childhood, he had attended night schools, and as he grew older, he tried hard to make money to enter the high school in a neighboring town. His father was an ignorant man who felt that there was no need for a son to know more than the father. "I got along without an education and you can, too," was his maxim. Jack's gentle mother had been reared in a different atmosphere and had fallen in love with the handsome face and form of her husband, thinking his roughness only exterior. She soon found that his soul was as coarse as his manners. However, Jack was given all the money he drew from his wages after his board was paid, and with a heroism superior to all his fellows, he succeeded in entering the school.

Two years had been spent at the high school and he had entered upon the spring term of the third year when he was taken ill with typhoid fever, and for many months he lay weak and suffering. Thus his work for that year was ended, and the next autumn was spent in paying the expenses of his illness. He entered school again the next spring, and taxed his constitution too sorely in the effort to gain the time he had lost. During the summer he worked hard and was taken with nervous prostration. He was now recovering from this, and again that struggle with ambition tore him.

For some time he had a longing to enter the ministry, and then marry. He had long talks with Bess on the subject, and, though her eyes sparkled at the thought, she shook her head and said, "No, Jack, we mustn't think of marrying in a long time, yet. The house rent is high and mama can't spare my wages. The children must be kept at school as long as possible, for, though I know what their fate will be, still, they must have more time than what I did."

And now, had come this bitter disappointment of entering college. Jack's noble soul had wrestled bravely through untold difficulties. He had raised himself to a higher plane in his community; was president of the Epworth League, and an active member of the J. O. U. A. M., and Knights of Pythias, while the church seemed to depend upon him for every movement. Here his progress seemed to cease. What was there now for him to do? There was no hand to reach out and lift him, no voice to speak an encouraging word, while he was too proud to seek aid from his wealthier neighbors. He lived among a class of people who care nothing for the æsthetic life, and who despised him for his ambition. One by one the young men fell away from him, calling him "stuck-up"; the girls passed him by with scornful glances; the old men called him a "lazy hound," who "tried to git eddicated to keep outin' work," while the elder women sighed and pitied him.

After a while, Jack and Bess began to study together, but Bess was far behind and all the time was spent in helping her to his level. There could be little advancement on Jack's part.

The years passed by and there was no change in Jack's life, but Bessie's circumstances had improved and she was more at liberty. But, during those years, love was blinding her eyes. Ambition struggled, faltered, then gave up the field and love was conquer. Bess liked to dress prettily, to buy those little extravagances so dear to a girl's heart, but her chief thought was, now, "how I may please Jack." The quick step and proud bearing had given place to gentle humility, less to be admired, perhaps, yet sweeter to Jack's boyish heart. In the meantime, the idea of preaching had slipped farther and farther from the young man's mind. He had had little hope and much discouragement and the idea was abandoned.

One day they stood again by the well, where they had stood so often before, in earnest conversation. There was a soft, womanly look in the fair face of the young girl as she loosened her sleeves, letting them fall in place. And then, hand in hand, they walked away to the magistrate and were made husband and wife.

Many more years passed. Bess, very happy indeed, moved quickly around in her little home which she had never learned to make tidy. "I never did make bread till after I was married," she said, "and things never look neat after I finish them." Still, she appeared delighted. All the old ambition had given place to learning housekeeping. Jack smiled as he came, all blue from his looms, and praised his little wife, but there was a wistful look in the dark eyes and a smothered sigh of regret in his heart. He had almost given up.

They are living there now in the old place near the well. A spark of Jack's ambition yet flickers plainly. Should a helping hand turn up the wick, the light will brighten and burn steadily, but, left alone, it will grow fainter and fainter, until only a breath of wind will darken it forever.

SOME TALES ABOUT THE KU KLUX OF HARNETT AND SAMPSON COUNTIES.

BY E. S. YARBROUGH.

It is a difficult task to learn much about the Ku Klux, and what I shall say in the following paragraphs are not the opinions of the writer, but small bits gathered from different members of the clan and put together by me.

The general opinion as to the cause of the Ku Klux is about as follows: Soon after the close of the Civil War the authorities at Washington sent men South to manage the governmental affairs. These officers in all their dealings were partial to the negroes, and the negroes, having lately been set free, and now having the ruling officers on their side, soon began to feel their position. For the smallest cause they would have the white folk brought before the officers for trial. They threatened the lives of the Southern whites, and in every way made life unpleasant for the people who had lately been defeated in war. It was in the face of these facts that a secret organization, known as the Ku Klux Klan, was formed. Their meetings were all held at night. Their object was to keep the negroes down, preserve order, and demand justice for every one.

I give here below the oath taken in Sampson county, which, as nearly as I can learn, was the same used in Harnett. One member says that it is about the same; another that it sounds like it; while another says that some parts are correct and some are not. But the general opinion is that this is the Ku Klux oath of both Sampson and Harnett counties.

THE OATH.

OATH No. 1—I, A. B., do solemnly swear, before Almighty God and in the presence of these my friends, here assembled, that I will truly and faithfully keep secret even unto death the plans and movements of this society. I do furthermore swear that I will come at the calling of the first G. C.

(Grand Council) of the unknown multitude at any hour of the moon, and that I will rattle the dead bones and will follow upon the tracks of the scalawag's blood! I swear that in case of being interrupted in any civil government that we may be operating in that we will regard no oath that will convict one of our members, but under all circumstances stand by the order in oath, death and blood. In testimony of our faith we do hereupon take upon ourselves this most solemn and binding obligation in presence of three or more honorable and accepted members.

(The Bible is presented and kissed.)

“OATH NO. 2—The Chief then says:

“Brethren, this man, or these men, now kneel at the altar of our faith and ask to be bound to our fortunes by the solemn and mysterious provisions of our order, must I swear him, or them, by the oath that shall forever bind and never be broken?

“The brethren lay their right hands on their left breasts and say, swear him, or them.

“The party, or parties, are then sworn as follows:

“I, A. B., do solemnly swear before Almighty God and in the presence of these my friends here assembled, being solemnly and seriously impressed with the sacredness of this act, that I will never make known by sign, word or deed, my knowledge of its existence. I swear that the enemies of the white race and the white man's government, and the friends of negro equality, are now and forever shall be my enemies. I swear to obey the Chief and all his constitutional orders, and all the orders which he may issue by the direction of this society; I swear to kill any member of this society that shall prove false to this oath; I swear to visit and comfort the members in sickness; I swear to defend the life of every member of this society at the risk of my own, should I ever see it in danger; I swear to give my patronage and support to this society in preference to all others, and, lastly, I swear by the Bible, this blood, and this skull, that

should I ever prove untrue in any one particular, voluntarily, I hope to become an outcast, an alien to my country, my friends and my God, so help me God."

"I certify that this is a true copy of the Ku Klux oath of Sampson county, as given to me by two of the Chiefs of the Klan.

W. A. PORTER, U. S. Commissioner.

Raleigh, N. C., June 28th, 1872."

The Ku Klux did much valuable service when they were first organized. One of their first tasks was to stop a negro plundering trip. The negroes around Averagesboro had banded together and secured arms sufficient for one hundred men. Their object was to meet on a certain Wednesday night at the Averagesboro ferry and make a raid up the river road and strike the Lillington road, thence to the Raleigh and Fayetteville road and back to Averagesboro. This trip they hoped to make in one night. The section through which they were to go was the best in either Sampson or Harnett county.

The negroes had as a leader one of their number named George Boushee, who lived near Black River. By some means the Ku Klux heard of their plans and on Tuesday night before the raid was to begin, went to Boushee's house and attempted to arrest him. But he made his escape after killing one member of the Klan. The next day the news scattered that the Ku Klux were going to kill every negro who had intended taking part in the raid, and on Wednesday night only two or three negroes could be found in the country.

Many stories are told of the Ku Klux whipping the negroes for making false reports, or telling anything they heard concerning the white people who move around at night. An old negro woman named Margaret Canalyhid under the bed of her white masters, but was dragged out and whipped so much that she was unable to work for two months. Many other similar tales are told and some seem to have resulted from frivolous causes.

But the Ku Klux did not confine their dealings to the colored race. If there was a white man who did not live as they thought a citizen should live, he would meet with the same rough treatment.

But finally the younger members began to drink excessively. And often when they started on their night raids would be well supplied with whiskey and thus, being under the influence of whiskey, could not be governed by the leader. As a result many were wounded and killed by not handling themselves properly.

On one night the band tried to enter the house of an old negro. The negro kept a broad axe in his bed with him and, upon hearing the Ku Klux coming, rushed to the door and propped it so only one man could come in at a time. They came in as he expected and he dealt three death blows to the first three who attempted to enter. The fourth refused to enter. This virtually ended their raids.

By this time the Federal officers had learned many of the Ku Klux members, and suspected that all the white men were members, and led them all to Lillington court.



IN THE HILLS OF TENNESSEE.

BY E. C. PERROW.

*Far away beyond the mountains, in the hills of Tennessee,
In a grape-vine-covered cabin by the lane,
There dwells a bright-eyed maiden who is waiting there
for me,
And I long to see her sunny face again.*

*Long years have rolled between us since I told her of my
love,
Told her as we sat amid the cliffs alone ;
With the Holston far beneath us and the blue sky far above,
And her little hand clasped gently in my own.*

*Since that day full many an acre broad has stretched between
us two,
Between us two full many a river wide,
And mountains dark have lift their heads into the sky of
blue,
As tho' to keep me ever from her side.*

*But I'm glad the time is drawing near when I shall hear no
more
The hateful grind of wheels, the noisy mart,
But far among the mountains by the Holston's sandy shore
I shall clasp a bright-eyed maiden to my heart.*

*There within a little cabin we'll be happy—she and I—
By the Holston where the flowers bloom so fair,
Where the hateful smoke of factories shall not blacken God's
blue sky,
Nor their filth pollute the freshness of His air.*

*The kind old mountain side shall yield our living year by
year ;*

The oaks shall shelter from the tempest's blight ;

*The birds shall sing again the songs our child-hearts loved to
hear ;*

And the stars shall watch above our heads at night.

There within our little cabin, high upon the mountain side,

Where the storms can never reach us we shall live,

Careless of the noisy clamor of the wicked world and wide,

Careless of the worthless baubles it can give.

So I'm going back to-morrow to the hills of Tennessee,

To the grape-vine-covered cabin by the lane,

For a bright-eyed little maiden is waiting there for me,

And I long to clasp her to my heart again.



THWARTED.

BY JIMMY BERNBRED.

"'Tis the same old story, the same old game,
The same old story you know,
The more you are bitten the more you'll bite
At the same old game."

He met her on a crabbing party and was conquered instantly when he scooped in a crab for her and got a smiling thanks from her deadly, dazzling eyes. Her name was Lucy, his was Lee, their last names don't matter as the probability was they would both compromise with the name Hayler. The climax came one evening over at the Bird Shoal under a white parasol.

She was a little hard to luff up to, as the slang phrase goes. Her manner plainly meant "keep off," but Lee liked luffing best and he had nerve enough to carry out his selected course. The parasol was very small but she selfishly appropriated it all, leaving him out in the sun. It was not warm but he chose to think so. He drew a large handkerchief from his pocket, mopping his brow and looking at her beseechingly.

"My! isn't it warm," he exclaimed, moving closer.

"Not a particle," said she, "but if you think so take the parasol, I don't need it."

He took the proffered article and moved closer; she moved farther away. Twice he moved closer and twice she followed suit.

"Is this a sand-fiddler's dance?" he asked in desperation.

"It resembles one," she replied.

A butterfly flew by and she made a grab for it, so did he. She caught nothing, he caught her hand.

"How dare you," she cried. "I am not a butterfly."

"Aren't you?" he asked innocently. "I think you are like one."

"In what respect, sir?" she disdainfully demanded.

"You are both hard to catch," he replied.

For a while they were both silent, then he said, "I am going to leave you in the morning."

"Really, when did you decide to do so?" she asked.

He ignored her remark and continued, "I want you to go with me. You have won the place of captain of my heart, and a craft can't sail without a captain,"—

"Look at that sweet little boat over yonder," she remarked.

"To the deuce with the boat," he impatiently replied.

"Lucy, you are incorrigible. Answer my question. Is the captain going to desert the ship?"

"Well"—she turned and caught the flash of a diamond in his hand.

"It is a fair fetter," he said, "let it bind us together. Speak, Lucy." He looked at her intently.

"Is it my captain's commission?" she asked, a flush of surrender mantling her brow.

"Yes," he answered. The ring changed hands and the parasol concealed them from view.

As the scene came to a close a row-boat passed silently by. Two persons sat in it evidently in earnest conversation.

"Hope they are enjoying themselves," the boy said as they caught sight of the two on the shore.

"Very probably," she answered, "indications point that way."

"I have been in love," he said, speaking more to himself than to her.

"Tell me about it," she asked.

"No, I cannot," he replied. "There was such a strong force working against me that I never had any success so I just confessed my little secret in a story and then hid it away."

"Her curiosity rose several degrees but he seemed sorry that he had spoken and soon changed the subject of conversation.

CHAPTER II.

Lenox was a sleepy and old town, it never changed. The same programme was gone through year after year. The inhabitants were born, lived to a good old age, and then died without ever broadening their prospects or ever making their town better. It was a quiet place where one, tired of the hurry and bustle of the busy world, could rest.

The wedding bells chimed forth this morning and crowds of people slowly filled the little church. Weddings and funerals were about the only exciting things that happened to break the monotony of the everyday-life of the place, and so a large crowd was assembled to see Lee and Lucy joined together in holy wedlock. Lee had changed his plan of leaving as it was now a month since that eventful day at Bird shoal. After an hour's waiting the crowd began to get restless. The wedding was set for nine o'clock. It was now nearly ten and the parties most concerned had not appeared.

Our rowing couple sat together in one of the reserved seats in easy conversation. Presently the man took out his watch, whistled in a surprised manner and remarked, "Something has gone wrong."

They talked on for another half hour, but still no bridal party.

"I am going to investigate," he said rising. "Excuse me for a few minutes."

He left the church and hurried to the bride's home. There was no one there but the servants. They told him something that caused him to grow sick at heart. He scarcely waited for them to cease speaking before he rushed madly from the house. "Can that villain have carried out his threat, I wonder?" he thought as he ran.

"Here boy," he said, stopping for a moment, "run to the church and tell them the wedding is postponed on account of an accident. Particulars will follow later."

Soon he reached the water's edge. Several loafers were on one of the wharves and when they saw him one of them

spoke, "Seems like the two who were to be married this morning decided to elope. They went on board a schooner an hour or so ago and put out to sea."

Our friend, whom we will call Rey, understood at once what had happened. Calling to several of the men to follow he sprang into his launch and soon was speeding seaward.

"What the devil is the matter?" asked one of the men as the launch sped on its course.

Do you see that white speck on the ocean?" asked Rey.

"Yes," they replied in a chorus.

"Well, we must overhaul that. Nearly two hours ago as Mr. Lee Hayler and his intended bride were preparing to go to the church a message came to them. I found it on the floor when I went to see why they were so late. Here it is," he said, unfolding a paper and reading.

DEAR HAYLER:—You and Lucy come down to the Doyler dock immediately. It is a matter of great importance.

REY.

"In short," he continued, "it is a forgery and was a trap set to catch them. I can't explain it all to you now, but they are in the hands of of some desperate men who have a desperate game on foot."

"Never heard of such things in this day and generation," said one of the men.

"You shall know all about it later, but now please look in the stern locker and get those guns out. I keep some rifles in there to hunt with, and also plenty of shells. Hurry, men, we may have to fight before this is over."

The men were still in a daze of astonishment, but Rey's excitement seemed to be contagious, for they were soon hard at work.

For two hours the launch plowed her way through the sea. She was a fast pleasure boat and it could be easily seen that she was gaining on the boat ahead. In another hour the two boats were within speaking distance. It was a small schooner belonging to a Lenox man and was very familiar to Rey.

"Ship ahoy," yelled Rey. He got no answer and as they neared the schooner they saw there was nobody on deck. The wheel was lashed and she was heading seaward under a light but fair wind. A cry of surprise broke from our party when they saw this, but Rey looked rather alarmed. "The rascals have bound them in the hold and have left the ship in a boat," he said.

"The ship is sinking," cried one of the party. For the first time they realized how low the hull was in the water.

"My God," gasped Rey, "they have scuttled her."

In a few minutes the launch was alongside. The men sprang aboard and made a rush for the hold. Sure enough, lying bound in the hold were three figures. Rey rushed toward them. He recognized Lee and Lucy at a glance, and turned to the third. "Great God!" he exclaimed, "Her!" He stopped for a moment in astonishment, but was called to action by one of the men who had been examining the prisoners.

"They are drugged," he said, "we must get them aboard the launch as quickly as possible for the schooner will go down in a few minutes."

The three inanimate forms had been lying on the second platform, about six feet from the bottom of the boat, now the water had reached them.

"If they had been left in the bottom our trip would have been useless," said Rey with a shudder. "Help me, men," he continued, lifting one of the forms, the last one discovered, and climbing up the ladder with her.

In a minute they were all on deck. Then what a sight met their eyes. The launch was far astern heading for the shore. Lindsey, the first man who realized their situation, rushed to the wheel, but could not turn it; for not only was it lashed, but was also jammed so it could not be moved. The party became desperate, they realized the boat would go down within an hour, at least. The wind had died completely out for some reason and the sails flapped slowly back and forth as each wave reached them.

By this time the vessel had sailed and drifted together until she was out of sight of land, only the vast, cruel green water could be seen.

Rey was no coward; yet when he saw there was no hope he felt sick at heart, for even brave men fear death. He succumbed only for a second. The form in his arms stirred with returning consciousness, thus bringing him back to himself. He pressed her close and then laid her gently on the deck just as she opened her eyes.

"Where am I?" she asked.

He told her all, the ship slowly settling as he spoke. Some of the men were rushing up and down the deck like madmen, some awaited in silence their approaching doom. Just as the boat seemed to be going from under them there came a glad cry from one of the men.

Rey and the girl he had carried up the ladder were sitting together. In that last hour each learned the other's love, and now, even in such a dreadful moment, they were happy.

At the cry, Rey turned. One of the men had found a small boat covered with canvass which had escaped their notice. In ten minutes the boat was launched, the party aboard and pulling from the schooner. None too soon did they leave her, for they had gone scarce a hundred yards before she sank, leaving them alone, a tiny speck on the vast deep.

CHAPTER III.

The morning dawned fair and clear. All night the boat had drifted aimlessly over the ocean. Few of those on board of her had slept any during the night, but now the girls fell into a troubled sleep. Steering by the sun the men rowed hard and reached Lenox in a few hours.

While we leave our friends to rest from their perilous adventure we will go back a little.

Carlton sat in his office summing up the notes of a case he was to represent in a few days. He was a prominent lawyer of Werlow and expected to win his case. Presently there

was a knock at the door, and on opening it he found the postman with a letter for him. He recognized the writing and tore open the envelope with a smile. As he read a look of despair came on his face, but it was soon followed by one of hatred. He turned to the first and read it over again.

DEAR MR. CARLTON:—Our engagement is over forever. I thought I loved you, but I find I was mistaken. Since I saw you last I have met one whom I have learned to love with a deep and true love. We are to be married in a few days, so please forget the past and be present at our wedding Thursday morning.

Yours truly,

LUCY.

“My God,” he gasped, “is this true?” He paced the floor for a few minutes, then hurried from the room.

One day later he and three of his friends took the cars for Lenox. He arrived there on the morning of the 23d of August, the day of the wedding, and attempted the abduction of Lucy. By forging a note and signing the name of the bridegroom’s best friend he succeeded in getting her aboard the boat. He was somewhat disconcerted at finding three in the party but as there was no time to be lost he abducted all three. The schooner he had hired for the purpose; but after getting to sea and finding he was pursued, he scuttled the boat, then he and his friends hid until the pursuing party entered the hold of the schooner when they sprang aboard the launch and escaped.

CHAPTER IV.

The scene was on the Dexter, a sharpie belonging to Rey. It was a bright, moonlight night. Three couples were on the boat: Lucy and Lee were on the bow; amidships was another pair, she of the rowing party and another; in the stern and steering the boat was Rey and with him the third one of the prisoners.

“A happy ending to our adventures,” said Rey. “Here we are safe and sound and happy under the influence of the moon and the blind god.”

“Yes,” returned Lee, “a little adventure like that we have just gone through with only serves to bind us together the stronger.”

“Congratulations are in order, and that all around too,” said he of amidships.

“A triple marriage is not often seen in old Lenox,” added Rey, “but next Wednesday will witness one.”

“Yes,” said Lee, “but we must keep a watch out for jealous lovers.”

The moon seemed to smile with a greater brilliancy than ever as the Dexter bounded over the phosphorescent waters and no where, in all its vast range, did it shine on six happier people.

ESPERANCE.

BY F. W. FINK.

*When the cold wind blows from the north,
And the rain falls on the roof;
I look through misty yesterdays
To the days of innocent youth.*

*My sorrow then would now be joy,
Then tears came only from the eyes,
But sorrow now is deeper laid—
It is a heavy heart that cries.*

*Hopes born with the early morn
Have vanished with the setting sun.
Castles built on a bright fair day
Into the gathering mists have run.*

*Hopes may vanish and castles may fall
And my life be filled with sighs ;
But new hopes will follow the old,
New castles from the ruins will rise.*

WHO ARE THE EIGHT THOUSAND?

BY W. W. SMITH, A. M., LL. D.

The second edition of "Who's Who in America," (from the press of A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago) contains 1,300 pages of brief biographies, without eulogy, criticism or comment, of such persons now living in America as have become noted as factors in the progress and achievement of the age. "Endeavor has been made," say the editors, "to include all Americans of more than local note in all lines of useful effort." No name is inserted or omitted for financial considerations; the book is sold on its merits.

With a view to determining what effect education of the various grades had on success in life, effort was made to ascertain the school training of each of these men and women "of more than local note" and 7,832 on their United States list are thus educationally classified.

According to the best estimate we can make from the latest census returns there are in the United States 40,782,007 persons over 21 years old. These are divided educationally about as follows:

Class 1. Without school training.....	4,682,492
Class 2. With only common school training.....	32,862,951
Class 3. With common and high school training.....	2,165,357
Class 4. With college or higher education added.....	1,071,201

Now the question is, how many of the eight thousand distinguished citizens of the United States are on the Who's Who list came from each of these classes?

The 4,682,498 of Class 1 furnished.....	31
The 32,862,901 of Class 2 furnished.....	800
The 2,165,357 of Class 3 furnished.....	1,245
The 1,071,201 of Class 4 furnished.....	5,768

It thus appears:

1st. That an uneducated child has one chance in 150,00 of attaining distinction as a factor in the progress of the age.

2d. That a common school education will increase his chance nearly four times.

3d. That a high school training will increase the chance of the common school boy twenty-three times giving him eighty-seven times the chance of the uneducated.

4th. That a college education increases the chance of the high school boy nine times, giving him two hundred and nineteen times the chance of the common school boy and more than eight hundred times the chance of the untrained.

It is a surprising fact that of 7,832 "notables" thus gathered, 4,810 proved to be full graduates of colleges.

From the nature of the case it cannot be claimed that these figures are exact, but they are based upon the most reliable government statistics and the necessary estimates have been made with care. It is also doubtless true that other circumstances contributed to the success of these college trained men, but after all reasonable allowances are made the figures still force the conclusion that the more school training the child has the greater his chances of distinction will be.





CHAS. K. ROBINSON, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 E. C. PERROW, - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

There is a class of writers, fortunately small, who are unable or unwilling, apparently, to sell their productions when these deal with truth and facts. At any rate, these writers very often employ their imaginations in the manufacture of stirring tales of the superstition, ignorance and drudgery that is claimed to be found in various places. North Carolina has more than once been the chosen field of these journalists; and the mountain sections of the state seem to furnish the most desirable setting for the pictures that are held up to the pity and curiosity of the world.

More than a year ago an article was written on "The Witch of Roan's Mountain." The mountaineers believed, so it was stated, that this evil spirit lived on one of the lonely peaks of the Blue Ridge. Every person who had ventured to climb this mountain met death at her hands; and villages were often temporarily abandoned when the sorceress mounted a broomstick and descended to the valley. Recently a Michigan man wrote an article on "The Women of the Mica Country." For the sake of coloring, the author removed some postoffices and other signs of civilization that actually exist; and described the toil of women in mica mines. It is needless to say, to those who know anything about mining, that women are never employed in such work.

Western North Carolina has never been noted for its culture and education, but it is hard to see how such yarns as these can be written by those who have ever been in that section. Such stories often discourage those who want to go there to live. One young man from New York, interested in mica, not only brought guns and cartridge belts to protect his life, but also packed pillows in his trunk, having been told that such articles of luxury were unknown in the mountains of this state. But for the most part such tales are harmless. They give food for thought and sympathy to those who haven't enough troubles of their own. No doubt, some of the good ladies of the North write papers on the subject, sip their tea, and weep as they think of the toiling women in the dark mountain coves of Carolina. Lord Bacon says some men tell lies for the simple love of lying. The authors of these fanciful productions may belong to this class.

The practical value of education is generally admitted, even by those who have not had such training. Still, from time to time some one asks what contribution to a man's success in life does education make, when it goes farther than the common school branches. One way of answering this is to give several definitions of success, and show that it does not always mean the ability to wear fine linen and fare sumptuously every day. A more direct way to answer objections to college and university education is to show, if possible, that those who attain what the world calls success have spent some time in schools and colleges.

Taking this latter method Dr. Wm. W. Smith, Chancellor of the Randolph-Macon System, has collected some interesting facts in regard to "all Americans of more than local note in all lines of useful effort."

Through the courtesy of Chancellor Smith, his article, "Who Are the Eight Thousand?" appears in this issue of the ARCHIVE. Dr. Smith recognizes that conclusions drawn from statistics are often inaccurate; but, as he very well says, "after all reasonable allowances are made, the figures still force the conclusion that the more school training a child has the greater his chances of distinction will be."

By mistake, the poem in the December ARCHIVE, "A Psalm of Football" was credited to Mr. W. G. Puryear. The poem was written by Mr. P. J. Baringer.





Literary Notes

MISS EDNA CLYDE KILGO, - - - - - MANAGER.

It is well at the beginning of the new year to make some plans for one's reading during the year. This is especially true of magazine reading, for unless we keep our eyes constantly on their tables of contents we are apt to miss some of the best stories and articles or begin them after several installments have been published. The magazines are rich in promises for the new year, both in material and illustrations.

Harpers Magazine for 1903 promises us an increased excellence. A few of the things which are announced are the pictures of Edwin A. Abbey. For ten years Mr. Abbey has been engaged in the colossal work of illustrating Shakespeare's tragedies for this magazine. The text accompanying these pictures will be by the most notable living scholars and critics.

Miss Mary Johnston's new story, "Sir Mortimer," is a romantic love story of the Elizabethan period and will be published through the summer months. Mark Twain will write only for *Harpers* this year. Mr. William Dean Howells also will write only for *Harpers* this year; he will continue to conduct the "Easy Chair" and will contribute short stories, essays and poems. No magazine will have a larger number of celebrated writers contribute to it than *Harpers*. Besides those already mentioned, A. C. Swinburne, Edith Wharton, Mary Wilkins, Booth Tarkington, Henry Van Dyke, Woodrow Wilson, George E. Woodberry, Lew Wallace, I. Zangwill and Sarah Orne Jewett. A few of the

artists whose work will appear in Harpers 1903 are Howard Pyle, Walter Appleton Clark, H. C. Christy and Jessie Wilcox Smith.

Among the interesting stories that *Scribners* has in store for us this year Mrs. Wharton's novelette entitled "Sanctuate" perhaps takes the lead. It is said to be effective and unusual in idea, and distinguished by the qualities that make all she writes interesting. The first serial of the year is Mr. John Fox, Jr.'s., novel, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," as a story that has its course before, during and after the Civil War. It is Mr. Fox's longest and best story. Some of the other well-known writers that will be represented in the pages of this magazine are Richard Harding Davis, F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page and A. T. Quiller Couch. The illustrations will surpass all preceding ones in the interest and distinction of the art material, including the work of new artists of talent as well as that of such well-know favorite illustrators as Walter Appleton Clark, A. B. Frost, H. C. Christy and Howard Pyle.

McClure's Magazine will contain timely and important articles, character sketches of great men, reports from the works of science, exploration, politics, art and letters. The leading feature of the ensuing year is Miss Tarbell's history of "The Standard Oil Company." Here we will have a vivid story of how the Standard Oil Company grew from an insignificant beginning to a practical monopoly of one of the chief products of this country; it is said to be the most illumination and interesting discussion of the trust problem ever laid before the reading public.

Clara Morris will contribute her autobiography, "Life on the Stage." *McClure's* has never depended on famous names for its fiction, but the following will contribute to its pages this year: Kipling, Joel Chandler Harris, Henry Van Dyke, Booth Tarkington, Mary E. Wilkins and Hamlin Garland.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for this year will have in it a group of reminiscent papers, dealing with English men of letters during the last half century. These papers are written by Sir Leslie Stephen, the eminent essayist, formerly editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* and of the "Dictionary of National Biography." The *Atlantic* will also have a group of papers describing, from fresh points of view, the influence of our present civilization and social surroundings upon the life of the average man. Institutions as varied as the school, the church and stock exchange, professions as far apart as the law and the trained nurse, will be described by competent writers. The first of these articles will be "The School," by President Eliot of Harvard.

The *World's Work* is a new kind of a magazine and no part of it is made up far in advance therefore we have no prospectus for 1903. However its past merit warrants us in expecting great things from the *World's Work* in the future. This year there will be published an English editon of the *World's Work*, editen by Mr. Henry Norman. The cover is to be in the same manner as the American edition except that instead of the calm and stately woman who presides over the later we will have a gentleman whom, by the wings on his feet, I judge to be Mercury. Mr. Henry Norman is just the Englishman to edit this magazine.

The Century Company announces "The Memoirs of Paul Kruger," told by himself. This book will be published simultaneously in Holland, England, Germany, France and America. We are told that in this volume the famous ex-President of the South African Republic gives a striking account of his life from his boyhood until the close of the late war. It is more than an autobiography. It is a powerful defence of his entire political career and his defence of his reputation against the attacks of his enemies.

Conspicuous among Putnam's Sons' announcements is the Joseph Jefferson edition of Washington Irving's works. Each copy is signed in autograph by Mr. Jefferson who has done so much to popularize Irving's name.

Henry Holt & Co. announce "Standard English Prose: Bacon to Stevenson," selected and edited by Henry S. Pancoast. In his "Representative English Literature." Mr. Pancoast gave us a combination of master pieces of literature with biographical and critical comments. Later in his "Introduction to English Literature" he eliminated the selections to allow more adequate treatment of historical and critical questions. He now supplements this volume with "Standard English Prose."

Thomas Crowell & Co. announce Nathaniel Hawthorne's romances in the Handy Volume Edition. This is the latest of the many and useful handy volume editions of standard authors which have been published lately. It is in fourteen small volumes and is substantially the same as the "Virginia Poe."





Editors Table

E. W. CRANFORD,

MANAGER.

The magazines for last month, as a rule, present a higher grade of literature to the public than any previously reviewed. It seems that consciousness of the approaching holidays moved favorably upon the literary talents, and the results, speaking generally, are pleasing and deserving of commendation. The few remarks which we shall beg leave to submit in this issue, with perhaps one or two exceptions, could be no other than congratulatory. We feel, that in the case of the majority, that we have reviewed this month, we could submit nothing better than the injunction to continue in the way we are going. Since, however, we are expected to be somewhat more specific in our remarks we mention a few of the more noteworthy.

We begin with one of the largest and perhaps the strongest, the *University of Virginia Magazine*. Its December number contains a good collection of well-written articles and the same may be said with perhaps more emphasis of its Christmas issue. In the December number the little poem, "December," is very appropriate. "Thanksgiving at Lawn Allen" is a story worthy of praise and shows evidence of desirable imaginative powers in its author as well as a commendable style. "A Strenuous Queen" is not so good and leaves the reader somewhat in the dark as to the identity of the point the author has in mind.

Next we mention the *University of North Carolina Magazine*. It contains a goodly number of select articles. It is not quite up to the *Virginia Magazine*, however, in

fiction, but, we think, surpasses it in solid matter. Its historical articles are especially interesting. It contains but one piece of fiction worthy of mention, namely, "The little Circus Girl." This little story is short, interesting and cleverly written. The *University Magazine* is a strong magazine, although we think that it should publish more fiction.

We are sorry to say that our December issue of the *College Message* was misplaced before we got an opportunity to peruse it, but, if it was up to the standard of the November issue, we have no uneasiness about its merit. Since our December issue was misplaced, we will mention one or two articles appearing in the issue for November, since they struck us as being especially good. "Aunt Dilsy's Baptism" does not have much of a plot, but it is, in our opinion, the best written short story that we have read from a college journal for quite a while. "A Mountain Romance" is interesting in plot and delightful in style and, upon the whole, is an excellent production. Its ending is perhaps a trifle tragic. "Uncle Reuben" is also a very readable little story. The editorials are sensible and to the point and, in the one concerning the support that the student body should give to their college journal, we heartily agree with the writer.


The *Emory and Henry Era* again comes to us filled with reading matter of a high order. The *Era* is, without question, one of the best if not the best of our exchanges, from a literary standpoint at least. Its pages are not filled with dry, moralizing essays and sermons, neither are they filled with stale pointless yarns whose only purpose seems to be to fill space, as is the case oftentimes with so many of our other magazines. "Willie's Adventure With a Matrimonial Agency," "The Secret of 'Big Thicket,'" and "I Suppose I Was Mistaken" are all productions of unquestionable merit, especially the first mentioned. All the short poems under the subject,

“Feeling the Poetical Pulse,” are especially good. The *Era*, in our opinion, has reached a point of excellence to which any college magazine might wish to attain.

The *Emory Phœnix* in the December number shows up well, as it usally does. The three prize stories are interesting and show the results of a high order of work on the part of their authors. It also contains some good solid matter and some fairly good poetry. The *Phœnix* is well worked up in each of its departments, especially its literary, and is among the first in our list of exchanges. We are very sorry, however, that its exchange editor mistook the opinion given expression to in a certain article that appeared in the ARCHIVE sometime ago, for a malignment against his college. As a matter of fact there has been no maligning done except that done by himself in bringing the charge. It would be interesting to know just what the editor thinks the profit would be to any man, who has anything else to do, to malign his college.

The subject was written upon since it was one of the imporant events of the day and furnished an admirable topic upon which to write an article. There has been a great deal said and written about it on both sides, and each man has expressed his own views on the matter. This also did the author of the above mentioned article; no more nor less. If this is malignment the precedent has long been established, and, if it had not been, it should be as early as possible.

Furthermore the attacked article does not claim to set forth anyone else’s opinion except that of the author, and there may be many of us who heartily disagree with his article. There are no doubt many who would defend the course that Emory has taken if they wished to express themselves publicly. Since the only man, however, that has expressed himself has happened to be of adverse opinion, the exchange editor becomes incensed and enters the charge of malignment against the college. We are sorry that his feelings have been hurt.

*At Home and Abroad*

W. G. PURYEAR, - - - - - MANAGER.

The preliminary debate, from which the men who are to represent Trinity in the debate with Emory were to be selected, took place the 19th of December. The question which was stated in the December issue of the ARCHIVE was discussed on the affirmative by J. P. Frizzelle, T. W. Smith and L. P. Howard; on the negative by C. E. Lambeth, J. D. Langston and E. W. Cranford. The judges, Prof. Flowers, Dr. Ronsmeir and Dr. Hamilton, who were to decide the debate and select the speakers, brought in a decision in favor of the affirmative, and named Frizzelle and Howard as representatives, with Cranford as alternate.

The Science Club met the 16th of last month to listen to Prof. Nicholson on "A New Electric Light," Mr. J. W. Scroggs on "The Electric Arc," and Mr. C. D. Edgerton on "Frederick Krupp."

The Main Street Methodist Church Epworth League held a literary meeting in the chapel several weeks ago and were well entertained by a paper from Dr. Mims.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the question was brought up whether we should join the Southern Inter-Collegiate Association or not. No definite decision has been reached as yet.

The first of the series of faculty lectures was delivered a short time ago by Dr. Glasson on "The Problem of the Labor Union."

Prof. Pegram went to Lexington the 9th of December to attend the funeral of Dr. Norman, who had been for several years the pastor of Trinity Church in Durham.

The Southern Conservatory of Music gave an entertainment just before the holidays in honor of the faculty and students of Trinity College. The entire program was rendered in a very happy manner and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present.

Mr. T. W. Smith attended the Fifteenth Biennial Conclave of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity held in New Orleans the latter part of November as the Delegate from the Trinity chapter.

Mr. L. P. Howard and Mr. R. M. Odell attended the convention of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity held at Chicago during the holidays.

Mr. W. W. Card has just returned from Cincinnati where he took the second leading part in a swell wedding. He and his bride are now occupying rooms in the Woman's building. Both of them have the best wishes of the faculty and students. Mrs Card is quite an adept in instrumental and vocal music and in elocution, and consequently will be a material addition to the ranks of those already on the park.

The baseball schedule is not quite completed as yet. So far, however, the following dates have been closed :

March 25, Lafayette at Durham.

April 3, Gettysburg at Durham.

April 6, A. & M. of N. C. at Raleigh.

April 11, Oak Ridge at Durham.

April 13, (Easter Monday), Wake Forest at Durham.

April 18, Wake Forest at Durham.

April 20, A. & M. of N. C. at Durham.

April 28, Virginia at Durham.

May 5, Mercer at Macon, Ga.

May 6, Wofford at Spartanburg, S. C.

May 7, South Carolina at Columbia, S. C.

The manager is still corresponding with the following colleges and universities: Guilford, Syracuse, Davidson, Vanderbilt and Tennessee. The coach for the ball team has not yet been signed, but it is thought that Mr. Stocksdale, who gave such efficient service last year, will be secured.

College opened the 5th with nearly all the boys back. Every one reported a most enjoyable holiday. The students who remained on the park also had a good time. This was due in no small degree to the kindness of several of the faculty in helping them to pass quite successfully what would otherwise have been a number of dull nights.



H. MAHLER'S SONS

RALEIGH, N. C.

Manufacturing Jewelers

SILVERSMITHS AND ENGRAVERS

BADGES, MEDALS AND EMBLEMS
MADE TO ORDER.

THE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING OF WEDDING,
RECEPTION AND CALLING CARDS.

Paul C. Sneed

DRUGGIST.

Cor. Main & Mangum Sts.

STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO CALL

Phone No. 8.

COLE & HOLLADAY,

HIGH-CLASS

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Smithdeals

Is the oldest and only business college in Va. owning its building—a grand new one. No vacations. Ladies & gentlemen. Bookkeeping, Shorthand Typewriting, Penmanship, Telegraphy, &c.

Leading business college south of the Potomac river.—*Phila. Stenographer*. Address, G. M. Smithdeal, President, Richmond, Va.

T. B. EDWARDS & CO.,

THE EXCLUSIVE

PICTURE FRAMERS AND UPHOLSTERERS

Finest Line of Mouldings and Frames in the City.

224 West Main Street. Opposite Lewith

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1903.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to C. K. ROBINSON, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues).

ADVERTISING.

723 Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.

Direct all communications to

T. W. SMITH, Business Manager,
Trinity College, Durham, N. C.



C. F. LAMBETH, - - - - - MANAGER.

THE PASSING OF THE NEGRO FROM POLITICS.

BY A. C.

The rise and downfall of the negro as a political factor was similar in each of the Southern States. In North Carolina, as elsewhere, his trial of forty years was divided into several epochs. That his ability as a voter was subjected to a fair and adequate test cannot be denied, for he was successively master, balance of power and political tool. He may even yet imagine vain things and his more zealous than wise friends may rage in his behalf, but all who care to see will read his fate in the handwriting on the wall "*Mene, Mene, tekel upharsin.*" He has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The South cherishes the spirit of freedom;

but in the belief that the negro received his political status by a blunder worse than a crime, he has been removed from the body politic wherever his numerical strength is sufficiently great to be a menace. If this be wrong, the persons who so think are probably guided by common sense to the realization of the truth of Burke's terse declaration "You can not indict a whole people." For the first time, the negro question can be discussed rationally and without political bias and it is well for the negro that this is now true.

THE NEGRO IN SLAVERY.

Argument can be deduced to prove that the black man is no better than he was before emancipation but this will not controvert the fact that the principle of slavery is wrong. The civilization of the slave of 1860 was in advance of the slave of 1800. On the other hand, it is difficult to demonstrate any noticeable improvement in his moral strength from 1860 to 1900. For this apparent retrogration, there is an explanation in the false bait which has been held out to him in the shape of political preferment. As a slave, his hours of rest were not disturbed by visions of impossibilities nor by care and responsibility for the necessities of life. The average slave accepted his fate meekly and in that meekness he was more contented than he ever has been in his incoherent aspirations to positions for which he was not created and is not fit.

The typical abolitionist and the typical secessionist would draw radically different pictures to represent slavery. The one would be of a brutal task master lashing a defenseless human; the other would portray a little vine-clad cabin among the sun-lit hills with the cheerful negroes singing and dancing to the tune of the banjo and enjoying the uproarious mirth that flows only from contented souls. Each is incomplete unless the other side be shown, for human actions and conditions should not be praised nor condemned without a complete understanding and consideration of the causes.

The reverse view of the first is of a negro shirking duties and insulting superiors; the reverse of the other is of a happy worker in the cotton field. These pictures tell the whole story. That the slave was sometimes treated brutally is admitted but that such was the exception rather than the rule is equally true. Most of them were kindly treated but the great tidal wave of public opinion which demanded his release from servitude, grew from the firm belief that a condition which makes possible inhuman action should be abolished. By that rule was the colored race given the suffrage: by the same rule applied to themselves were they deprived of suffrage. They who contended for the general principle must submit to the personal application.

AS MASTER OF THE WHITE MAN.

With a record of three centuries of slavery succeeding upon ages of barbarism, the negro, low-browed, low-minded, unintelligent and illiterate, was placed suddenly upon individual political equality with the white man and by virtue of superior numbers, was his master. The white man, crushed by years of civil strife and weighted with the task of rebuilding his ruined home, was given this additional burden to bear. Negroes controlled legislatures, corrupted courts and degraded the highest offices at the behest of their selfish leaders. Fortunately, this condition of affairs did not continue long. The pride of the Anglo-Saxon rose and the negro was hurled from power. Though the negro yet possessed great political strength, the whites had no thought of revenge: the spirit of charity prevailed. Though voting as a mass at the instigation of their unscrupulous leaders, the negroes were given schools and employment by the men in power, millions of dollars being paid for the colored schools by the taxpayers who were really unable to provide adequate educational facilities for their own children. During this time, the men who hoped to profit by the effect of the colored vote were laying their plans well. Gradually they gained. The

State government came into control of a party composed of 30,000 white men and 120,000 thousand negroes, and the latter acted as though they believed they had inherited the earth in consequence of their meekness in slavery. Their power increased so prodigiously that prudence was thrown to the winds and the black man found himself again on the eve of mastery. Wilmington, the chief city, and practically all the cities and towns in the eastern part of the State, were negro-ridden. Power, ignorance and inefficiency made the negro officious, corrupt and insolent. There was no justice in the courts and no protection for life and property. No man could leave his wife and daughters without fearing the worst. It was no such occasion as was the time of Paul Revere's ride, yet a feeling of keen suspense filled the minds of the people. It was plain that bad matters were growing worse and that the crisis was approaching. As election day in 1898 drew near, the feeling of uncertainty became acute, and all knew that within the next few days the final test of strength would come. Then came the clash of arms in Wilmington and a sense of relief was felt throughout the whole State. The unanimity of regret for the means of triumph was only exceeded by the acknowledgement of its necessity. There could be but one outcome to the clash and that was the overthrow of black rule, and when the whites again obtained control of the government, they faced a great question. It is not believed that all negroes were bad but their leadeas were unquestionably so, and the white people had to decide whether or not they would submit to conditions which made possible a repetition of the state of affairs through which they had just passed. Should they permit even a remote possibility of the recurrence of negro domination? The answer was a majority of 60,000 for the constitutional amendment which excludes the negro from politics until he shall prepare himself for the privileges. Instead of false and delusive ambitions for political prestige, he now has the idea of a necessity for education.

DIS-FRANCHISEMENT BEGINS A NEW ERA.

There was no subterfuge regarding the methods and purposes of eliminating the negro vote. It was necessary for the salvation of the government on the assumption that no party can be better than the average of the voters of that party and that the government of the party will be no better than the party. Incidentally it was the best way in which the now dominant faction could get into power, but no one should be criticised for doing right just because it happens to co-incide with his individual desires. For the negro, it is beneficial in directing his energies to the education which is the stepping stone to successful industrial pursuits. One of the most prominent negroes in the State while speaking against the amendment in the legislature, admitted the evils of Fusion rule and inquired with logical ardor "Why do you make the innocent negro the scape-goat of the Fusion combination?" but it has developed that the only losers by the amendment are they who utilized the colored vote for their own personal aggrandizement.

The change in the organic law provides that no person after 1908 can register unless he be able to read and write: until 1908 anyone can register who can read and write or whose ancestors could vote prior to 1867. In addition, every person who offers to vote must have paid his poll-tax previous to May 1, of election year, this preventing the sale of votes for tax receipts on election day. The result was that out of 120,000 negroes of voting age, only about 5000 cast their ballots in 1902. If the negro were now allowed to drift according to his inclination, his retrogradation would be swift, but the whites will not allow it. Some opponents of negro education profess to believe the negro but little better than a brute but the vast majority believe an educated brute better than an uneducated one. The negro's best friends are the people most interested in his progress, who know most about him, who have done and will do the most for him; and these are the Southern white men who have taken

the suffrage from him. The idea that a person should fit himself for the franchise after he gets it is the opposite of the truth and they who corrected the mistake deserve more credit than they who made it. The genuineness southern friendship for the negro is evidenced by the educational campaign of Gov. Aycock in which he is demanding support for colored schools regardless of the fact that for years to come every educated negro will stand for one vote against the Governor and his party. The negro will be educated partly at the expense of the white tax-payers and with the practical and industrial system of education in process of development, it will be the first great step in the solution of the negro troubles. Education will be a stimulus to morality and when the colored race begins to improve in morals, it will be on the up-grade. An education which trains the mind and hand, uplifts morals and teaches the necessity of work, thrift and industry, will solve other problems as it solves this one.

QUESTIONS.

BY ELLEN.

*Hast thou felt thy nature shrinking?
 Hast thou lain in darkness thinking?
 Hast thou seen thy lodestar sinking?
 Then life is not unknown to thee.*

*Hast thou seen but sunshine stealing?
 Hast thou felt no hopeless feeling?
 Hast thou heard no thunder pealing?
 Then human life is yet to see.*

BARITONE OR TENOR.

BY F. D. SWINDELL.

Le Roy, the artist, arrived at Lake View hotel on Tuesday. There were only a few guests there and none of them of any note, so the arrival of a well known artist created much excitement. He became the lion of the place at once, much to his disgust, but seeing no way to escape he settled down to grin and bear it. Mary and Martha Grace, thirty-six and thirty-nine years of age, respectively, set their caps for him. Fat Dr. Regan called him, "old boy" and monopolized him at meal time, while the others only claimed his attention after supper had been eaten and the party sat out on the large veranda enjoying the evening breeze from the lake.

During the morning and afternoon hours Le Roy was lost to his admirers, for then it was that he with brush, palette, and canvass in hand retired to his favorite hill on the shore of the lake and worked on his pictures.

It was late Saturday afternoon that Le Roy's reign ended. Several carriages drove up to the hotel, deposited some half dozen people, and then drove back to Newton ten miles distant, the nearest railroad station.

Le Roy was away at work on his picture but the others turned out in full force to greet the new arrivals. The Grace sisters noted with a feeling of alarm a dark haired, dark eyed girl and her mother as they registered and went to their rooms. "Oh Mary!" sighed one of the sisters, "what will Mr. Le Roy do when he sees her? we cannot hope for him anymore, never, never, never," she ended with a wail. "But look!" said the other, "my! isn't he grand?" A tall and handsome specimen of young manhood walked up to the ledger and wrote his name with a flourish.

"A fine couple they would make," remarked Martha, "The artist is our's still."

The young man lit a cigar and walked out on the piazza leaving two pairs of curious eyes peering into the ledger.

"James Osborne, Cambridge, Mass." read Mary, "A Harvard man, I bet." "Possibly a professor," the other added as they walked off together.

Several days had passed. George Le Roy and James Osborne worshipped at the same shrine. The same dark haired, dark eyed divinity held the hearts of both in love's iron grip. Le Roy was the quiet, intense man who rather loved in silence. Osborne no sooner saw than he summoned his forces and laid siege. He was by far the better looking and more experienced in Cupid's arts. He was characterized by his friends as a man with a nerve and he was well called thus. Miss Lawton loved audacity and Osborne seemed to hold trumps. They took long trips together and each day the Grace sisters were sure that a marriage would be the outcome.

Le Roy was a passionate man, as most artists are; and though his liking for Miss Lawton was a mere fascination, yet nurtured by jealousy it had grown into love. Several times in conversation he had approached the border of the personal, but each time having met with repulse he began to lose heart.

Day after day he sat unemployed before his canvass thinking and dreaming. Night after night he lay awake looking out of the window into the moonlight lake, his imagination weaving a thousand charms around the object of his thoughts. Again summoning courage he advanced as a rival to the handsome Osborne. Miss Lawton could not but notice the difference between the two men. One was gay, handsome and merry, full of life and humor, the other, serious, dreaming, silent and intense. She loved neither but enjoyed the company of both. Somehow she liked Osborne more at first but now she began to doubt. She took counsel with her mother and together they made a plan. "I don't want to be serious with either, mother," Mildred Lawton said, "but one must go. Both are jealous and I must show a preference for one so the other will leave, because if both were to stay I should be miserable. But I like them

both," she added with a sigh, "and it hurts me to see them both so silly as to fall in love. Something must be done." Mrs. Lawton thought for a moment and then said: "Mr. Osborne is going to take you sailing in the morning. Now I suggest that you also take a trip with Mr. Le Roy and then decide between them." "A good idea, mother, I will do so. Or—" and she paused before finishing. "Or wouldn't it be better for us to leave?" "No," replied Mrs. Lawton, "We cannot do that.

The sail with Mr. Osborne was very pleasant. The latter played his game well. He was not as obsequiously attentive as some would have been, but showed that he considered himself a man to be desired. There was no fawning in him. He was courteous, kind, and talked well. Somehow Mildred felt insignificant as she looked into his large, brown eyes and listened to his firm, musical voice.

As evening approached and the boat neared home Osborne became silent for a time. Mildred thought this an ominous sign and feared the outcome.

"I can't resist him," she thought, "but I don't love him. He is such a strong masterly man, and I really admire him very much, but I must prevent him speaking, for the time, at least." She began singing one of the songs of her Southland. This was anything else but a preventive. Osborne, as he listened to those tender vibrating notes began to realize that the owner of that voice was something more to him than a pleasant companion. He waited until the last note floated away on the evening air and then turned to speak. She saw the action and began to tremble, but before he could utter a word she began another song. The wharf was only a few hundred yards off now. Osborne saw he had lost his chance for the time, but hoping for another within a few hours he joined in the song with his clear, full baritone.

Le Roy returning from his afternoon's dreaming before his half painted picture saw the approaching boat and heard the song. He turned away with a pained expression on his face and continued on his way to the hotel.

Several days passed, Mildred saw little of Le Roy, and it seemed to annoy her. Finally one evening she determined to surprise him at his work. Osborne had gone to Newton on some business and she was left alone. As the day began to wear away she with kodak in hand started toward the grassy hill that overlooked the lake,—the hill where Le Roy spent his solitary hours. "I will surprise him," she thought so she walked very cautiously as she neared the spot where the artist sat at work. Coming up the hill from behind she arrived within a few yards of Le Roy unobserved. There she stopped and looked.

It was the hour of sunset. The great gray clouds that had hung motionless in the sky all the afternoon now wore the soft, golden colors of the fading sunlight. Le Roy sat before his picture, his slender hands moving gracefully hither and thither transferring the idea in his mind to a picture on canvass. She noticed the play of emotion on his well formed patrician features: the now tender, now fiery look in his serious grey eyes, the gracefulness of his every motion. Mildred stood as one entranced. From him she looked toward the picture. As her eyes rested on the canvass she gave a start. There was a boat sailing across the placid surface of a lake. Two persons in the boat were looking toward the glowing west, while standing silently in the shadow of the shore was a lonely figure, his face expressing deep sorrow, even traces of agony could be seen in the great sorrowful eyes. She gazed for a few moments in silence, each moment she felt her sympathy going out more and more to the painter of that picture. She tried to resist but could not.

Somehow at that moment Le Roy felt that he was not alone. Turning he saw a thoughtful, yearning and beautiful face looking into his own. "Mildred," he cried, as with the light of a new born happiness in his eyes he rose and walked toward her. She did not move, she could not.

They walked back together to the hotel, and this time it was not a baritone but a tenor clear and sweet that mingled with her soprano to greet the hour of twilight.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

BY W. W. PEELE.

Ernest Seton-Thompson was born in the north of England and was educated partly in his native country and partly in Canada. After his school days he came to Canada, and as he says, "spent several years knocking around the province of Manitoba, working at times as a laborer on the farms, in order to earn enough money to keep me going, and then wandering through the wild portions with everything I owned on my back. Yes, I worked literally as a day laborer."

This wandering over the hills and through the wilderness after his school days gives us the first insight into the life of Mr. Seton-Thompson. As every one knows he is the hunter author, and perhaps it might be well to notice how he came to write about animals. His great idea in doing this is to induce people to take an interest in the animal world around them. He says, "My only object in writing about animals in the story form is to attract a class of readers who would not otherwise care to read about them." From his youth he was very fond of animals, and looking at his picture we can but see how well adapted he is to hardships and journeys through the woods and wilderness. He is slightly under six feet in height, spare and wiry. As some one has said, "A man's surroundings are an index to his character." Nothing can give us a better insight into the character of Seton-Thompson than his surroundings. It is said that no more fitting environment for the study of animals could be found than the home which he and his wife selected in Connecticut. "It offers him an ideal opportunity for investigating, studying and experimenting with his animal friends, and quiet retreat for writing and illustrating." "I have waited," he said, "twenty years for this place and at last it is mine. I object to mountains. I do not like to have anything obstruct my view." He always kept a notebook in his

pocket and put down all the things observed during the day, birds, tracks, etc. By this means he was "heaping up material by the bookful for his work, and incidentally storing up strength, energy, and inspiration for himself." On being asked how he learned the cry of birds, he answered, "It took years. I listened to a certain call, located the bird, tried to make a mental image of his song in syllables, wrote it out as it sounded to me, listened again, revised it, until I had it in such shape that I could whistle it myself and felt sure that I should always know it. Then"—he hesitated, and added regretfully—"it took a great deal of killing. I had to shoot the birds at first, to be certain I had them identified. Later, I used field glasses." Mr. Seton-Thompson has been characterized as possessing "the accurate knowledge of a scientist, the eyes of an artist, the heart of a poet, the wit and humor of himself."

Our hunter author came in touch with animals, not only out in the woods and fields, but also within his own house. His large studio is a spot well adapted to the writing of animal stories. On the walls hang a number of animal drawings executed by their owner, and on the shelves are photographs carefully arranged under the head of "bears," "wolves," "birds," etc. In one corner can be seen the great mounted head of a Rocky mountain big-horn. From these surroundings he got inspiration and illustrations for his stories. The following is his estimate of pictures: "Good pictures give lasting and elevating pleasure to all who see them."

Mr. Seton-Thompson made a name for himself when he published a number of his stories in book form in 1898 under the name of "Wild Animals I Have Known." It shows us the great scope and clearness of knowledge which the author has for all kinds of animals. In this, as in his other works, he was greatly aided by his wife, Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson. Her contributions to the success of his works have been very nicely stated by himself. "The public," he

says, "has not fully understood the part that Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson does in my work. The stories are written by myself and all the pictures, including the marginals, are my own handiwork; but in choice of subject to illustrate, in ideas of its treatment, in technical book-making, and the preliminary designs for cover and title page, and in the literary revision of the text, her assistance has been essential."

Ernest Seton-Thompson is not only an author, but also an artist. He gives us an account of his first experience in this line: "I first came to New York," he said, "in 1883, and remained there two years. I hadn't a cent in my pocket, and for days I tramped around the town trying to get something to do, anything to keep from starving. At last, by chance, I wandered into a lithographer's and asked him for a job. On the strength of my drawing, he said he would take me." He began work at fifteen dollars per week. By chance one day while in an adjacent room he heard a Jew customer say to the proprietor, "If I had a good raven I could make one thousand dollars." Seton-Thompson saw his chance and asked to be allowed to try one for him. This request was granted and he went to Central Park and drew a raven which greatly delighted the Jew. Here he had shown that he could do what high-priced artists could not and so struck for a raise of wages. Not being able to agree upon this, he went west, where he was occupied by the Century Company to make drawings for a dictionary. Thus we now see a man, who only a few years before was tramping from place to place trying to get a job, being searched for by great companies. Only a glance at the illustrations in his books will be sufficient to convince anyone of his ability in this line.

Perhaps it might be well in the remainder of this paper to refer to a few things gathered from "Wild Animals I Have Known," which will show Mr. Seton-Thompson's sympathy, close observation, and love for animals. His deep sympathy is shown in the account of the death of Raggylug. Being

pursued by Reynard, as a last resort, Molly Cottontail sprang into the water.

"Splash! splash! through the weeds she went, then plunge into the deep water.

"And plunge went the fox close behind. But it was too much for Reynard in such a night. He turned back, and Molly, seeing only one course, struggled through the reeds into the deep water and struck out for the other shore. But there was a stormy headwind. The little waves, icy cold, broke over her head as she swam, and the water was full of snow that blocked her way like soft ice, or floating mud. The dark line of the other shore seemed far, far away, with perhaps the fox waiting for her there.

"But she laid her ears flat to be out of the gale, and bravely put forth all her strength with wind and tide against her. After a long, weary swim in the cold water, she had nearly reached the farther reeds when a great mass of floating snow barred her road; then the wind on the bank made strange, fox-like sounds that robbed her of all her force, and she was drifted far backward before she could get free from the floating bar.

"Again she struck out, but slowly—oh so slowly now, and when at last she reached the lee of the tall reeds, her limbs were numbed, her strength spent, her brave little heart was sinking, and she cared no more whether the fox was there or not. Through the reeds she did indeed pass, but once in the weeds her course wavered and slowed, her feeble strokes no longer sent her landward, the ice forming around her, stopped her altogether. In a little while the cold, weak limbs ceased to move, the furry nosetip of the little mother cottontail wobbled no more, and the soft brown eyes were closed in death."

After Mr. Seton-Thompson had found the home of the foxes which had been carrying away his uncle's hens he did not betray the den of cubs for, as he said, "indeed, I thought a good deal more of the little rascals than I did of the hens."

When Vix, one of the foxes, was caught and the death blow about to be given as a consequence of her destruction of the chickens, Mr. Seton-Thompson remarks, "my own sympathies were all turning to Vix, and I would have no hand in planning further murders." On one occasion he was known to have had the original site of his house moved six feet so he would not disturb "that fellow's house."

This sympathy which Ernest Seton-Thompson had for animals came only through close observation of them. He lived with them as friend with friend. The foxes taught him the following lessons without saying a word:

"Never sleep on your straight track."

"Your nose is before your eyes, then trust it first."

"A fool runs down the wind."

"Running rills cure many ills."

"Never take the open if you can keep the cover."

"Never leave a straight track if a crooked one will do."

"If it's strange, it's hostile."

"Dust and water burn the scent."

"Never hunt mice in a rabbit-woods, or rabbits in a hen-yard."

"Keep off the grass."

As a hunter the important lesson he learned from Molly Cottontail was "freezing." "It is simply doing nothing, turning into a statue. As soon as he finds a foe near, no matter what he is doing, a well-trained cottontail keeps just as he is and stops all movements, for the creatures of the woods are of the same color as the things in the woods and catch the eye only while moving. So when enemies chance together, the one who first sees the other can keep himself unseen by freezing, and thus have all the advantage of choosing the time for attack or escape."

Even in the dull old crow the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known" sees the quickness of wit portrayed. "One day I saw him flying down the ravine with a large piece of bread in his bill. The stream below him was at this time

being bricked over, as a sewer. There was one part of two hundred yards quite finished, and as he flew over the open water just above this, the bread fell from his bill, and was swept by the current out of sight into the tunnel. He flew down and peered vainly into the dark cavern, then, acting upon a happy thought, he flew to the down stream end of the tunnel, and awaiting the reappearance of the floating bread, as it was swept onward by the current, he seized and bore it off in triumph."

He sees in the partridge a cunningness superior to that in the "cunning old fox." The fox was coming toward the mother partridge and her young ones and would surely strike their trail.

"Mother partridge flew straight toward the dreaded beast, alighted fearlessly a few yards to one side of him, and then flung herself on the ground, flopping as though winged and lame—and whining like a distressed puppy. Was she begging for mercy—mercy from a bloodthirsty and cruel fox? Oh, dear no! She was no fool. One often hears of the cunning of the fox. Wait and see what a fool he is compared with a mother-partridge. Elated at the prize so suddenly within his reach, the fox turned with a dash and caught—at least, no, he didn't quite catch the bird; she flopped by chance just a foot out of reach. He followed with another jump and would have seized her this time surely, but somehow a sapling came just between, and the partridge dragged herself awkwardly away and under a log, but the great brute snapped his jaws and bounded over the log, while she, seeming a trifle less lame, made another clumsy forward spring and tumbled down a bank, and Reynard, keenly following, almost caught her tail, but, oddly enough, fast as he went and leaped, she still seemed just a trifle faster. It was most extraordinary. A winged partridge and he, Reynard, the swift-foot, had not caught her in five minutes racing. It was really shameful. But the partridge seemed to gain strength as the fox put forth his, and after a quarter

of a mile race, the bird got unaccountably quite well, and rising with a decisive whirl, flew off through the woods, leaving the fox utterly dumfounded to realize that he had been made a fool of, and, most of all, he now remembered that this was not the first time he had been served this very trick, though he never knew the reason for it."

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

BY ELLEN.

*O thou who weaves and tints and grains and dyes
 The mix'd up fabric of a human heart—
 Thou master mind who knoweth every part
 Of this thy handiwork—prove Thou what lies
 Within that is of strength and goodly worth;
 Send Thou silken threads for warp and woof;
 Fill this heart with courage, that living truth
 It may ever speak and act; give glorious birth
 To deeds courageous; that it may ever meet the shock
 And crush of mortal life triumphantly.
 And O frown not too wrathfully
 Upon the timid questions of my soul—Thou Rock
 Of Ages—pardon little workings of the mind
 That Thou hast given me,
 And cause both mind and heart to see
 And hear and feel and love and seek and find.*

A RAID BY THE KU KLUX.

BY C.

"Well, boys, don't forget to be here promptly at 1:30 on Saturday night," said Jack Williams to a crowd of fifteen strong, stern-looking men, who were about to betake themselves out of a secret cave in the mountains of eastern Tennessee.

This statement was made after the Civil War, when the Ku Klux Klan was at its climax around the town of C—in Tennessee. It was a time when that community was cursed with that infamous Northern Union League, which embraced carpetbaggers, deserters, and negroes in the South. It was a time when the bonds of society were loosened. Law was not enforced. Lawlessness walked about without restraint. Dwellings of families were burned in the night. The torch was common. The negroes, who before had been content to till the soil on shares, were now taught to plunder and rob. Such a state of affairs prevailed in this community when Jack Williams warned his men to be on time.

This was not the first time these men had met in secret. Many times had they done so, and up to this time had undoubtedly done much good. But now the Klan was becoming corrupt. The majority of men in it were bad and rough. No culture and refinement were in it now, as there once was. It was like so many other things we have seen start out with good men and good purposes, but have ended with bad men and bad purposes.

At this particular meeting there had been a long and hot discussion over their plans. Jack with two or three others, as they were more cultured and refined, were strongly opposing a project which the more desperate and brutal fellows were proposing. They wished on that Saturday night to murder 'Squire Clement, because they had suspected him of inciting the negroes to their unspeakable crimes. They were tired of killing the "accomplices of Clement," as

they put it, and wished to get at the root of the matter by killing him.

Clement, a Northern man from New York, had been living in the neighboring vicinity of C— for a year or more. He had always been held in the highest esteem by the citizens. He was a shrewd but honest man. This was the first charge ever brought against him. He was a peaceable citizen, but a hated Yankee. It is thought this was mainly the charge against him. But at any rate they carried their point and Jack was overruled, even if he were "commander" of the Klan. So the time was agreed upon for meeting and arraying themselves in their ghostly and hideous costumes, which have set many a poor, innocent, as well as guilty, negro wild with death-like horror.

Jack, in the meantime, knowing he had three days in which, if possible, he could save 'Squire Clement's life, put his wits to working at once. He never laid his weary body to rest the whole night of the meeting. He was thinking and plotting. All the next day he seemed to be troubled. His forehead showed those deep wrinkles, which, in this case at least, betokened an active brain behind them. But you may be wondering whether Jack had another reason for averting this crime. Yes, he had another. He was loving Kate, the only daughter of 'Squire Clement. It is needless to say that in spite of the many suitors Jack was holding his own. He had learned to put the most implicit confidence in her. She knew his every trouble and act save one. She did not know he was a Ku Klux.

On this day of unrest Jack was reasoning with himself. He felt that he must save the 'Squire's life. So he thought whether or not it would be wrong for him to divulge a secret, which he was pledged and honor-bound not to breathe to a living soul. He reasoned that it would be wrong to divulge the secrets and he reasoned that it would be a greater wrong to permit the murder of an innocent man. So choosing the lesser of two evils he decided to go to see Kate that night and tell her all.

By eight o'clock that night Jack was in the parlor with Kate. Never before did she seem so beautiful to him. Yet he did not seem to be at himself. He had nothing to talk about apparently. But after a number of questions about his peculiar mood, he told her what he had to tell. She received it with great surprise and consternation. She realized the position her father was in and the position her lover was in.

"Now, Kate," said Jack, "You understand the case fully. Something must be done. We must save your father, but it must be done in such a way that our men will never suspect either you or me. For, if it should be found out that I have told you this, my life would not be worth the snap of my finger."

"Yes, Jack, I realize that perfectly," said Kate, "but never from these lips will you be betrayed. You cannot imagine, Jack, what a noble quality in you I consider it, that you have told me this. It makes me love you all the more, if that were possible. I am at your command. Bid me what to do or say, and I am your humble servant."

"The only way I see out of it, Kate, is to have your father leave Saturday morning on a business trip to New York. You must tell him what I have told you, but of course bind him with an oath not to breathe it to any man."

"Yes, Jack, we can do that. But how about the house? Will they not burn it or plunder it or do some act of violence?"

"Yes, I had thought of that, too, but I think I can manage it. Tell your father to leave Saturday morning. Be greatly surprised when they come. If anything further develops I will tell you." So saying he started for the door, but a low sob in the direction of the sofa stopped him. He turned and saw that Kate was crying.

"What is the matter, Kate?" said Jack in very tender words. "I realize that this is a very grave affair, and I fear for your father's welfare, but I trust and most ardently hope that all will turn out for good."

"Yes," sobbed Kate, "but father is not the only one in danger. You are risking your life to save his, for only the other day, when he heard of the last outrages of the Ku Klux, did he speak vehement words upon those persons. He said they were outlaws, and that each one should be captured and brought to death. He swore that he would give to the official authorities any information he could get of such desperadoes. He is fearless and stubborn. If I tell him your message he may act upon your advice or he may turn your bitter enemy and report you. We cannot tell which way the wind will blow. If he should report you, you would then be at the mercy of the court, and your men would always cherish the feeling of revenge in their hearts."

Jack listened thoughtfully, for he knew she was speaking wisely.

"But I see no other way, Kate. As to my danger, let that not trouble you. Surely your father will look at it in a favorable way."

"Most deeply do I hope so," said Kate, "and the most earnest pleadings shall not be lacking."

"Thank you, Kate. I trust I shall not prove to be unworthy of your interest in me. At all hazards tell your father. It is the best plan I now can conceive. It is getting late now, and I must go. If anything further develops I will let you know."

With a fond good-bye and hope of success he walked meditatively to his home. Kate remained in the parlor a few minutes, as if in a dream. At last she fully made up her mind to see her father in the morning and tell him all.

On Saturday morning 'Squire Clement left, but not for New York. He went to a neighboring town, procured a posse of twenty-five men, and started for his home. His absence had not been noticed.

On the fatal night exactly at 1:30 every man answered to the roll call. Preparations were at once begun for the raid. But before doing so, Jack tried his very best to bind the men

by oath that they would not burn the house or plunder it. But they were so wrought up over the excitement that they would not listen to him. Jack's feathers fell. He sank down with a heavy heart. He knew the 'Squire would not be there and he knew if the men did not find him there, they would burn the house. He was in a dilemma. His last hope had vanished. But within his own pure heart he resolved firmly that the house would have to be burnt over his dead body.

By two o'clock the mob was on its way. The men were disguised in their robes, and white masks surmounted by cardboard hats. Not a word was spoken during the whole march. Commander Williams was leading them with a throbbing heart and anxious brain. Nearer and nearer they came to the house. At last they halted in front of the door. The commander, saying in a low, subdued tone, "Stand, brothers," leaped on the porch and knocked heavily on the door, demanding the presence of the 'Squire. Instantly a spirit of terror and confusion came over his followers. A few feet distant, muffled voices were heard. A shrill voice cried out, "Surrender, every man of you." They broke and fled. Two were shot dead, others wounded, while Jack was captured.

In spite of the protestations of the 'Squire and Kate, Jack was immediately taken to prison. The penalty awaiting one captured in a Ku Klux Klan was death. His followers, however, found out their leader was in prison and set about to liberate him, for they were under oath to help a brother comrade in every way possible. Accordingly a band of ten masked men on the second night after the raid approached the jail and called the sheriff to the door. He was seized, gagged and bound. The keys were taken from his pocket, and in the stillness of the night, when all the people were in deep slumber, Jack Williams left the jail a free man. This was the last act of the Ku Klux Klan.

Jack immediately went to his home and told his mother good-bye, leaving a note for Kate. He said he was going to New York to live with his uncle.

A few weeks later, 'Squire Clement, for some unknown reason, sold his estate and went back to his northern home in New York. A few months later we were not surprised to read in the papers the announcement of the marriage of Kate and Jack.

JAPANESE IDEALISM.

The following lines are taken from the poetry of Takamori Saige, soldier, statesman, and reformer, of modern Japan. These lines were written as a motto to be used in the Japanese schools. The translation into English was made by Mr. Z. Hinohara, a Japanese student in Trinity College:

*With the spirit of iron or stone,
"Yes, I will," shall be carried out.
Poverty? Why, she is the mother of great
men.
Difficulties? Every merit is nursed by them.
Purity of the plum blossom is seen after the
snow storm;
Glory of the crimson maple in the frosty
season.
If man see the will of heaven,
How can he be anxious of an easy life?*

PAGE'S REBUILDING OF OLD COMMONWEALTHS.

BY W. S. LOCKHART.

While reading Mr. Walter Page's little book, "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," I have had a feeling that I was treading on solid ground. Mr. Page writes with a firm hand and a clear understanding. He sometimes calls things by harsh names, names which sound unpleasant, but which are nevertheless at least half true. He holds the mirror for us Southerners and makes us look whether we wish to or not. Our appearance is not very flattering, but he comforts us with the assurance that we are improving.

It may be well to say just here that Mr. Page was born in Wake county, North Carolina, and was educated atingham School, Trinity College, N. C., Randolph-Macon College, Va., and John's Hopkins University. He has spent his life working on newspapers and magazines. He has been editor of the Atlantic Monthly and is now editor of The World's Work, and is a member of the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York. In a sketch of his life in The Charlotte Observer he says: "My profession has brought me a very happy career, and one of the chief happinesses is the acquaintance that I have made among authors and men who do things. . . . My family life has given me the greatest joy of all; and that's my real life. The rest is an incident.

"I live in the country (not in a suburb town—but in the country) ten miles from New York, where all green and good things grow; where I have horses and a cow and fruit and a garden and a lawn and woodland; and where by the open fires a man may read the great books of the world over and over again and write in quiet and have one's friends come (many North Carolina friends come often—I wish they came oftener.) There I write and walk and enjoy my family.

"Thus the years pass, and I suppose I shall edit magazines till I die—years hence; for, as I look at it, my work is now only beginning."

Mr. Page's book contains two addresses and an article from *The Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1902. One of the addresses, "The Forgotten Man," was delivered in June, 1887, at the State Normal and Industrial School for Women, at Greensboro, North Carolina. The other was delivered in December, 1901, at the State Normal School, at Athens, Georgia, on the subject, "The School That Built a Town." "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths" is the title of the article from the *Atlantic Monthly*.

In "The Forgotten Man," Mr. Page discusses the development of men and lays down as a foundation the principle that in the structure of civilization the common people are most to be considered, that no man must be neglected and forgotten. In dealing with the aristocratic ideas that once prevailed in North Carolina in regard to education, he says, "When I was a pupil at the most famous school in the State, a lad whose father had not had a military or political career, was at a certain disadvantage. I recall a scene more ludicrous than any in Dickens when a thirteen-year-old companion of mine came to my room one day, shut the door and fell on the bed and wept—because his father was not a Colonel. I tried to comfort him by telling him that my father was not a Colonel either. So far from consoling him this information only gave him the less respect for me. Learning might be acquired, but there could be no true education in an atmosphere where such an incident could happen." When education was dominated by such aristocratic ideas the chief influences were the stump and pulpit. From the stump two principles were proclaimed: that men must have liberty and that taxes were too high. Education was for the favored few. The pulpit established the ecclesiastical system. This was broader than the aristocratic, but it was not universal. It cared only for members of particular churches. The forgotten man was passed by both systems.

In summing up the results of these two systems Mr. Page says that among the favored classes no distinguished schol-

ars were produced, no great libraries were founded, and the habit of much reading was not formed. As to the masses he says: "The forgotten man was content to be forgotten. He became not only a dead weight, but a definite opponent of social progress. He faithfully heard the politicians on the stump praise him for virtues which he did not have. The politicians told him that he lived in the best State in the Union, told him that the other politicians had some hare-brained plan to increase his taxes, told him as a consolation for his ignorance how many of his kinsmen had been killed in the war, told him to distrust anybody who wished to change anything. What was good enough for his father was good enough for him. Then the forgotten man became a dupe, became thankful for being neglected. And the preacher told him that the ills and misfortunes of this life were blessings in disguise, that God meant his poverty as a means of grace, and that if he accepted the right creed all would be well with him. These influences encouraged inertia. There could not have been a better means to prevent the development of a people."

Then a cheerless picture is drawn of the forgotten woman. She is thin and wrinkled in youth, poorly clothed, untidy, lives in ill-kept houses, is the slave of slovenly men and the mother of joyless children—and withal is content with her lot, for her religion teaches her that her burdens prepare her for a life to come. This, I understand the writer to say, applies almost universally to those women not fortunately born and not included among the religious well-to-do. But I think this picture is a shade too dark. It applies rather to that shiftless element of our population, which does not own land. I have spent the greater part of my life in the country in one of the poorest counties of North Carolina, and I have taught school in the country in three counties. I find that the majority of the women of the country districts, though mostly uneducated, are intelligent, dress well, have tidy homes and are ambitious for the welfare of their chil-

dren. Unfortunately, however, this picture is true of a part—I think not a large part—of our population. Mr. Page sees a remedy for this state of affairs in the public schools. He says the battle will be practicably won when the whole State shall stand on this platform:

“A public school system generously supported by public sentiment, and generously maintained by both State and local taxation, is the only effective means to develop the forgotten man, and even more surely the only means to develop the forgotten woman.”

He says, “Too poor to maintain schools? The man who says it is the perpetuator of poverty. It is the doctrine that has kept us poor. It smells of the alms-house and the hovel. It has driven more men and more wealth from our State and kept more away than any other political doctrine ever cost us—more even than the doctrine of Secession. Such a man is the victim of an ancient and harmful falsehood.”

In “The School That Built a Town” the author makes a plea for the “free public training of both the hands and the brain of every child born of woman.” He describes a town under the old system of education, with its little miserable private and poor public schools, its factions and its stagnation, and then shows how one central training school of the modern type revolutionized everything. He makes an interesting story and puts the reader in a proper frame of mind to receive some most excellent reasons for the education of the masses. In this town, which he calls Northwood, the people all become intensely interested in their school. The little private schools kept up by different factions and sects, all disappear. Everybody goes to the high school and graduates. The people of the town feel that they have something in common and all class feeling is broken down. The school turns out men who make skilful carpenters, bricklayers, merchants, lawyers, manufacturers, farmers. All have trained hands and minds and Northwood becomes a living, thriving city in which the school is looked upon as a

place where every man is on the same footing, just as the people look on the court house.

Such training as the people obtain in Northwood, he says, is what has given to American industry its great reputation among the countries of the world. The products of our skill invade not only every new land, but every old country as well. There is no land nor country where the sound of the American hammer is not heard, where the influence of our democratic training is not felt. The substance of the address is summed up in the following creed :

"I believe in the free public training of both the hands and brain of every child born of woman.

"I believe in the right training of men we add to the wealth of the world. All wealth is the creation of man, and he creates it only in proportion to the trained uses of the community; and, the more men we train, the more wealth everyone may create.

"I believe in the perpetual regeneration of society, in the immortality of democracy, and in growth everlasting."

"The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths" is a friendly criticism of the South and contains many wholesome truths cleverly told. It points out the causes of many of our failures and makes quite a dark picture, but it does not leave us without hope of something better in the time to come. Three influences, he says, have kept us behind the rest of the country—first slavery, which pickled Southern life; then the politician, and the preacher. The politician has told us our condition is ideal; and if there is any doubt about this the preacher has bid us be content and make sure of the world to come. So civilization in the South has been kept at a standstill while the rest of the country has been going forward. The negro has been the great hindrance to us since the Civil War, as slavery was before, for white men in the South not been willing to tax themselves to educate the black race. The two races have been at variance and each has held the other back. Mr. Page sees true emancipation only in training to economic independence.

Since the South seems not to have been growing and democracy means constant social growth, some men have been led to believe that the South is going back to an aristocracy. But Mr. Page is opposed to their view and even goes so far as to say that he believes, if there were no democracy anywhere in the world, Southern life would now evolve one, perhaps of a radical type. He thinks our people have the capacity to do great things and sees their salvation in the new educational revival that is going on at the present time.

Mr. Page is a clever writer and never makes a period till he has said something, and his book is well worth the time it will take, even a busy man, to read it. It sparkles with good sentences. Few men to-day are helping us more than Mr. Page. His criticisms do not always seem just, but he is showing the Southern people their deficiencies and the way to progress.



THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH PARTIES.

BY A. P. X.

There was a wide-spread feeling in the time of George II. that parties or factions were detrimental to the interests of the State. To this idea Burke replied in his pamphlet or cause of the Present Discontents, in which he maintains that parties are essential to the the development of parliamentary government. Speaking of the whigs of the age of Queen Anne, he says, "They believed that no men could act with effect, who did not act in concert; that no men could act in concert, who did not act with confidence; that no men could act with confidence, who were not bound together by common opinions, common affections, and common interests. . . . Party is a body of men united, for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed. . . . It is the business of the politician, who is the philosopher in action, to find out proper means towards those ends (the proper ends of government) and to employ them with effect." These words of Burke may well serve as a basis for what we may have to say of the rise and development of parties and their relation to parliamentary government.

Parties do not become well defined until about 1680—the time of the Exclusion Bill—although we may see the germ of parties in the contest between Pym and Hampden on the one hand and Clarendon and Falkland on the other at the time of the Long Parliament.

Gardiner says; "the Restoration was a *Restoration of Parliament* even more than a restoration of the King." According to the agreement between the representatives and Charles I, Parliament was still to have the power to make grants; and soon after the convention Parliament met in 1660, *all the acts of the Long Parliament*, up till August 1641 were allowed to stand, so there was a general recognition that Parliament was to have power. The question

was no longer one as to whether king or parliament should rule—it was settled that both should. The question for the next forty years or more was, *How was Parliament to get hold of the executive government*; how was the responsibility of ministers to the majority in the House of Commons to be recognized as a right? As Hallam says, “The reign of Charles II, through displaying some stretches of arbitrary power, and threatening a great deal more, was, in fact, the transitional state between the ancient and modern schemes of the English constitution; between that course of government where the executive, so far as executive, was very little bounded except by the laws, and that where it can only be carried on, even within its own province, by the consent and co-operation, in a great measure, of the parliament.”

Charles II. was an indifferent ruler; so long as he had money to do what he wanted to, he cared not for the machinery of government. Clarendon was his first *minister*, and to him Charles turned over all the details of government. Clarendon was a good parliamentarian—he had been in the Long parliament, and in the convention parliament; he more than any other man studied all the new order of things. He believed strongly in the Church of England and in the principles of a very much restricted, Parliamentary government. He was not at all in sympathy with the King’s religious nor foreign policy, nor was he in sympathy with the demand of the House of Commons that they should have the right to see how money was spent. “The Cavalier Parliament, royalist as it was, was beginning to ask that the king should not spend the proceeds of taxes without the approbation of Parliament.” On this question he was finally impeached (Oct. 10, 1667.)

From 1667-1673 the *Cabal* was in power, although the King was his own minister. The Privy Council was too large to conduct the administrative work; Clarendon had formed the few prominent officials with a *Junto*—a kind of executive committee of the Privy Council. Charles II. after

Clarendon's death, had as his advisers five leaders, Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley and Lauderdale, who were all practically agreed on the policy of *toleration*, but who on other topics were at variance. They did not meet together often; Charles advised with one about one subject and another about another. Notwithstanding their differences, they did much to "work" measures through Parliament. They recognized the fact that henceforth the King's executive power would largely depend on a working majority in the commons.

From 1673-1678 Danbury endeavored, by corrupt methods, to maintain a parliamentary majority; he succeeded except in his attempt to make Charles' popery measures and foreign policy popular. He tried to hold the King back. He, like Clarendon, believed in the power of the King, but he always had in mind a majority in Parliament, that would sustain him. His fall is an important landmark in constitutional history, for from henceforth it was recognized that "no minister can shelter himself behind the throne by pleading obedience to the orders of his sovereign. He is considered, in the modern theory of the constitution, answerable for the justice, the honesty, the utility of all measures, emanating from the crown, as well as for their loyalty; and thus the executive *administration is rendered subordinate, in all great matters* of policy to the superintendence and internal control of the two houses of parliament." The King's pardon of Danby was not considered valid by the House of Commons.

We have thus seen from the casual notices of Clarendon, the Cabal and Danby that the principle of ministerial responsibility was growing, and that in all these ways Parliament was getting hold of the executive power of the King, through the ministers.

The Convention or Cavalier Parliament was in session from 1661 to 1679. The long session gave a chance for the formation of parties. In the time of Elizabeth Parliament

met for such a short time that members scarcely had time to become acquainted with each other; the action of Parliament was largely planned by the ministers. But in this long Cavalier Parliament, there was an opportunity for alliances for and against the King and his ministers that gave an impetus to the formation of well defined parties.

Soon after Shaftesbury's dismissal in 1673, he became a bitter opponent of the King. During Danby's administration, two parties arose—one led by Shaftesbury with the platform "Toleration for Dissenters only;" the other led by Danby with "No Toleration." The dispute between King and Parliament (or ministers) is now superseded by the contest between *two leaders* who work for a majority in Parliament. Shaftesbury was a born politician—and he had two principles—the love of Parliamentary government, and of toleration (except for Roman Catholics).

In 1678 came the Popish plot, and in 1679 the Exclusion Bill was introduced in the Commons. The country was stirred as it had not been since the Civil War—and the two parties—who for the first time called Whigs and Tories (Petitioners and abhorrrers)—struggle for supremacy in the Houses. The Whigs desire to exclude James II, a professed Roman Catholic, from the throne; the Tories are loyal to the idea of succession. The Whigs are, however, divided—one party desiring with Halifax to name the Princess of Orange as the successor of Charles II. (or to fix limitations on the King) the other with Shaftesbury contending for the right of the illegitimate son of Charles II. the Duke of Mar-mouth. The fight was a bitter one between Shaftesbury and the King (who for once was fighting his own battle), but the Tories won, and there resulted a Tory reaction that swept the country with a new sense of loyalty.*

The Whigs had laid down the principle, however, that Parliament had the right to determine the succession, and

*Hallam p. 457.

upon this platform they won the victory at the Revolution (1688.)

It is not necessary to rehearse here the incidents of the reign of James II. who by his Act of Indulgence, and assertion of the dispensing power of the crown, and the expulsion of the fellows of Magdalen College, hastened Revolution. Nor is it necessary to rehearse the details of that Revolution—nor the principles of the Bill of Right and Declaration of Right. We may sum up the results in a word—"By the Revolution, and by the act of settlement, the rights of the actual monarchy, of the reigning family, were made to *emanate from the parliament and the people.*" *It broke the line of succession.*" While the Tories had changed their platform from that of 1680 and 1681, and showed the same readiness to accept the inevitable that they always have, the Revolution was the result of the Whig party.

Would not the Whig party, then, take charge of the government of William III, and the principle of government through parties be finally established? Not yet: the English people don't go so fast. In 1679 Sir William Temple had proposed that the King appoint fifteen leaders of the House of Commons and about the same number of his own councillors to form a Privy Council; Shaftesbury was the head of it, but it soon came to its end; it was too large, and then there could be no harmony. It was the first attempt to take to ministers from the House of Commons. William III. selected a *combination ministry* (Whigs and Tories), but the Whigs didn't like this, and became dissatisfied.* In 1690 the Tories had a majority in Parliament, and William undertook to rule with their aid. In 1694 he formed the famous Whig Junto, (Somers, Russell, Montague, and Wharton), and for the first time we have something almost like modern cabinet. Before this time Parliament had passed the Mutiny act, by which it secured oversight of the army; in 1690 greater re-

*Inquiries H. p. 547.

strictions were put on the royal grants; already it had been decided that the king's regular and domestic expenses should be determined by a fixed annual sum—(supplies were appropriated to each particular service.) In Hallam's words—"This has given the House of Commons so effectual a control over the executive power, or more truly speaking, has rendered it so much a participator in that power, that no administration can possibly subsist without its concurrence; nor can the session of parliament be intermitted for an entire year without leaving both the naval and military force of the kingdom unprovided for." . . . And so by all these acts we have secured the transference of the executive government from the crown to the two houses of parliament and especially the commons. All of these powers are now wielded by a Whig ministry in harmony with Parliament. But the King is still president of this ministry, and he always meets with them. (Note also the Whig ministry in time of Queen Anne 1708-1710) and the Tory ministry (1810-1814). During this first period of the existence of parties the questions between Whig and Tories are—1—the succession; 2, toleration for dissention and 3, the War of the Succession (or Allies).

In 1714 the Whigs came in power again and remained in power till time of George III. In 1712 the Tory ministers had wanted twelve peers, in order that the House of Lords might be of the same opinion as the lower house; and thus the principle was established that the House of Commons could not only determine the ministers, but the House of Lords. Walpole, however, did not care to use this power. Under the reign of George I and II. Parliament has the opportunity to develop its powers. Robert Walpole becomes the *first prime minister* speaking in behalf of the Cabinet and presiding at its meetings. The King cared nothing for government, and Walpole partly by reason of his splendid powers as leader and partly by reason of his corrupt methods dictated the policy of government.

The point at issue between the parties in the nineteenth century has been that of *Parliament Reform*. The French Revolution had had the effect of retarding all reform movements in England. About 1814, however, the old Whig party that had been in a lifeless minority for thirty years or more began to revive as the questions of Catholic Emancipation and Reform pressed for a solution. The names of parties are no longer Whigs and Tories, but Liberals and Conservatives.

What was needed to perfect ministerial government was reform in elections and the extension of suffrage. The power of the crown has steadily declined—bribery has diminished, and gradually nearly all English-speaking people are allowed to vote, and now a *ministry* that is in harmony with the majority in House of Commons, and has entire control of executive work is one of the finest examples of constitutional government in the world.



PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST.

Are fraternities an aid or a hindrance to the development of the ideal college man? What is the value of the fraternity to college life? The rapid growth and development of the fraternity system in American colleges and universities during the last decade have made the answer to these questions of undeniable importance.

Appreciating the fact that insufficient data is at hand to warrant a logical answer to these questions, the New York Alumni Association of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity has decided to give a prize of \$50.00 for the best essay on the value of American college fraternities.

The aim of the Association is first, to get the facts, and second, to stimulate research in a new field of sociological thought. The judges will be representative literary men, chosen from the fraternity and non-fraternity ranks.

The contest will be governed by the following rules:

1. The subject of the essay written for this contest shall be "The Effect of the Fraternity on American College Life."

2. No essay shall contain more than three thousand words by actual count.

3. Any student pursuing a course of study leading to one of the recognized degrees in an American college or university may enter this contest, whether he be a member of a fraternity or not.

4. Each contestant shall, on or before the first day of May, 1903, mail to the chairman of the committee three typewritten copies of the competitive essay, signed in a pseudonym. He shall also, at the same time, send to the chairman of the committee a sealed envelope containing his name and address with his pseudonym on the outside.

5. The winner of this prize must, if requested by the committee, give the sources of his information and the grounds of his belief in regard to all matters not stated upon his personal knowledge.

6. Three judges to be selected by the Association shall pass upon the essays submitted and award the prize.

7. All essays submitted in this contest shall be the property of the Association and may be used as the Association shall direct.

8. As soon as the judges have made their decision, the committee will notify the successful contestant and the result will be announced in the Alpha Tau Omega Palm and other fraternity publications in June.

For further information address:

H. W. PITKIN, *Chairman*,
521 West 123rd Street, New York City.





CHAS. K. ROBINSON, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 E. C. PERROW, - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

It is neither the purpose nor desire of Trinity to call attention to her own victories, but we feel sure that we may be pardoned a reference to the recent Senatorial election which resulted in the choice of another son of our beloved institution to represent North Carolina in the Senate of the United States. Some years ago it was the general opinion that Trinity College had little or no influence in the political world. It was a source of regret to the friends of the institution that it was represented by so few men in public life, while its enemies used this fact as one of their strongest arguments to persuade young men of political aspirations to enter some more favored institution. Now, however, it has been shown, in the last two years, by the election of Mr. F. M. Simmons and Mr. Lee S. Overman to the Senate, that the people of North Carolina are not slow to appreciate the ideals of manly courage and Christian character with which our College has sought to impress her sons.

The election of Mr. Overman, last month, is not only a triumph for Trinity, but for all North Carolina. It is not every State that can elect its Senators without recourse to wire-pulling and even bribery. Nor is it every State that can elect instead of the politician and the demagogue the *man* and the *statesman*.

P.

Summaries recently made in different journals of the past year's work in Southern education show that the interest in education is more than a passing wave of enthusiasm. And while the "unofficial statesmanship" of the General Board of Education and of the Southern Board of Education has led the movement—making plans, collecting and distributing money—the most encouraging sign of progress is that the masses of the people are casting off the indifference that has so long and heavily beset them. Led by their county superintendents, the people have set about consolidating the numerous school districts, lengthening the school terms, and building new school houses; it has been estimated that North Carolina has built, on the average, one new school house for every day in the past year.

The work of consolidating districts has given more trouble than any other phase of the movement. This has been, and is still, due to the sparseness of population. And it is a question whether consolidation will give satisfaction in districts where, on cold, windy days, the pupil trudging two miles to school breaks through the thin crust into six inches of good, thick mud below. But these difficulties are being overcome in various ways. The extension of the rural free delivery system and of telephone lines into the country, and the building of good roads, is making it more convenient and desirable for the people to move closer together and form small settlements than for one or two families to move into the towns, leaving their neighbors more widely scattered than ever.

It would surprise some people to know that in this State some of the counties that are often regarded as "farthest removed from civilization and refinement are not being left behind in this educational movement. One, at least, of the extreme western counties is taking the lead in the matter of compulsory education, and the present Legislature will be asked by the citizens of that county to give

them the aid of the law in securing attendance at the schools.

If those people with excitable temperaments can avoid for a while exclaiming to the world, "Was there ever anything like our magnificent school system?" and otherwise encouraging laziness, it seems that a really great movement will gather strength as it goes on.

Now that the mid-year examination has passed into college history with all its troubles and triumphs—chiefly the former—the student turns gladly to the recreation of the ball field; there is also work to be done before the excitement of meeting the enemy can be enjoyed. Manager King thinks that there is plenty of material for a good team, and Mr. Stocksdales has again been secured as coach.

Perhaps some men will be disappointed if they fail "to make the team"; but they will not make life as hard for the manager, captain and coach as the men who never played a game of ball in their lives, but know all about it. Now, it would be a miracle if the team should go through the season without meeting a single defeat, but the first time victory deserts the blue somebody will be ready to say that the team is composed of nine of the clumsiest and laziest men in the State, men who are chiefly remarkable for losing their "heads" at the critical point of the game. We can't all play ball; but the best players among us will go to the bat and we can give them our support. It may be that we are not all good rooters; on account of disposition or of the construction of the vocal organs, perhaps every one can't yell and throw up his hat as he may be expected to do; but we can all refrain from foolish criticism and wild suggestions and help in some way to create an animating and aggressive spirit that will always support the men who do the work when their need of encouragement is greatest.

On the other hand, the men who play should be willing to try to win and keep the respect and confidence of the college. If a man keeps himself saturated with cigarette smoke he needn't expect any sympathy if his legs get weak and the ball makes first base before he does; and if the team is put on the athlete's fare it should stick to it, even if it is raw beef and grape nuts. In this connection Franklin's advice might be appropriately modified thus: Eat and drink *and smoke* such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of thy body, in reference to the services of *the team*.





Literary Notes

MISS EDNA CLYDE KILGO, - - - - - MANAGER.

The "Just So Stories" are Rudyard Kipling's latest contribution to literature, and promise to rival his "Jungle Book." The stories are full of conceits and laughable incidents, well fitted to keep the nursery in a roar and then be passed to the study, where they will be equally enjoyed. Most of the stories have previously appeared in magazine form, but this fact makes the collection none the less enjoyable. There are twelve stories in this volume, which treat with such interesting topics as how the whale got his throat, how the camel got his hump, the rhinoceros his skin, the leopard his spots, and so on. This is the first volume Mr. Kipling has illustrated; the pictures have the sure touch of an artist, are amusing and add much to the enjoyment of the book.

"Ranson's Folly," by Richard Harding Davis, is a collection of stories in book form. The initial story, which gives the volume its name, deals with an episode in the life of a young army officer stationed on one of the Indian Reserves in the West. Ranson is not, as his companions are, a West Pointer, and also is not inured to the deadly dullness of army life. In a fit of desperation he recklessly makes a bet that he will "hold up" a local stage coach, alone and unarmed, just to demonstrate how easily it can be done. The bet is taken and Ranson proceeds to make his word good. Unluckily for him another "hold up," a genuine affair is put into effect and is fraught with serious consequences. Thus by a strange combination of circum-

stances, Ranson is brought to justice, charged with robbery and murder; and since the desperado had adopted the same disguise as Ranson, the latter had much difficulty in clearing himself of the charge.

“The Pit,” by the late Frank Norris, is one of the most talked about novels of to-day. It is the story of a woman’s love and its entanglement with colossal speculation in Chicago. It is said to be one of the most dramatic and vital pictures of active American life ever published. To a host of us the news of the death of Mr. Norris brings a pang of deepest regret. The force of the man and his genius were steadily growing and had he lived, to “The Octopus,” “McTeague,” “A Man’s Woman,” “Blix,” and “Moran of The Lady Letty,” might have been added other valuable works.

Much is being said by the literary critics of to-day against “the short story” habit, which is so prevalent among the novelists. It is argued that in the face of such wholesale production of stories that are at least readable, if nothing more, it is difficult for a writer to produce anything capable of lasting impression. After reading a number of volumes of stories published recently, I have come to the conclusion that they are more readable than most novels. The value of a story, it seems to me, is not in its length so much as in its power to portray and interpret human life. More than one of Kipling’s or Henry Van Dyke’s tales are a condensed novel. Could “Spy Rock” or “The Last Word” be bettered by padding or dragging them out over several hundred pages? Perhaps they could, but I doubt it.

Have you ever stopped to think what good results from your newspaper reading? If you will go into a library, especially a college library, you will find a constant rush for the daily papers, and in most instances the readers do

not take the time or the trouble to sit down while reading. Not that we should not read newspapers, but we should not read them in a certain way and to the exclusion of other things. We get into the habit of glancing hastily through many pages of many papers and magazines, getting a clear idea of nothing; rather making a scrap-basket of our minds. It is every one's duty to keep in touch with the progress of the world and of his own community. One good paper a day, and usually one a week, will do for a college student; and a truer account, more forcibly stated, may be obtained from such a weekly as the "Outlook" or "Harper's Weekly." Again, these "newspaper diseased people" are constantly crying, "I have no time to read books." This is true if they define "time" to mean "inclination," after their minds have been crammed full of futile details, frequently contradicted next day. Emerson says "Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst." The last clause is equally true of newspapers and magazines.

The Macmillan Company is about to publish Vol. I of "A History of the United States Since the Civil War," by William Garrott Brown, sometime lecturer in Harvard University. The author's idea is to make a narrative of the events in the country's development since 1865, dealing fully with such subjects as the reconstruction of the South, the development of the Western States, industry, commerce, politics and international progress. To those of us who have so recently had the privilege and pleasure of hearing Mr. Brown in two such brilliant lectures as "The Foe to Compromise," and "Andrew Jackson and the New Democracy," this book will be heartily welcomed.

No novels of marked interest have been published in the last month and the same is likely to be true until the spring season is reached. Among the fiction to be pub-

lished in the spring will be a new novel by James Lane Allen, which is said to be the most important story that author has written; the fourth novel by Winston Churchill; a new one by Charles Major; also one by Mrs. Nancy H. Banks, the scenes of which are another corner of Kentucky. "The Reaction in France (1873)," by George Brandes, author of "William Shakespeare," is just out. This is the third volume in the series published by The MacMillan Company as Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature.





Editors Table

E. W. CRANFORD,

MANAGER.

The Wofford College Journal for January contains some very good reading matter. The articles are all short, which, to begin with, is a commendable feature. "The Old Man's Story" is very well written, but its plot is only another member of a class that has long ago been worn out by use. "An Education Under Difficulties," also has a plot that savors of the ancient, although it is too unnatural to be much used. It would be rather a strange performance for a young girl of modern times to offer to look after her lover's home affairs and take care of his mother in order that he might continue his course at college. The short article entitled "A Revelation" is stale and pointless and its mission in the realm of literature is yet a problem for conjecture. There is no doubt that it is a revelation, yet as to what it reveals is a question.

The Journal, however, contains some good, solid matter and we would make only one suggestion to it, namely, that it publish better fiction and more of it.

The Tennessee University Magazine contains a number of short stories none of which are of particular merit. Their chief merit is their brevity. The best one perhaps, is the one entitled, "A Difference of Color." The various departments of this magazine seem to be well edited, but we would suggest that it improve the quality of its literature.

The Emory Phœnix, while not showing up so well in fiction in the last issue as in the one previous, contains a

literary department that is indeed deserving. Its articles are generally good whether they be written for fact or fiction. The best story in the last issue is the one entitled, "Strange Love-making." The solid matter is of a high order. "Genius vs. Hard Work" deserves especial mention.

The last issue of the *Buff and Blue*, contains some good matter. This is one of our strongest magazines and we are pleased to note that it is improving its literary department. Some of its fiction, however, is still poor it is to be hoped that it will continue its improvement.

We do not wish to remark too often upon the same magazine, but we cannot refrain from again making mention of one which comes to us so well worked-up as the last issue of the *Emory and Henry Era*. While this magazine has from the very start, maintained a high standard and shown to the public a high order of work, yet it seems to be improving with each successive issue. The story in the January number, entitled, "A Six-foot Cupid," is in our opinion, taken all in all, the best article of the kind that has yet come to our table in any magazine. There is something about it that is particularly fascinating. All the other stories are also good. The departments are all well edited and we heartily agree with the Exchange Editor both in his first and in his last comment. We congratulate the *Era* in its praiseworthy work.



At Home and Abroad

W. G. PURYEAR, - - - - -

MANAGER.

Dr. William Garrott Brown, lecturer on History at Harvard University, addressed a large audience in the Craven Memorial Hall Monday evening, December 2, on Andrew Jackson and the New Democracy. Dr. Brown also lectured before a select audience at Mrs. B. N. Duke's residence the 30th of January. On both occasions Dr. Brown charmed his audiences not only with the mastery with which he handled his subjects, but also with his brilliant command of the English language. X

As a result of the recent Senatorial election in favor of Mr L. S. Overman both of North Carolina's Senators are now Trinity men. Senator F. M. Simmons is a graduate of the class of 1873, while Senator-elect Overman graduated the following year. This is a distinction any college might well be proud of, and certainly Trinity is. X

The call for baseball candidates was made several days ago and every man who knows anything about playing at all ought to respond. Trinity has always had a good team and there is no reason why she should not put out one this year; but unless all help this will be impossible. The coach will be here before long, and all the players ought to have the winter's rust rubbed off so that they can get down to hard work immediately.

Then those that cannot play ought to go out and encourage the ones that are trying for the team. Nothing makes a candidate work as much as the knowledge that the students take an interest in his work. Besides this,

the "rooters" ought to organize and practice some yells. "Rooting" has helped win many a game.

And finally, when the management asks for financial aid, all ought to "cough up" liberally. Remember that a team cannot be run for nothing. It has to be fitted out, the grounds have to be kept in condition, and coaching expenses have to be met.

Mid-year examinations started January 19. The most noticeable feature on the park from then until the first of February, when they closed, was the quietness which prevailed everywhere, and the strict attention each man paid to his own business. A sigh of relief echoed from Senior to Freshman when they closed.

Dr. Mims, Professor of English Literature, recently went to Nashville, Tenn., to attend the joint Hymn Book Committee from the Northern and Southern Methodist churches. This committee is to select hymns which are to go into a single book to be used by both churches. The committee will hold another session in Boston, Mass., next July.

Dr. Kilgo delivered a lecture several weeks ago in the college chapel on the "Educational Problem." The lecture was well attended, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Rev. J. A. P. Fry of the Presbyterian church at Concord, N. C., conducted the chapel services the 8th of last month.

Mr. James A. Long, who was taken sick with fever last fall and had to go home, spent several days on the park with friends. Mr. Long was the first assistant manager of the baseball team. Owing to his inability to return to college this year, Mr. L. H. Gibbons has been appointed to fill his place until another election can be made by the Athletic Association.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs are practicing hard now and expect to make their debut in a very short time. Both are doing work of a very high order and should secure the hearty backing of the entire student body.

If anything is going to be done with the track team this year it is time some move is being made towards doing it. There is plenty of good material in college to put out a winning team. If the men show up well there is no reason why a team should not be sent to the S. I. A. A. meet this spring. And even if this proved impractical there are a number of colleges in the State between whom a meet could be arranged. All that is lacking is a proper interest on the part of the student body.



H. MAHLER'S SONS

RALEIGH, N. C.

Manufacturing Jewelers

SILVERSMITHS AND ENGRAVERS

BADGES, MEDALS AND EMBLEMS

MADE TO ORDER.

THE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING OF WEDDING,
RECEPTION AND CALLING CARDS.

GOODALL'S PHARMACY

Cor. Main & Mangum Sts.

STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO CALL

Phone No. 8.

COLE & HOLLADAY,

HIGH-CLASS

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Smithdeals

Is the oldest and only business college in Va. owning its building—a grand new one. No vacations. Ladies & gentlemen. Bookkeeping, Shorthand Typewriting, Penmanship, Telegraphy, &c.

Leading business college south of the Potomac river.—*Phila. Stenographer*. Address, G. M. Smithdeal, President, Richmond, Va.

T. B. EDWARDS & CO.,

THE EXCLUSIVE

PICTURE FRAMERS AND UPHOLSTERERS

Finest Line of Mouldings and Frames in the City.

224 West Main Street. Opposite Lewith

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1903.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.


All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to C. K. ROBINSON, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues).

ADVERTISING.

 *Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.*

Direct all communications to

T. W. SMITH, Business Manager,
Trinity College, Durham, N. C.



C. F. LAMBETH,

MANAGER.

THE TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY.

PROF. J. S. BASSETT.

The writer entered Trinity College as a student late in August, 1886. At that time the library of the institution consisted of two collections which were owned by the literary societies. In each collection there were about 2,000 volumes which had been collected in various ways. The source which had yielded best returns up to that time had been the "book medal." This was a medal offered by each society to the member which would give to the library the largest number of books during the year. In the fall of 1886 it had just been abolished but its results were obvious. At that time the average Trinity student had a vigorous hunger for

medals. In order to win a "book medal" he would ransack his father's garrets, draw on his friends' libraries, and in one way or another gather up every book within his reach. There was no regulation as to the contents of the books presented, and all kinds of volumes were offered. Government reports, and books on religious doctrines, liberally intermixed with Eusebius, Josephus, Mosheim, and D'Aubigne were the main features of the donations. Of course, there were some good books which accidentally slipped in, but they were not numerous. The "book medal" was a disappointment to those who introduced it, and shortly before 1886 it was abolished.

This system resulted in two collections of poorly selected books, which were kept in two rooms originally intended for bed-rooms in the old college building. They were opened to the student public once or twice a week in the afternoon by librarians elected by the societies. In 1886 the societies had begun to buy books. Each spent in this manner from fifty to seventy-five dollars a year. When an enterprising agent sold an expensive work, as an encyclopedia, to one society, he was sure to sell it to the other also, since neither was willing for the other to get ahead of it. The members of one society did not use the books belonging to the other society.

In 1887 Dr. Crowell became president of the college. He induced the two societies to place their collections together in one large room over which the college took the oversight. His next step was to collect a regular library fee of two dollars a year from each student the proceeds of which were to be used in buying books. Formerly the books bought were selected for the entertainment of the readers. Now they began to be selected for class reference work. The next few years saw a continuation of this policy. The library grew slowly. Various friends gave it books but to those who loved it its growth seemed to be very slow. Then the trustees of the college by recommenda-

tion of the faculty, doubled the annual library fee and collected it from faculty and students alike. At the same time a card catalogue was introduced, the books were counted, and an accession-book was provided. Mr. J. P. Breedlove was elected librarian, an office which he has successfully filled since September, 1898.

THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

When the college was moved to Durham a large classroom in the Washington Duke Building was assigned to it. Shelves were placed around the wall and they accommodated the books then on hand. But almost immediately it was necessary to build alcove cases in the middle of the room. These were quickly filled and by 1898 the room was more than full. Rooms were secured upstairs in the same building, and to them were sent the books which were least frequently demanded. It had then come to the pass that whenever new books were received old books had to be taken out of the library to make room for them.

This condition of affairs was brought to the attention of Mr. James Buchanan Duke, of New York, in the spring of 1900. He said at once that he would give a new building, and formal announcement of the gift was made at the following commencement. Ten thousand dollars was the amount which he proposed to pay for the building, but when he looked into the matter he concluded that this sum would not pay for such a building as the library ought to have. He authorized the erection of the existing handsome structure, which has cost, with furniture, nearly six times as much as the sum first mentioned. In addition to that, Mr. Duke has given the library ten thousand dollars to be spent in the immediate purchase of books.

The building which has thus been erected is a handsome romanesque structure, surmounted by a graceful copper-covered dome. It is built of the best quality of red pressed brick, with corners supported by wide bands of

dressed granite. Above these stone corners is a granite cornice carved in a chaste Egyptian design. The roof is covered with beautiful red corrugated tiles. The entrance is reached by a series of granite steps, which are broken by a small granite plaza. Three graceful arches admit one to the marble-tiled vestibule, and each of them is flanked by tall Corinthian columns of granite set in half relief against the smooth red brick. The ceiling of the vestibule is made of beautiful bronzed metal in rich floral designs, in the center of which a clouded white glass cylinder covers a powerful electric light.

Back of the vestibule are three double doors of beveled plate-glass which lead into the reading-room. This room presents a very striking appearance. A large space in the middle extends up to the dome, the highest point of which is sixty-four feet above the floor. Numerous windows in the dome pour in an abundance of light. The first floor is the general reading-room. Solid oak tables and chairs are arranged for the readers. Periodical racks, newspaper racks, and reference shelves are here. Upstairs is a spacious balcony on which small tables are placed for the use of students who desire more isolation than the down-stairs room offers. This whole interior space is finished in oak. On the walls is a fine wainscoting surmounted by a zone of panelling, and higher up is a broad oaken cornice. Great beams to match this cornice are thrown across the ceiling. The walls are tinted a light brown. The size of this room is fifty-five by seventy-five feet. In the rear, in the corners, are two rooms, one the librarian's office, the other the office of the library manager. In the front, on each side of the vestibule, are two cloak-rooms, and underneath these are toilet-rooms. The whole building is lighted by electricity. The reading-room floor is covered with thick cork carpet and the chair legs have rubber tips. The result is absolute deadening of floor noises.

On the north of the reading room is the stack room. This is separated from the rest of the building by a solid

wall. It is arched by a fire proof ceiling made of iron, asbestos, and cement. The only door to it and all of the windows are fitted with roller steel shutters. The room is, therefore, fire proof. The stacks are American Library Bureau steel stacks. They are four stories high and eight feet apart. This gives wide and well lighted alcoves, and if it shall ever be deemed wise to do so, another stack can be placed in each alcove. The capacity of the stack room as planned at present is 98,000 volumes. Its dimensions are twenty-five by fifty-five feet with a pitch of thirty feet.

On the south side of the reading room is the historical museum, the dimensions of which are twenty-five by forty-one feet. On one side is a long wall reserved for pictures. A black iron rod projects thirty inches from this wall as a protection to the pictures. In the middle of the room are glass cases for the exhibition of historical relics. The museum room is under the control of the Trinity College Historical Society. At the rear of this room, and opening into it, is a vault. This is built after the best plans of improved record vaults. It is absolutely fire proof. It is designed to hold very rare books and all kinds of documents, letters, and other manuscripts. Its dimensions are twenty-three by twelve feet and it will hold a million manuscripts.

In the second story of the building are seven reference-library rooms. These are for the accommodation of special libraries. In each room are shelves, a table, and chairs. Graduate and other small classes meet here. Books relating to graduate subjects are placed here while they are needed. These seven rooms are assigned to the following departments: English, Modern Languages, Classics, Mathematics, Biblical Literature, History and Political Economy, and Philosophy.

The library is organized according to the most modern library methods. The decimal system of classification with the Cutter author tables for sub-classification are used.

A card catalogue case with ninety-six single drawers is provided. The cards are the regulation 33, or postal card size. The old cards, which were of the 32 size, will be rewritten as rapidly as possible in the new size. The books are handled on a noiseless improved library truck. The delivery desk is built in front of the one door which leads into the stackroom. The building is heated by hot water supplied from the central heating plant.

The library building was planned by Hadyn, Wheeler & Co., architects, of Charlotte, N. C. But these gentlemen followed an arrangement of rooms which had been carefully and wisely worked out by President Kilgo. So well has it been planned that persons well experienced in library use and arrangement have universally declared that nothing has been omitted.

THE BOOKS.

On February 1, 1899, the books in the library were counted. They were found to be, in round numbers, 11,000 volumes. Beginning at that date an accession-book was kept and at the present writing the total number is 19,517. About a thousand volumes in addition to these are ordered but have not arrived.

It is the purpose of the authorities to build up a complete and useful reference library. Books which are merely popular are not bought. Books are carefully selected in regard to durable bindings and in regard to the most modern knowledge. During the present year more than eighteen hundred volumes have been ordered from abroad.

There is no department in the college curriculum which is not represented in the library by a supply of books adequate for class reference. In some departments there are extremely valuable collections. Thus the department of early English literature contains practically all the most valuable books obtainable on that subject. The Shakspeare library is a most excellent one. It has recently

received from Miss Annie Roney, of Durham, N. C., a generous gift of one thousand dollars. When this amount shall have been spent there will be at Trinity, with the exception of fancy editions, one of the best Shakspeare collections in America. A very good collection of American and English history is also in the library.

The most considerable special collection in the library is the Avera Bible Collection. It was established by Mrs. E. B. MacCullers, in memory of Mr. W. H. Avera, of Johnston county, N. C. It now contains 581 volumes. It is permanently endowed and will steadily increase in the future. There is in connection with the college no more useful form of investment of small sums than the endowment of these special libraries.

A good reference library of 200,000 volumes is the thing most needed just now to stimulate the production of literature in the South. Men who do not read books do not write books. Men who do not live with books do not feel a desire to write them. The Southern College which shall establish such a library will do a great service to the country and win the lasting gratitude of coming generations.

PROGRAMME OF THE FORMAL OPENING.

The exercises of the formal opening of the Library took place on the evening of the twenty-third of February, 1903, in the Craven Memorial Hall. After the addresses were delivered the Library building was thrown open and an informal reception was held. The following was the order of exercises :

Invocation—Bishop Wallace W. Duncan, Spartanburg, S. C.

History of the Library—Hon. James H. Southgate, President of the Board of Trustees.

Address of Presentation—Judge Armistead Burwell,
Charlotte, N. C.

Address of Acceptance—President John C. Kilgo.

Dedicatory Address—Mr. Walter H. Page, of New York
City.

DEDICATORY PRAYER.

BISHOP WALLACE W. DUNCAN, OF SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Amid the multitudes of Thy tender mercies, O, Lord God, and the riches of Thy grace, we thank Thee for this hour and this occasion which, with grateful hearts, we accept as one of Thy choicest blessings. We thank Thee for this institution of learning, we bless Thee for all its appointments, we thank God for the generous friends raised up for its maintenance, we bless Thee for the love in the hearts of Thy people who cherish this seat of learning; and now as we assemble to dedicate this building to the service not only of better and higher culture; to the study of men and the study of books, we bless Thee for all that Thou hast been mindful of in the needs of this institution, and ask that the dedicatory services of this evening may be unto the glory of truth as it is in the Son of God. Bless the men into whose hands Thou hast committed this rich legacy. May they administer it wisely, and may the gift of Thy servant, making possible this Library, stimulate others to follow his example, till there shall be no need of this institution, which shall not be fully met.

Hear us, and guide us in our thoughts, inspire all of our tempers and dispositions, order our steps even as the steps of the good man are ordered of the Lord, and into the kingdom of Thy truth, where we shall learn forever those things which shall make us diviner and more God-like, administer an abundant entrance, we humbly ask for Christ's sake. Amen.

HISTORY OF LIBRARY BUILDING.

HON. JAMES H. SOUTHGATE, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Among the aims and purposes of Trinity College is one which finds unanimous approval and commendation. That is its purpose to do a high order of work. To this end, for the past seven years, special efforts have been made to increase the faculty, enlarge the scientific equipment and develop a library, all in harmony with this worthy ideal.

The teachers and officers of the college now number twenty-five, and through the benefactions of Mr. B. N. Duke, Trinity in recent years has invested \$15,000 in the most modern scientific apparatus.

In June, 1900, during commencement, Mr. B. N. Duke for and in behalf of his brother, Mr. J. B. Duke, of New York, presented to the college through President Kilgo, ten thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a library building.

Those who know the spirit of the donor will not be surprised that he became more and more interested in the worth of the enterprise which was to be so closely related to the education of Southern youth and that he should have decided to build a library in keeping with the dignity and influence of the college upon which his father and brother had already bestowed large gifts and labors. The building, therefore, which we come to open formally and dedicate this night to its service in the life of this institution and the progress of education in the South has cost the donor not \$10,000 but \$55,000 to which amount he has added \$10,000 for the purchase of books. It is eminently proper that the event should be duly celebrated as a notable one in the history of Trinity, and the educational history of North Carolina and the Southern States.

ADDRESS OF PRESENTATION.

JUDGE ARMISTEAD BURWELL.

It is my most agreeable duty to announce the completion of the library at Trinity and its inauguration this evening and to make in the name of the generous donor formal presentation of it to you, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Board of Trustees.

I esteem it a high privilege to be allowed to take this part in the interesting ceremonies of this occasion. I acknowledge with pleasure and with thanks the kind courtesy that allows me a place tonight among the friends of this good institution and permits me to join, as I most heartily do, in the congratulations of this hour. I know through what dangers and toils this college has come. By slow degrees, by marches often toilsome, through discouragements that must sometimes have almost brought despair, along a weary way, the promoters of Trinity have come to this day and to this height. Tonight, as never before, perhaps, they realize that the labors of that great and good man, Braxton Craven, have not been in vain, and from this vantage ground they look forward, without fear, into a future full of hope and promise.

Augustine Birrell began his recently published essay on the Bodleian library with this query: "With what feelings, I wonder, ought we to approach, in a famous university, an already venerable foundation, devoted by the last will and indented deed of a pious benefactor to the collection and housing of books and the promotion of learning?" Before the imagination of the brilliant writer, as he penned these lines, doubtless there passed a long procession of Englishmen, who had found in that house of books the knowledge which was to each one the power of his life. He thus saw coming out of its portals the statesmen, philosophers, historians, sailors, soldiers, merchants, manufacturers—men of every class and calling—who had made the

England of 1602 to become the England of 1902, the kingdom of Elizabeth to become the empire of Victoria.

With what feelings, ladies and gentlemen, we may well ask, ought we to witness the inauguration of yonder beautiful edifice, devoted, like the now venerable foundation at Oxford, to the collection and housing of books and the promotion of learning? The thoughtful mind will there, this evening indulge, not in memories, but in hopes. In its halls we will look to the future, not to the past, and the friends of this institution will rejoice with its officers and students because there is established here a potent influence for good—an influence that will affect, we hope and believe, not only Trinity College and those immediately connected with it, but the people of this good State through all its length and breadth. For there is a better meaning to this ceremony than is seen by him who considers its relation to those only who are most directly affected. During many years the poverty of North Carolina was conspicuous. For many years, too, in all the statistics pertaining to illiteracy, her name has been, and is now, most conspicuously placed. The truth is bad enough but exaggeration of statement, sometimes by friends, and sometimes by the unfriendly, has magnified, unduly it may be, that truth. Poverty and illiteracy, illiteracy and poverty! Which was cause and which was effect, it matters not now to inquire. This we know; the two have co-existed. They are, indeed, inseparably connected in all national and community life. The individual may be poor but learned. A family, in truth, may be and remain in the straits of poverty, and yet be versed in letters. But the nation, the State, the community whose people are generally poor, will always be found to be illiterate, when compared with people blessed with wealth. Experience proves that riches and illiteracy do not co-exist, the touch of one is deadly to the other. In all its modern forms wealth is a persistent foe to ignorance.

To all those who can recall the condition of this commonwealth twenty years ago—her cities, towns, villages, mills and banks—it is evident that, by the labors of her sons, under the blessings of a kind providence, her poverty so long her bane, if not her shame, is passing away. Wealth accumulates and men do not decay. The future, indeed, seems to hold out to all North Carolinians of this younger generation the possibility of high achievements. The dead past has buried its dead. The new South, as it has been called, has itself in a measure, passed away. There is, in a certain sense, no distinctive South, except the blessed memory of gallant men and lovely women, the history they have made, and the bright sunshine with which a kind providence has blessed this portion of this empire of democracy. Unnecessary lines of demarcation in nation, State, church and society have been in a great degree obliterated, and people of this good commonwealth, aroused at last from their lethargy, are moving forward, slowly it may be, but still forward, to a better knowledge of themselves, a better appreciation of others, and to that better comprehension of the laws of social order that brings a better life and hope.

Who of the sons of North Carolina will deny that the noblest use (may I not say the most profitable use?) to which accumulated wealth can be put is the aiding in the effort that is now making for educating the young of the State and the removal as far as possible of that ignorance that has cursed the offspring of the poor? Who will gainsay the statement that the citizen to whom much has been given should contribute of his abundance to the promotion of this great work? But how? By a system of taxation the State may compel the successful to contribute out of their abounding resources to the fund devoted to public education. Such exactions, however, will be limited in extent, for most obvious reasons, and when collected must be applied, for like obvious reasons, to certain prescribed needs.

If the accumulating wealth of North Carolina contends against illiteracy and ignorance only through the tax collector and the public school, the contest will be indefinitely prolonged. The true and best supports to the public schools of the State must come, not through the money doled out for their maintenance through the public treasuries, but those helps and those supports must come from the university and the colleges of North Carolina—from Chapel Hill, from Davidson, from Wake Forest, and from Trinity.

The men and women, the noble teachers of the young engaged in this holy crusade, led and encouraged by our governor, must have within their reach those things that money—and that in abundance—can alone supply.

But the boldest legislator stands aghast when told the cost of the requirements of a system of higher education, at this advanced stage of human knowledge. How, then, shall the wealth of the favored sons of North Carolina become truly contributory to the welfare of the State? Standing here in this edifice, surrounded by other like evidence of most enlightened beneficence, we easily find the answer.

The sons of North Carolina, upon whom a kind providence has bestowed the blessing of increasing wealth, should give of their abundance to the colleges of the State so that wealth, reaching out through the good agencies thus established, may aid all who are engaged in this great struggle. This institution stands conspicuous in the State, and indeed, in this section of the Union, because to her wealth has been freely given that it may be used in the advancement of learning, and in the help and encouragement of those sons of Carolina who long to get knowledge that they may use it for her good and her glory.

The latest of these noble contributions is formally completed this evening, and the friends of Trinity, here as-

sembled, rejoice with good reason and with exceeding joy. I extend to you, Mr. President and gentlemen of the faculty, my most hearty felicitation, because at such a time as this in the movement of educational progress, there has been added to the equipment of the college a help for your labors. And to you, young gentlemen of the student body, I extend like felicitations. In what hopes and aspirations may you not here indulge. What opportunities are yours! Before you stretch out the years of the new century, destined to be full of strenuous life and potent agencies tending to fit you for strenuous liberty. Around you are potent agencies tending to fit you for the struggles of that strength-testing existence. Be prepared for its conflicts. They will try your courage and your strength. But there are no enemies or dangers in your way, believe me, but the old, old ones, that have wrought, and will, in God's good order, continue to work that awe-inspiring result—the survival of the fittest.

And now, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, I formally declare this beautiful library to be yours. It is the gift of James B. Duke, who in this munificent way expresses, I know, his love for the State in which his young manhood was spent, his abiding affection for the county and city and their good people, his deep concern for the young men and women who may be students here, his profound respect for the venerable church to whose officers, as trustees, he commits it, and above all, perhaps, his desire to associate own name with that of his honored father, who has been to this college so kind a friend and so generous a benefactor.

It is his free gift to you, Mr. President and gentlemen. He has exacted no promises as conditions precedent to its complete bestowal. He has demanded no pledges. He has imposed no rules for its management or control. He has given it, and it is yours. Having done this deed he retires, back to his own affairs, leaving with you the gift and the attendant responsibilities.

It will be your pleasure, no doubt, to throw wide open its doors to seekers after truth, and in so doing you will act certainly in strict accordance with his wishes. Let it be, as he and you would have it be, the resort of those who put truth, in value, above every earthly possession, and who seek freedom from fear, freedom from prejudice, freedom from all the baser passions which control human action, by cultivating love of truth, and seeking for it, and it alone, in every department of human knowledge, knowing this, that in the Good Book there is no more hope-inspiring declaration than the words: "The truth shall make you free."

If I spoke with hallowed lips, I would invoke the blessings of Almighty God—the God of truth—upon this foundation, and ask that it may be, in the coming years, the resort of students, who will go out of its portals bravely to contend for justice, righteousness and truth.

ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE.

PRESIDENT JOHN C. KILGO.

In behalf of the donor, Mr. James B. Duke, with fitting words you have presented to Trinity College this elegant library building. In the name of all who have been connected with the college in the past, and of all who may study and work here in the future, I wish to thank him. It was scarcely a dream of his boyhood that the dome of a college library, built through his beneficence, would rise in view of his native and childhood home. There is a patriotic beauty in the generous efforts of this family to build in their native county a great seat of learning. It indicates an attachment to, and confidence in the people earliest known to them. It is worth while to labor for men, for a human life furnishes the opportunity of doing a master's work. And he who makes a better workman

of the man who works at the task of making his fellow-men better thinkers and better lovers, be his help in opening wider fields or supplying larger instruments of work, becomes himself the highest type of workman, for he brings into use larger numbers of prepared laborers whose manifold labors bring out all sides of life. This is the thought that makes us value the gift and greatly esteem the giver. A workman himself, he would make genuine workmen of us all.

All progress comes through better thinking, better planning and better acting, and whatever new and better ideas, plans, and deeds come into the world, come by way of a few tall men. Between the higher and lower everywhere there is an appointed mediator whose function it is to take of the things that have come to him and break them to the multitude. Between the boy at the plow and the mysteries of nature with which he contends, between the man at the throttle and the machine he controls, between all men and the outer universe, there are ordained priests who minister at the altars of truth. The whole of mankind can be lifted only by lifting individuals, who, in their turn, will lift those nearest them. The man who shows himself above the multitude should, therefore, be welcomed with a shout, not met with a javelin. His appearance is the sign of hope to all. It has always been true, it will continue to be true. To make a greater man should be the ambition of a sincere and honest college. To do this, no means should be spared, no help should be despised, no force should be rejected. In the South there has been an easy contentment and a sluggish regard for new and broader regions of thought, and it remains with the college of the South to bring in a new order by raising the standards of leadership, increasing the value of the strong man, and elevating the true mission of life. In doing this work the college must be given the needed instruments. Among these the

book has the chief place and in the future must be the centre about which all college work shall move. It is the one method of going everywhere by remaining in one place.

It is not a dream that this new library building, with its equipments and large additions of books, may institute a new order of things among us. Trinity College feels that it has a new calling to do hard service in behalf of Southern progress. Here it is felt that colleges are not symbols of a civilization, but that in a very large sense they are makers of civilizations. To do real service is the highest mission this college covets. In matters of citizenship, it would give to this commonwealth and nation a citizen of generous patriotism, national faith, sober mindedness, a lover of truth, and free from all partisan hatreds; to the world of letters, it would give high ideals of scholarship, patient students, fearless searchers after truth and knowledge, and stern believers in a genuine education; to business, it would give men who esteem work, who are brave to undertake large tasks, honest in calculations and fair in all dealings, and who can bring something to pass that adds to the world's wealth; to religion, it would give men who believe truth can never hurt and falsehood can never help mankind, who love humanity with a helping love, who believe that truth is the foundation of faith, who serve God by serving men, and who find in God the inspiration to learn, to labor, to love, to help, and to do all that makes life worth living. To work, to do hard work, is the passion here, and to be in a position to do a task well is all the wealth that is asked. For this reason Trinity esteems and honors those whose gifts increase its working resources. A belief that a larger chance to do a larger work will come, is the joy and inspiration of the sincere man. A new world seems about to open for us, because a very large addition has been made to our resources. With new and larger books will come new and deeper ideas, which, in turn, will bring forth broader and sturdier men.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

(Stenographically Reported.)

MR. WALTER H. PAGE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I trust that I may be permitted as a wanderer who has never yet quite left home to say with what extreme gratification I received the invitation to meet you this evening because it gives me pleasure to have this first opportunity that I have had to bear testimony to the colossal common sense and the prodigious advancement that is marked by the progress of this institution. This is a new thing not only in North Carolina, but it is almost a new thing in the world, for men of fortune, while they live, to see the outcome of an investment like this; and it marks an epoch in the movement, in the appreciation with which the great world which brings things to pass, holds an institution of this kind—that the benevolent benefactors of this institution should have brought it into being so soon. It is the wonder of every man, who knew Durham years ago, when he steps off the cars here now to see that you have a city where then there was a village. But that is not half so wonderful as the very fact that these buildings stand here and that they came to you in the way they have come, through the benevolence and good sense of men who have made it possible that not only you should have sprung up into life all at once but that the community should have come into possession of an institution like this. It is the difference between carrying civilization forward all abreast and building it piecemeal. Towns spring up in Montana and the West but usually great colleges like this are not built up except in the homes of old and settled civilization. More than that, they build schools to teach boys trades in a great many places, as soon as money begins to fill the coffers. This is not a school like that. Here you have established a standard for scholarship that is as high as if

you had had a century to grow up, and have taken your place at once along with those great inspirations which are the standards by which we measure all work. For these reasons, sirs, I hope you will pardon me for expressing my profound thanks for the very great compliment you have paid me in thinking of me on an occasion like this; and I should not have failed to respond for any cause short of sudden death.

I propose to speak to you with the briefness which I conceive to be appropriate to this truly great occasion that we are met to celebrate, about what seems to me the greatest truth that civilization has wrought out. It seems to me as a student of contemporary events and of public affairs for something like thirty years, to be not only the most important fact that we have wrought out, but to contain the central secret of human progress. For by our mastery of one great principle which includes all others in social advancement, and by its application, we may move civilization forward where we will, moving of course, always zigzag, never in a uniform line. Of course what I mean is the application of an unhesitating, robust, uncompromising democratic principle to life, and the democratic principle is nothing more nor less than this, that society shall be so organized that every individual shall have the same opportunity for his development that every other individual has, where each one may find his natural aptitude, where men are not hindered, so that a man who has growth in him may achieve it, and most easily. We have applied this principle in three notable places in our national history which I propose very briefly to remind you of. I will not say inform you, because they are all commonplace in our historical life. The first application of the democratic principle, which was brand new, was made by the fathers of the republic when they applied it to government. The whole thing which we fought for in the revolutionary times was that every man should

have a hand in the structure of the government and that the structure of the government should be such that every man should have equal political privileges, duties, and opportunities. That is all that the fuss was about, that is all that enabled us to beat the kingdom of the old world; yet it was simply the application of that principle to politics, to the political structure, to the building of the government, which made the creation of the republic a thing so momentous that it marks an epoch in all human history. It came in the main against the will of the kingdoms and of all the countries of the old world, and yet it began to have its liberalizing influence year after year, till a century had passed, and the whole conception of human government everywhere has been changed by it, and there was never any political event quite so potent as that in its liberalizing influence. It is of special interest to us as it prepared the way for the institution of the great republic that was nothing but the application of the great democratic principle to the structure of the government. We had not then applied it socially. In most of the colonies in the North there was an aristocratic society, as in the old world. Not so much in our colony, but to the south and to the north of us we had not applied the democratic principle to the social structure. Boys in Harvard college used to be catalogued, not alphabetically, but according to the social standing of their fathers.

The next great application that we made of the democratic principle in our life was made unconsciously. It was not made as the application of it to the government was made. It was not formulated as our first great principle was formulated by Jefferson in a great stroke of genius, nor as the fathers afterwards formulated it in our immortal constitution, but it was inevitable to men who had grown up in a country where there were no kings. They went forth every man according to his own individuality and strength westward across the continent to subdue it.

Wherever migrations of men had been made before in all history they had followed some king or warrior or chief of a clan, or had gone to lands where they had to pay homage to the kings. Here when we began soon after the Revolution to swarm westward, not only from our State, but from all thirteen of the States and to make conquests of that wonderful country between the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountains, every man went as a democrat. Every man was a Daniel Boone. He fought, marched, camped and settled as he pleased, so that it was the working out of the individual genius, the first great democratic migration of men in all history. With what result? If we worked a revolution by the establishment of our form of government, we worked a greater revolution by the settlement of our continent; for we gave relief to the overcrowded kingdoms of Europe, and by the time their overcrowded millions had come to us they had found the granary of the world whereby they fed those who were left behind. There never has been in history, in any country or time, any such thing as this,—the contented, well-informed, energetic multitudes that dwell between our two oceans. Never were there so many men that were intelligent, skillful, well to do, that held so high a standard of citizenship. Look around the world and you cannot match it. Now that came about simply because the democratic principle was unconsciously applied to the winning of the West, and it was done better than any such thing was ever done before, it worked a revolution simply because it was the application of the one central secret of all human progress—every man given the opportunity that every other man had. Now these two applications of the democratic principle, one to the structure of a government, the other to the settlement of a continent, each worked a revolution which has changed the attitude of the whole world. There have been others, notably one more, but I pass over that horrible night-mare of war, when the demo-

cratic principle again showed its power, for there gathered two great armies of independent men who had not had training for battle, and such soldiers as they made no great commander before them had ever led; even in war the principle applied with revolutionary effect. But to pass over that, having settled the continent, and having settled some other questions, we came to the uninterrupted period of peace which has extended over the lifetime of most of us.

What has happened? Where next have we applied the great democratic principle of every man's having opportunities equal to every other man's? Why we have applied it to industry. No sooner had we finished settling the continent and the war that rose out of it than we went to work making things. I need not rehearse to you (and yet there is no more appropriate place in all the land to rehearse it) that wonderful chapter in which has been unrolled as in an epic, the march of American workmen to the uttermost corners of this our own country and across the seas to the invasion of the oldest kingdom of the world. In the old countries, industry grew up and has been carried on upon an undemocratic basis. It was necessarily an outgrowth of that structure of society which maintains its different grades, generation after generation. If a man were a clergyman, his son would therefore be a clergyman, and his son and his son; if a man were a shoemaker, almost invariably his son would be a shoemaker, and his son and his son, so that the rule became established that because a man's father and his grandfather was a clergyman or a shoemaker, he would therefore be the same. That was one of the follies of kings to keep shoemakers shoemakers and bishops bishops. Industry in England is organized very much that way to-day. Industry in all old lands has reminiscences of this organization in society. What did we do? We boldly said it makes no difference whether a father was a bishop

or shoemaker the son must seek the occupation in which he can best succeed, that craft for which he has the greatest aptitude. Our society is so organized that every man will naturally find his place. What's the result? The American workman not only makes better things, but makes them faster and more cheaply, and yet gets more money in his pockets than any other workman ever did since the sun began to shine on organized industry; not only the workmen at the bench, but all along the line, so that the man who has the capacity to organize industry may organize, and he has organized with the result that American invasion has gone from one country to another and encircles the whole earth. You send products from this country to the uttermost parts of the world; we build bridges over rivers on the road to Mandalay; the American workmen sell cutlery in Sheffield; we get contracts for all sorts of work everywhere, and the American organizer is the king of the world to-day. Ladies and gentlemen, this is not an accident, and forgive me if you think I am making a mere boast of our industries. They need not be boasted of, though I am sure there is no fact in our history which, if properly interpreted, we need be prouder of, because it has shown the capacity of American manhood and demonstrated the value of the democratic principle. But the secret of it is the great thing and that secret is that men are to be unfettered. Let them do their best. If our industry were not making the richest nation on the earth it would yet have been remarkable as having worked, as it is, a revolution to human society. We are Englishmen of common blood, traditions and qualities. The Englishman is hampered by immemorial traditions. We are no better than he expects. We enjoy the inestimable, incalculable benefits of a democratic organization. We are not advanced beyond the Germans. The German is first cousin to us and has as deft fingers and able bodies as we, and in some things better training than we have.

Nevertheless, because he is hampered by a military government and traditions of aristocracy, he cannot keep his place with us. So that, in boasting, we are not after all so much boasting of ourselves as we are boasting of the one central principle of human progress that we have discovered and applied.

Now this is where the democratic principle has worked a revolution in the organization and in the very conception of the government (for government is not looked upon by men anywhere now in anything like the light it was 100 years ago). If it has worked a revolution in the conquest of a continent and industry and organization of every sort, this same principle may work a revolution in other parts of life, and will, just as sure as it is applied. You gentlemen who have the privilege to pursue your studies in this college have, I hope, read all those interesting books called Utopias, from Plato to Edward Bellamy. Interesting dreams they are of great minds engaged in the effort to picture conditions under which human society may reach perfect development. They nearly all rest on this at last, namely, that man will accumulate so much that he will have a surplus left and can spend from half to two-thirds of his days listening to the opera through a phonograph and enjoying the conversation of his friends in sweet scented drawing rooms. Now these Utopias are idle dreams, because man would degenerate under such conditions, but there is one Utopia, I mean that one continuous movement towards the far-off possible perfectability of human society, and there is only one way yet discovered to reach it; the highest constructive imagination that we have bred in our civilization saw it. He talked of it, dreamed of it, was never tired of pointing to it. That man was Thomas Jefferson. Suppose we had got there, or nearer there than we are, what should we find an ideal community to be like? It would not be a place of idleness, for the trouble

with us now is that all men do not work to the best advantage, or do not work at all. Let us see what an ideal community, town, city or State would be like. We should find that every one has equal opportunities before the law. We do not achieve it in every case now, nevertheless that is our ideal. We have an ideal community in that respect in proportion as we approach it.

Next there would be equality of opportunity, not simply the chance for men to get themselves into proper adjustment after long trials and many failures but society would be so organized that a man naturally finds his proper place and falls into it. The next thing I should say that we should find in such a community would be compulsory training. I do not mean necessarily what we mean by compulsory education.

* * * * *

Training children may mean a thousand things. We can train them by schools, by libraries, by work, by innumerable influences that come to bear upon the whole social structure. I cannot help thinking that when we got anywhere near the ideal state every citizen will be trained to something, for now the waste that goes on, that is our hinderance. Now if that waste should be eliminated, then there would be no more to do except to hold society together where you have got it.

Then the next thing is sanitation. It is wrong that any community should permit any human being to have typhoid fever, smallpox or any other of the preventable diseases. We have already demonstrated that nearly all diseases are preventable, by the action of the community, State or nation. Where such action is necessary to make the civilization in which we live healthier, that is the community's business. Then we will come to look upon the appearance of any disease as a crime and some one will be punished for it every time. So that the ideal community must be healthful.

There is one other thing about which our fathers talked a great deal and of which we have heard much. There can be no conception of an ideal democracy except its very corner-stone be free thought and free speech. I mean really free. I do not mean free simply on a few general propositions which a man may approach on the Fourth of July. I mean freedom about anything that is for the public welfare. There is no subject of public concern so sacred that it is not a part of the public's business and of every man's business to have the opportunity to think and say what he pleases. It is a community's business not to tolerate but to compel it, and it is not free unless it does compel it. Now if we could go into a community where there is equality before the law, equality of opportunity, compulsory training, perfect sanitation and free speech, what would we find? That men there do not bother themselves about a thousand things that are discussed while our wives sit knitting in our homes and we sit about the postoffice whittling. These things would all be forgotten and these problems would long ago have solved themselves.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have gone through all of these familiar things and I hope not to your weariness, for the single purpose of coming to the point I had in the beginning, namely, the next application of the democratic principle in a broad and general way to the training of all the people—the right training of all the people. Jails and poor houses are trifling burdens in comparison with the lack of trained intelligence. In every community there is, I will say just for a guess, ten per cent., or shall I say twenty per cent., who have found their ideal relations to society and doing their utmost to carry them forward. Just for a high reckoning, let us say twenty per cent. Suppose twenty per cent. of this community had reached its ultimate cultivation of hand, mind and body, were perfectly sensible, perfectly well trained up to the point of each man and woman's capacity, each one had

perfect character and did perfect work, it would be an exceptional community. So long as only twenty out of 100 do their perfect work, those twenty have to carry the other eighty. It may not have to maintain them with bread and meat, but it would have to supply them with ideas and opportunities. Suppose now it were possible, else the democratic theory will not apply here and it has applied in every other case that we have tried, to train for perfect work every human being, and I mean every human, I am not talking about men only, but women and even children under six, not of white men only, but the red, black, ginger-cake and all other colors, because every man belongs to the community and contributes something to its advancement or to its retrogression—suppose every one were so trained in any community, what would be the result? It would be such a thing as no one could adequately conceive. The result would be this: That that community would stand on its own footing, would stand on its own traditions, would stand by its own industries, would be in a certain sense, self-maintained. Think what development of industry it would have. Everything from hewers of wood, who would hew their wood better than men anywhere else, up to the most finished scholar, all along the line of human labor, from the trades to the highest skill, every one would be a master. Now think what that community would be. It would stand like a mountain and men would flock from the uttermost parts of the earth to see it. Rich! There would be no need of riches. Free! So free they would repeal the word freedom. Intelligent! You could find experts on any subject whatever. Now this is not a mere dream of a thing that cannot be accomplished, because in every community in the United States there is a certain per cent. of people who have reached somewhat near this ideal. Now such a community would have itself admirably and adequately adjusted to every other community in the whole republic.

Then every community would be absolutely national in its thought; because sectionalism and provincialism are nothing the world but evidences of arrested development and when a community is perfectly developed in itself it knows no such shortcomings. The place to begin is at the top and at the bottom. Not at the top only nor at the bottom only, but it is like digging a tunnel, you dig from one end and the other, simultaneously. So you may train men from the top to the bottom; and as long as any human being is left out of the scheme of training this scheme is wrong. You cannot tell to save your life but that the one left out might have been the greatest leader you have ever had.

This thought would apply to this interesting and important occasion. Set here on this hill is an institution for the training of the youth of both sexes. That is training at the top because they enjoy advantages here that are excellent, that are thorough; they receive an education which reminds one of Plato's great saying that if a man knows one thing thoroughly, he will forever use that as a standard to which to refer all other things. That is the benefit of higher training, that one gets one's standard fixed in youth for the whole life. Then this institution works also at the other end of the problem. It sends forth its men and its women to carry out the scheme of instruction whereby there shall not be any neglected. There is no other mission quite so important as that, and in this institution, this beautiful library is one of the most important possible instruments to use to this end. All departments of the college must see to it, but it is especially the tool of those two or three great strong departments which you have here already developed so well under such able men. I mean the departments of English and English literature and of history; because just as laboratory apparatus is the tool of physicists and chemists so a library is the tool of a scholar. This building, I

believe, I think the prediction is warranted, marks a new epoch, under the management of which we shall come to the proper interpretation of the literature and traditions of our people. If it were dedicated to that only it would be a memorable occasion and dedicated to that among other great uses it will be doubly memorable. Mr. President, just before I left New York I did myself the pleasure to call on Mr. James B. Duke, to whose generosity we owe this beautiful building and its equipment; and I said: "Mr. Duke, they have paid me the great compliment to ask me to make the address at the opening of the library; what shall I say on that occasion?" And he said to me with great earnestness and great impressiveness: "Tell them every man to think for himself." By that authority, therefore, and by your leave, I dedicate this library to free thought, reverent always, always earnest, but always free. It is the gift of a man whose industry, beginning here, has circled the earth, for the sun never sets on his factories and warehouses. I dedicate it to free thought—that has been his watchword. Free thought is the very atmosphere of an ideal democracy, and an ideal democracy is the highest form of applied Christianity.



CHAS. K. ROBINSON, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 E. C. PERROW, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

This number of the ARCHIVE is devoted entirely to the Trinity College Library. The opening exercises on February twenty-third, are given in full, together with an interesting account of the library, from the first collection of a few books down to the present, including a description of the handsome library building.

—

The formal opening of the library Monday, February 23, was a notable event, in the history of Trinity College. There has never been a public exercise at the College which created more interest and enthusiasm than this one. The publicity given to it by the press of the country is an evidence of the great interest manifested.

A number of institutions sent official representatives, and in addition to these there was a large number of distinguished visitors present from this and other states. It is seldom that a more representative audience assembles in this section of the country. The large audience which filled Craven Memorial Hall was a most enthusiastic one. On the stage were seated: Mr. Walter H. Page, Judge Armistead Burwell, President John C. Kilgo, and Hon. Jas. H. Southgate, Governor Chas. B. Aycock, Mr. Washington Duke, Mr. B. N. Duke, Hon. J. Y. Joyner, Hon. Lindsay Paterson, Hon. Herbert E. Norris, Judge R. W. Winston, Hon.

S. J. Durham, Col. W. H. Osborne, Mr. Jos. G. Brown, Hon. Tyre Glenn, Mr. W. R. Odell, Dr. Dred Peacock, Rev. G. A. Oglesby, Hon. J. A. Long, Col. Jno. F. Bruton, Rev. Jno. N. Cole, Rev. M. A. Smith, Mr. O. W. Carr, Rev. N. M. Journey, Dr. E. T. White, Hon. J. M. Lamb, Rev. J. B. Hurley, Dr. T. N. Ivey, Rev. W. C. Wilson. The speeches of the evening were of a very high order, and the speakers received hearty applause.

After the exercises in the Hall, the Library was thrown open for inspection, and an informal reception was held. In the receiving party were: Judge Burwell with Mrs. B. N. Duke, Governor Aycock with Mrs. Kilgo, Mr. Walter H. Page, Mr. B. N. Duke, President Kilgo, and Hon. Jas. H. Southgate.

The Library was brilliantly lighted, and the beauty of its interior was a revelation to those who saw it for the first time.

The music for the evening which was furnished by the Raleigh orchestra added much to the pleasure of the occasion. Every friend of the College was gratified at the success which marked every feature of the exercises, and felt that a new era had dawned in the life of the institution.

CONTRIBUTED.

It the death of Dr. J. L. M. Curry the South loses one of her ablest and most devoted sons, and the whole country, a patriotic and useful citizen. Dr. Curry was born in Georgia, in 1825 and was a graduate of the University of Georgia, and of the Harvard Law School. Moving to Alabama as a young man he served in the legislature, and in 1857 was elected to Congress as senator. When his state seceded he withdrew from the Senate and become a member of the Confederate congress. During the latter part of the war he was an aide on the staff of General Wheeler. After the war Dr. Curry was elected President of Howard College in Alabama, and later was professor of constitutional and international law

in Richmond College. Under Mr. Cleveland's first administration he was sent as Minister to Spain. Dr. Curry was more widely known to the whole country in his work as an educator, as writer and lecturer on educational questions, and as the efficient agent of the Peabody and Slater educational funds than in any other capacity. He also had reputation as an author; his best known books are a "Life of Gladstone" and "The Southern States." He was a State's Rights man of the Calhoun School, and the last named book is said to have "furnished material for more than one successful speech in the Senate by the United States." His life was one of service to his section and to his country.



Literary Notes

MISS EDNA CLYDE KILGO, - - - - - MANAGER.

It was with much pleasure that I saw the "Life of George Eliot," in the English Men of Letters series, announced. I was curious to know if the new life of the novelist would receive a warmer welcome for its own merit or be valued more because it was a new volume from the pen of Sir Leslie Stephen. Now that I have read the book my wonder has not ceased. The volume is characterized by simplicity and clearness and an absence of unvitalized facts, which so often proved fatal to biographies. The author has very aptly made his study of the purely biographical element as brief as possible and taken up the critical study. Each of George Eliot's books is lucidly analyzed; the crucial moments of each referred to standards of likelihood and common sense; the strong points are tactfully emphasized and the intimate relation of the novel to the life of the author discussed. Aside from its historical value the "Life of George Eliot" is a delightful bit of criticism. Sir Leslie Stephen has a delicacy of appreciation; he so vivifies and sympathetically sets forth the great personality of George Eliot that she clearly enters the reader's imagination and we become conscious of having been in touch with a noble nature. After absorbing Sir Leslie Stephen's subtle and charming delineation of the novelist, I sighed "for a half-holiday, a quiet corner and one of these books again." I can not refrain from quoting the last lines of the biography: "Her works have not, at the present day, quite so high a position as was assigned to them by contemporary enthusiasm. That is a common phenomenon enough;

and in her case, I take it to be due chiefly to the partial misdirection of her powers in the latter period. But when I compare her work with that of other novelists, I can not doubt that she had powers of mind and richness of emotional nature rarely equalled, or that her writings, whatever their shortcomings, will have a corresponding value in the estimation of thoughtful readers."

It is said that Mr. Edwin A. Abbey has reached the height of attainment in art in the delineation of Shakspearean characters that Sir Henry Irving holds on the stage. Mr. Abbey's career may be roughly divided into three periods. The first was his connection with Harper's Magazine; second, his Shakspearean studies (which engaged him for ten years); and, lastly, "The Quest of the Holy Grail," for the Boston Public Library. When the present series in Harper's Magazine, which he began thirteen years ago, is complete we will have a complete Abbey Shakspeare. The first series was the comedies and began with "Merry Wives of Windsor," which appeared in the Christmas Harper's, 1889. Next came the tragedies, afterward published in four handsome volumes, which contained a hundred and thirty-two drawings. Speaking of them recently, Mr. Abbey said, "Their execution occupied me about ten years. . . I studied everything which would enable me to portray the characters and paint the backgrounds more faithfully. Shakspeare placed each of his comedies in different countries. In England we have the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' I therefore visited the locale of his work. I went to Venice twice, so that I might obtain the local coloring for an effective background to the 'Merchant of Venice' series. For the 'Tempest,' I journeyed to the seacoast below Naples, and there painted, out-of-doors, the scenes I wished to represent. In the same way I studied the architecture, manners and ways of the periods, so as to insure as much historical accuracy as possible." "King Lear" inaugurated the series of tragedies; they con-

tain seventy drawings. The fourth series, "The Quest for the Holy Grail," kept him busy for twelve years. When asked why he chose this subject he replied, "Because it is the one romance common to all Christendom." He dealt with the romance in such a way as to win the hearty approval of art critics. In addition to the works already mentioned Mr. Abbey has done much other fine work, most of which has been published in Harper's Magazine or by Harper & Bros., among which was "The Deserted Village," published last year in magazine and later in book form. One of his leading principles Mr. Abbey sums up thus, "All things being equal, it is not the brilliant pupil who really succeeds best in the long run. It is the one who has the power of taking infinite pains. . . . For myself I always fear the result of work which is done too easily, and I find that almost invariably I have to do it over again."

Among the events to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birthday I found the following noticeable ones: At Concord, May 25, the three principal speakers will be George Frisbie Hoar, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Charles Eliot Norton; at Symphony Hall, Boston, an address by President Eliot, of Harvard, a poem by Professor George E. Woodberry, and choral music. The Free Religious Association, of which he was founder, will devote the principal session of its annual convention, in May, to the discussion of Emerson's religious influence. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the works of Emerson, announce a complete "Centenary Edition" of his writings, to be published this spring. The most notable features of this edition are the introduction and notes by Edward Waldo Emerson, his son, which are more valuable since no annotated edition of Emerson's works has ever been published; the text edited by J. Elliot Cabot, Emerson's biographer and literary executor; the best portraits of Emerson; and, also, one or two new volumes from manuscript hitherto unpub-

lished and which a recent examination of Emerson's papers has brought to light.

Doctor Weir Mitchell has just written a detective story, which it is said has a distinct psychological and ethical interest. Its title is "A Comedy of Conscience." Doctor Mitchell, as was Oliver Wendell Holmes, is a physician of note as well as a literary man.

Harper & Bros. announce this month, in book form, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," which has appeared in their magazine in series.

The Century Co. have just published "Lovey Mary," the new book by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Thomas Crowell & Co. have published "The Foetry of Browning," by Stopford A. Brooke, which the London Times says is the "most satisfactory and stimulating criticism of this poet yet published."

A new collection of stories from the pen of Ian Maclaren, "Our Neighbors," will come from the Dood, Mead & Co. press this month.

"The Life of John Greenleaf Whittier," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, has recently been added to the English Men of Letters series.

"The Life of Henry Ward Beecher," by Dr. Lyman Abbott, is rapidly nearing completion, we are glad to learn.



E. W. CRANFORD,

MANAGER.

The Tennessee University Magazine, we are glad to note, is improving. Its literary department of the February issue seems to be a decided improvement over those of some of the previous numbers. The "Brother-in-law of a Goddess" is a very creditable story, to say the least. The short discussion of Byron is very good, although it seems that there is too free use of quotations from the author discussed, to evince any great amount of originality in the discussion. "Confessions of a Camera Fiend" is a fairly good story and is very well written. "Our First Courting" is not so good from standpoint of plot, but is very well written indeed. It bears evidence of a very attractive and desirable style.


The Randolph Macon Monthly, for last month, contains two or three very good productions. "Friends and Rivals" is perhaps the best. The plot of this story is very good, and our only objection is, that it is not well enough developed. "Love—in Virginia" is also rather interesting but its ending is perhaps somewhat unnatural. The editorials are strong, sensible, and well conceived.

The University of Virginia Magazine still maintains the high position which it has taken among our list of exchanges. It always comes to us with a literary department well worked up and filled with matter worth reading. The March number contains quite a number of well written articles, both in the form of essays and stories. It is, however, lacking in that thing, which is very scarce in most other college maga-

zines, namely, good poetry. The best story is the one entitled "The Forbidden Love." "A Defense of William Berkley" is perhaps the best solid article.

The stories in the February number of the *Amherst Literary Monthly* are upon the whole, somewhat better than usual, yet there is still ample room for improvement. The story entitled "The Freshness of Jones" is very good. The one entitled "A Fireside Story" is the next best but it could hardly be referred to as good, according to the general acceptance of that term. The character sketch of the old German professor is perhaps its most striking feature. The production, denominated, "Five Hundred Dollars" is dry and insipid beyond the average. Just what attraction such an ungainly yarn could be expected to have for the reading public, affords a broad field for the speculative imagination. It may be, that some day we shall be able to see the full significance of such pieces of literature, but until that time, we shall be forced to regulate it to that great body of strange phenomena whose occurrence is unexplainable. We are glad, however, that the mulatto hero of the above mentioned story found the "beautiful eyes" of his dusky paramour a comfort to him in the hour of his trouble, and that she in all her "beauty" was restored to him in due time.

The Washington's Birthday number of the *Georgetown College Journal*, contains a good collection of wholesome reading matter as do all the issues of that magazine. It is a strong and well conducted college journal and is an admirable example for others. Its stories are well conceived and entertaining; its essays are thoughtful. The above mentioned issue contains three good stories. The one entitled, "The Story of Captain Delaney" deserves special mention. We also heartily agree with the Exchange Editor in what he says concerning the proportion in which essays and short stories should be contributed to college magazines. It really seems from his argument that the point contended for, ought to be clear.



At Home and Abroad

W. G. PURYEAR,

MANAGER.

The formal opening of the new library took place the 23rd of February. The programme consisted of the Address of Presentation by Judge Armistead Burwell, of Charlotte; the Address of Acceptance by President John C. Kilgo, and the Dedicatory Address by Mr. Walter H. Page, of New York City. These addresses were delivered in the Craven Memorial Hall, and after they were over the library was thrown open for the inspection of the public.

At a recent meeting of the Hesperian and Columbian Literary Societies the chief manager and chief marshal were elected for the commencement exercises. Mr. Kope Elias was elected the former from the Hesperian Society and Mr. Walter Budd the latter, from the Columbian society. These two offices are the highest that the student body can confer upon any of their number.

The Science Club met on the 16th of last month. Prof. C. W. Edwards lectured on "The Human Eye; Its Use and Abuse." E. C. Perrow read a paper on "Bacteria."

Mr. Frank Willis of the class of '99, died last month at his home in Elizabeth City, N. C. It was with much regret that we learned of this.

Coach Stocksdales arrived the first of the month. Now is the time for all the players to get down to hard work, and to "cut out" any foolishness they may have brought over from last fall.

Among the old graduates present at the library opening were Messrs. P. H. Haines, Jr., '00, of Winston-Salem; R. B. Etheridge, '99, of Manteo; F. C. Odell '02, of Concord; and J. B. Needham, '99, of California.

The annual series of meetings held by the Y. M. C. A. began on the first Sunday in this month and lasted ten days. Dr. Kilgo conducted the services and much interest was manifested by the students.

Head Master Bivins of the High School, addressed the Y. M. C. A. a Sunday or two ago.

Bishop Duncan delivered one of the faculty lectures a short time ago. After the lecture the degree of L.D. was conferred upon him. This was a surprise to most. It would have been conferred last commencement if Bishop Duncan had been present.

Dr. Ronsmeir delivered, as one of the series of faculty lectures, a lecture on "A Study in the Development of Goethe's Culture" before the student body a short time ago.

The appointment of Mr. L. A. Gibbons as assistant baseball manager was confirmed by the Athletic Association at its last meeting,

On the evening of April 13th (Easter Monday) in the Memorial Hall, Trinity Park, Trinity will meet Emory College, of Oxford, Ga., in debate. The question for discussion is the Compulsory Arbitration of Labor disputes, and Trinity will defend the negative. All who have studied the question are of the opinion that the sides of the question are as evenly balanced as is possible and a spirited argument may be expected.

In the representatives from Emory the Trinity men will have foemen worthy of their steel. It is safe to say that no college in the South has better literary societies than Emory. The societies there are of that type which unfortunately in

these days is disappearing from the colleges of America. Some may think the methods used by these societies are out of date, but they are the methods which develop speakers and it will pay the literary societies of the different colleges of the South to study these methods. We have not the space here to describe them. It suffices to say that while Trinity was able to select her two representatives after one preliminary debate, owing to the abundance of speaking material it required four preliminaries at Emory,

The judges for the debate were presented by Emory, Trinity having the right to reject any names proposed. Three were selected from the first list presented. They were Ex-Governor Chandler, of Georgia; Governor Aycock, and Bishop Coke Smith. Governors Chandler and Aycock have accepted. No answer has yet been received from Bishop Smith.

The committee composed of representatives from the Hesperian and Columbian Societies have decided to invite North Carolina's newly elected senator Hon. Lee S. Overman, to act as chairman for the debate. Mr. Overman is a graduate of Trinity and while in college was an enthusiastic member of the Columbian Society. It is to be hoped that he will accept the invitation.

As the time draws nearer the interest in the debate will grow stronger, and by Easter Monday the student body will undoubtedly be as much concerned as over former contests of this kind, for this debate is to be a *contest*, and will not be decided by any scheme of alternation such as some think existed in the Wake Forest-Trinity debates of the past five years.

On the evening of March 30, the Trinity College Glee Club will give its opening concert either at the Conservatory of Music or at the Durham Opera House. The club is composed of twenty-two men and has been carefully trained by Mr. Overton, of the Southern Conservatory of Music, this city. The men who now constitute the Glee Club have done hard

and faithful work and the student body of Trinity and the faculty owe it to them to give them all the encouragement and support possible. Every one on the park should attend the opening concert.

Quite a number of Trinity men attended the Y. M. C. A. Convention at Winston-Salem a few weeks ago. Among those attending were Mr. S. A. Stewart, of the High School faculty, and from the College, Messrs. M. E. Newsom, Singleton, Hoyle, Pugh, Hinohara, Williams, Jones, Aeker.

SPEAKERS IN EMORY-TRINITY DEBATE



J. P. FRIZZELLE
First Speaker—Trinity



L. P. HOWARD
Second Speaker—Trinity



REESE GRIFFIN
First Speaker—Emory



L. B. HARRELL
Second Speaker—Emory

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1903.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.


All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to C. K. ROBINSON, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues).

ADVERTISING.

 Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.

Direct all communications to

T. W. SMITH, Business Manager,
Trinity College, Durham, N. C.



C. F. LAMBETH, - - - - - MANAGER.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

BY LILIAN E. BRIDGES.

I like the attitude that Oman, in his "History of England," takes with regard to the struggle between the Roundheads and Royalists. In writing of the Civil War of 1642 he neither affirms that all Puritans were deluded and fanatical, nor that on the side of the Royalists were to be found all the ablest and broadest-minded men. Rather, he leaves the mind of the student unprejudiced and free to form his own opinion, stating simply that the war was humane in its character; and that there were many on each side not fully convinced that they had chosen their side wisely. From

contact with authors that have not left the mind thus free, my sympathies have tended to be expended upon the Puritan and his struggle.

But I have read lately,—and, for the first time, feelingly,—a short poem by Henry Vaughan, entitled “Peace,” published in 1650. I knew Vaughan only as a Royalist; and as a seventeenth century poet of no great importance, to my mind. But this poem, written during the period of wars and tumult, seemed so human, so like the utterance that many would give voice to in times of peace, that I, in my intense sympathy, seemed to know and understand the author. My sympathies were not now with the Puritan alone, my prejudice was laid aside; and, even though Vaughan was a conservative, I found him no less a man. Not content with the revelation of the man through his poem, I studied his life somewhat in detail, and decided that my former prejudice was but a proof that there is a realm this side the stars that I have not yet explored. In short, I decided that prejudice is but another word for narrowness.

Vaughan is a Cavalier poet, but belongs to that class of religious poets to which Herbert and Fletcher belong; and stands, with relation to his age, as a contrast to Herrick, Lovelace and Suckling. His boyhood was spent among the glens of the valley of the Usk, in South Wales. We imagine his childhood to have been a happy, uneventful one; and yet, perhaps his poetic nature found in the scenes about him

“When on some gilded cloud or flower,
His gazing soul would dwell an hour,”

more frequent suggestions of immortality than would most boyish minds. At any rate, I like to think of “The Hidden Flower” and “The Retreat” as the results of close contact with nature during a happy childhood.

In “The Retreat” Vaughan’s theme is his “Angel-infancy.” Like Wordsworth, he has “Intimations of Immortality” from recollections of his early childhood; and he hints at his pre-existence when he says he “felt through all this fleshly

dress bright shoots of everlastingness." This poem illustrates best, perhaps, his attitude toward the conflicts and problems of his time. He is essentially a mystic, not of power and stern conflict as was Bunyan, but, instead, a mystical dreamer, peering into the dark to see "what mysteries lie beyond the dust" that death and the grave create. Or else, if he be not peering beyond, he finds his days but "dull and hoary," and

"Longs to travel back and reach that plain
Where first he left his glorious train."

Here again does he remind one of Wordsworth, who gives us essentially the same thought when he affirms that we come "trailing clouds of glory, from God, who is our home."

The beginning of the Civil War came while he was at college. We know that all his sympathies must have been for the Royalists, for his ancestors were lively supporters of the crown; and two of them are said to have died at the battle of Agincourt in defense of the same. And yet, the evidence that I can find seems to prove that Vaughan was no active defender of his cause, but instead, he withdrew from active life and became a village doctor. This was not an infrequent thing for men of like temperament to do at this time. That he loved his cause and his king, we doubt not; and yet, his contemplative, mystic nature, accustomed to a life of splendor at the court of the king at Oxford, combined with an early life of wealth, must have rebelled against the strife and confusion.

As a mystic he stands apart from the church, and emphasizes the spirit of religion, not the form; he retires and builds his Heaven, "that shady city of palm trees," in his soul, quieting his impatient heart with a vision of that country where "sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles." And yet I wonder, with all his love of order and his delight in the good things of ancient days, that he refrained from battle; for, infuriated Puritans, believing that all things established and authorized must be done away with, destroyed things,—even to the

magnificent cathedral,—as they came in their way. To Vaughan, with his ability to distinguish between form and formality, the established church was dear. He went back to the good of other days for direction and precedent, and felt that whatever others before him had found to be conducive to their spiritual welfare, might conduce to his.

In spite of the conflict of his time, he was a learned man and intimate at least with the younger class of learned men of his time. He was an ardent admirer of Ben Jonson, who died during the time that he was a student at Oxford, and the plays of Fletcher, which came out in 1647, had prefixed to them commendatory verse, written by Vaughan. His contact with books and learned men while at Oxford perhaps led to his later retirement and often lengthy contemplative periods. Certainly this led him to desire this retirement more; and made him of that nature that was expansive “in its large-souled interpretation of the goodness of God, as a revealer to man in His works.”

With his contemplation, he was an humble man. There was not the arrogance or pride about him that is often attributed to the Royalist. The “Mount of Olives,” a book of meditations, prayers and admonitions testify to his humility, as does also the epitaph that he requested be put upon his tombstone. He considers himself “An unprofitable servant, the chief of sinners.” Then exclaims, “Glory be to God! Lord, have mercy upon me!” And the poet who wrote “Friends in Paradise” deserves, I am convinced, better treatment at our hands than he received from the hands of his contemporaries, who scoffed at his poems of a religious nature; and lost sight of his worth in the confusion of Puritan publications.

THE REFUGEE OF LONE BEACH.

BY FREDERICK DUDLEY SWINDELL.

Heavy, gray clouds were rushing across the heavens from the east. The wind had increased for the last few hours, and, as twilight faded into darkness the few inhabitants of Lone Beach heaped more wood on their fires and shiveringly prophesied a storm before morning.

Jim Harker and his wife with their three filthy, animal-looking children had just crowded around the supper-table when the door opened and a roughly dressed but dignified looking man entered. "Rough weather, and plenty of it," he remarked, as he warmed for a minute before the fire.

Although his words were heartily spoken, yet, a keen observer could have traced an expression of haughty repugnance on his features as his eyes fell on the things about him. A slight shudder passed through his well-moulded frame, but mastering himself he sat down with the others to a supper of salt mullets and corn bread.

For a few moments there was no talking done. The fisher family ate ravenously and had no time for speech, while the new-comer did not seem disposed to break the silence.

Finally, Harker pushed his chair away from the table and went over by the fire. "I heard the *Jacob Andrews* was off the coast to-night, or rather it ought to be her, for she left Mixon three days ago and ought to be off the coast about now. She better look careful for it's a dangerous place for vessels in a wind like this. Sposen we go out and take a look for her lights, Mr. Ford?" Ford seemed not to have heard the other, he was gazing abstractedly into the fire, but after a moment's pause he came to himself.

"Too cold, Harker, guess I will stay in." "Wal, one can see as good as two, I will take a peep myself." So saying, Harker put on his hat and walked out of the room.

Ford was a man essentially different from those about him. His well cut, intellectual face was not roughened by

the winds and suns of the sea-coast, although his complexion was slightly browned. As he sat looking into the fire there was an expression of infinite trouble in his face. As the wind whistled and howled on the outside and the fire threw flickering shadows on the walls, a look of terror came into his eyes, he grasped his chair so fiercely that his finger nails become purple. Then his muscles relaxed and he rested his head in his hands with a half audible moan of dull misery.

Two years before he had been a student at one of America's largest universities. He had already graduated and was working for his Phd. His professors had not only admired but loved him. They saw in Connor Ford a young man of rare ability and were waiting with interest to see him launched into the world. His prospect was one of the pleasantest and his hopes were at their highest when suddenly all was changed.

One day in a passionate fit of anger he had quarreled with one of his friends and the old, old story was repeated. He fled from the place a fugitive from the law, and from that day until the present he had fled from one place to another, his life haunted with the deadliest horror, until at last he had reached Lone Beach and in its isolation found himself secure from pursuit.

Ford was not a mean man. His was a delicate, æsthetic temperament easily influenced by passions. And to-night he writhed in silent agony as he thought of the gentle little mother at home, and of the gray haired father and realized how they must feel.

Finally, Harker returned and for the moment broke in upon Ford's gloomy meditations.

"Lights out at sea and coming this way," said the fisherman. "There's sure to be a wreck to-night. The *Andrews*, I reckon its her, is not more than two miles from shore, and she can't keep off the beach, 'tain't possible."

"Then we must get up a crew to go out to them when they hit," said Ford. The two men went out into the storm

and within an hour had gotten together a crew of six men to help the vessel when she grounded.

At one o'clock the black hull, dotted here and there with lights, struck the sand a hundred yards or so from shore, and then the watchers knew that she had only a few hours to live; for the dark, heaving waves would brook no obstacle in their race for shore.

The crew of the life-boat shoved off from the beach with Ford at the helm. After what seemed an endless time they reached the vessel, and taking a load of passengers headed for the shore. Three times they did this and now only one boat-load remained on the ship. With aching muscles the life-savers once more set out for the vessel. Ford sat rigid in the stern guiding with steady but half frozen hands the little boat. His eyes shone with a wild light of excitement and for the time he had forgotten that he was a fugitive from justice.

Suddenly a great mass of water broke over the boat in spite of the efforts of the helmsman, and then all was panic.

Ford splashed around in the black, cold water for a moment, and then headed for shore. He was an excellent swimmer and was fast forging ahead when his hand came in contact with a drowning man whose feeble efforts at swimming had almost ceased. Ford never hesitated, but turning his head sideways, he took the man's hand in his teeth and again struck out in his swim for life. Each stroke he took was weaker than the former. His breath came in jerky, painful gasps. The salt water broke over him, filling now and then his mouth and nose and nearly strangling him. Finally his pain became less acute, it settled down into a dull agony, but still he forged on. Soon the pain was gone; he fell into a dreamy, pleasant state of half consciousness. His thoughts had turned to his boyhood days, but mechanically he took stroke after stroke. At last his efforts ceased and he sank, but not far; his foot struck bottom and those on shore seized the half-drowned men and dragged them ashore before the undertow could take effect.

Ford came to himself for a second and in the light of the lanterns caught a glimpse of the face of the man he had saved. It was a white face, quiet now in insensibility, but it sent an electric thrill through its beholder. Ford's eyes seemed to start from their sockets. He staggered a few steps forward and fell unconscious at the side of the rescued man.

Harker's neighbors worked hard on the two men and within a few hours both revived. Ford came to, and, although in intense physical pain sat up in bed. Just across the room on another bed lay the man he had saved, looking at him.

Ford gradually crawled from the bed, every movement giving him agony, crept across the room and held his trembling hand out to the other. "Walter forgive me? My life has been a continual misery since I struck you that coward's blow and rushed from the room, thinking you dead." The other man, too weak to speak, laid his hand in Ford's and framed the words on his lips that he could not utter.

Ford staggered back to his bed and soon dropped into a peaceful sleep.

A PRAYER.

BY P. W. L.

Three years in college spent—

To wild confusion giv'n ;

God, call me to repent,

Show me a way to heav'n.

"A heaven here?" I ask ;

'Tis all I know or see ;

So help me this to grasp :

To live, to know, to be.

Give me the power each day

To fight, to o'ercome sin ;

All this I humbly pray,

Through Jesus Christ—Amen.

"THE VIRGINIAN."

BY ANGIER BUCHANAN DUKE.

This season, like most of its predecessors of the last few years, has witnessed the publication of an enormous number of "popular novels;" and, as usual, very few of them have any real literary merit. Among the few which do possess this merit is "The Virginian," a charming and interesting story of life in the far West, by Owen Wister.

There are some who claim that this is the long expected "great American novel." Others deny this but assert that such a novel will yet be written. In my opinion, however, there has never been written, nor will there ever be, "the great American novel;" the varied and many-sided life of this country, and the widely differing section render such a story impossible.

So we cannot claim this distinction for "The Virginian." But it might be called, and justly so, "the great Western novel." We have in it a splendid and unexaggerated picture of life in that interesting section of our country. It is true that this is no new field for American fiction, but in this book it is treated in a different and more picturesque manner than in the ordinary story of the west. This is usually of the "blood and thunder" type, dealing with rowdy cowboys or other such tough characters. The Virginian, however, is a story of reality and truth, revealing close study and observation on the part of its author, who has spent much of his life in the West, and is thoroughly familiar with the life and customs there.

The scene of the story is laid in the cattle region of Wyoming, and its hero is a cow-boy. The title of the book is the only name given to its hero. He is called "the Virginian" throughout its pages; and we are told that he came from Virginia to Wyoming, and that he possessed the typical characteristics of the Southerner combined with his Western manner. There is an indescribable charm and attractiveness

in this cow-boy's character that strikes the reader almost the instant he appears on the scene. He has a southern voice, with the gentle drawl which is so attractive to a stranger. His manner is easy and his movements graceful. He, of course wears the ordinary cow-boy costume, which by no means detracts from his picturesque appearance.

The Virginian is no typical cow-boy—at least not according to my ideas of the “typical cow-boy,” which came mostly from stories of the “Wild West” and from “Buffalo Bill's” show. He is not the melodramatic hero we see in cheap plays, a wild, rough character, firing off pistols every few minutes; but he is a man of strength and honor and intelligence. He is a chivalrous gentleman, bold and courageous but gentle and kind, a successor to the old Pioneer, who fought on both sides in the Civil War and then went to the west to build up their homes and fortunes.

The plot of the story is very simple; several episodes in the career of its hero form the basis; and the author has set them down in order and given some connection to them. To do this he has brought in a love story, and it is here that he is weakest. He is not as much at home when dealing with “affairs of the heart” as in his description of the Virginian and his adventures with the wild, rough character of the country. In comparison with the Virginian there seems to be something lacking about Molly, his sweetheart, and the heroine of the book. She does not seem to be quite up to his standard; but, as I have said, the main interest in the book is in the adventures of its hero, not in its love story.

The Virginian is written in a clear, vigorous, easy style; and holds the reader's interest from beginning to end. In its hero the writer shows us a real man—not a shadowy, mysterious sort of a person. He has made the cow-boy immortal. In the few English and American novels I have read I have never met with a character so attractive and so intensely interesting. Nor have I ever read a book with as much genuine interest and enjoyment as “The Virginian.”

CIRCUMSTANCE.

BY E. W. CRANFORD.

We had requested leave to speak with the murderer before his execution. This permission was granted us by the authorities the day before the awful sentence was to be consummated. We were ushered into the dark cell under heavy guard and bidden, if we had any thing of importance to say or ask, to proceed. The prisoner, whom we had all known well before his confinement, had changed so utterly in his appearance that had we not known who he was, we would never have recognized him. His formerly youthful face, was peaked and even furrowed, his eyes were sunken in their sockets and his hair seemed streaked with grey. He was only twenty-one, yet upon first glance one would have taken him for a man of fifty. But there was still in his face that unyielding look of resolution and courage which had always characterized it. His appearance was that of a man who had suffered extremely, yet had striven against it, and whose nature was such as not quickly to give expression to grief or excitement. By his changed and haggard features and the look of helpless despair, yet desperate resolve we encountered upon entering his cell, caused each of us to shrink back with horror, and stare at each other in blank amazement. We stood for some moments horror stricken and silent, each waiting for the other to speak. Each cast an appealing look at the other and still we all waited. An impatient glance from the guard brought us to action, and summing up my feeble courage in one effort, I finally said in a hoarse and choking voice:

“George, we have come to see you. We want you to tell us all about it, and we want you to tell us the truth. You know, as well as we, that it will do you no good to tell a lie about it now. Whether you tell the truth or not, this time to-morrow you will be in eternity, and it will make little difference with you then whether the world knows you

as a murder or believes you an innocent man. By two o'clock to-morrow it will all be over whether you speak or not. If you are guilty it will do you no harm to confess, if you are innocent it will do you no good to keep silent. So now, George, to us your old friends, tell all you know of it, and as a man on the verge of eternity, pray tell us the truth. Are you guilty of murder or not?" Here my voice dwindled into a dry, husky whisper and I stopped.

The prisoner's eyes shone like coals of fire and his face twitched with agony. He was silent for a moment and then began: "I have very often been asked that question since I have been in here. To some I have made answer, to some I have not. It has been my intention to tell the whole story to some one before I die, and as you are my associates, and my end is drawing near, if you will bear with me I will tell it to you. As you know, my counsel advised me to produce no evidence to the court as there could be none given except by myself and thus I have been kept from telling the whole truth connectedly. Many have told me during the past week that my hair was turning grey and have offered their weak expressions of pity for my suffering, in view of my shameful and horrible death that must soon come to pass; but I assure you that it is no fear of the gallows that has caused it. I am not afraid to die. In my present condition I long for it. As for my own part I shall feel a great relief when I feel the rope tied securely around my neck and the scaffold tottering under my feet; for then I shall feel that it will soon be over. No living man can tell what torture I have suffered this past month. Not so much because I am to be hanged for I can meet that awful death without a tremor, but the thing that has wrung my heart and whitened my hair is the awful fact that I have been accused and condemned by court and public opinion, of destroying a human life that I loved a thousand times more dearly than my own and that I would almost have given my immortal soul to have saved."

The speaker's voice which was weak when he began had now grown clear and penetrating, and he proceeded with his story almost eloquently.

"It was a lovely afternoon last July" continued the doomed man, "When Will — and I went squirrel shooting in the woods along Barne's creek. The sky was clear and the beautiful green leaves in the top of the tall trees trembled in the slight breeze. Every thing was quiet except the boiling current of the creek swollen high by the recent floods of rain. We had not found much game and we lay under the shade of a clump of trees talking idly. While we were thus engaged, Will happened to remark that we were only a short distance from the district school house and in the course of his remarks, took occasion to inform me that Annie Murrill, who was visiting her uncle's family had gone to school that day with her cousins. He did this as much to tease me as to give the information. I had not known Annie but a short while, but during that time I had fallen deeply and powerfully in love with her. I knew not why it was so, for she was nothing but a mere child of fifteen and with nothing especially attractive about her as the world would call attractive, but it was an unmistakable fact all the same. But love as I did, upon this particular afternoon my mind was ill at ease on account of her, and had been for some weeks past. One night as we returned from a watermelon party a little misunderstanding had arisen between us and she had since then manifested a coldness toward me that was anything else but pleasant. Even the night before the day of which I am now speaking, when I had gone to her uncle's on purpose to see her, she had retired when the family did and I had gone home cursing myself. I had told Will about it and it was about her that he was trying to tease me this afternoon. He proposed that we go to the school-house and visit the school. I objected at first, but my protests were useless, for Will could out argue me. We shouldered our guns and started. I, had I but known it, started to my ruin.

“After we had climbed a number of hills and crossed a number of hollows we came upon the little school house. It stood in the edge of the woods and on the side of a small mountain. School had just adjourned for the day as we came in sight, and as we came up in the yard we met a troop of small children with their dinner buckets upon their arms, started for home. Behind them was a group of larger boys and girls laughing and jesting, among whom was the school master, a young man about my own age and a great friend of mine. Annie was also in the crowd looking somewhat sheepishly toward me, yet half smiling every time I caught her eye. They saluted us gaily when they met us and urged us to face about and go back the way they were going. This we did and Will chatted with the girls promiscuously, but I walked along by myself and said very little. I was not feeling altogether happy. I felt more than ever that I loved the girl that was going along the road there, but along with it I had the feeling that she cared nothing for me and was beyond my reach. It was an awful feeling to have. I wished that I never had seen her. I loathed the idea that any other man should be so fortunate as to have her love. This idea would come up in my mind when any of the other girls ventured a remark toward me and would shorten my answers. I suppose they all took note of my silence.

“Presently we came to where the paths—for they could not with justice be called roads—parted and I was for parting from the crowd and going straight home. The two girls who were Annie’s cousins and also cousins of Will, and their brothers began to beg us to go home with them and take supper. I declined their invitation as to my part but Will was soon in for going and they then turned themselves entirely to the task of persuading me. I declined, and repeatedly made excuses and what was more I did not intend to be persuaded against my will this time. But it seems that fate was working my destruction that day, for just as I was in the act of turning to go, Annie, who had been look-

ing a little wishful all the while, gave me one of her most charming smiles and said, 'I wish you would go with us, George,' and then approaching close to where I stood, she said so low that none of the others who now had turned to go, could hear her, 'I have something to tell you.' There was nothing left for me to do but to go. A peculiar sensation went through me when she spoke those last words, one that seemed almost a revelation to me, and we walked down the path side by side at some little distance behind the others. 'George,' she said before we walked twenty steps, 'I wish to beg your pardon for treating you as I did last night. I did wrong I know and I don't blame you for being indignant. I did it just because I knew it would worry you and now I'm ashamed of it, and I beg you to forgive me.'

'Her voice was so sweet and mellow and what she said was so unexpected that I hardly realized the situation. Her voice and eyes seemed to speak the sincerity of her heart. I at once forgot her trivial offence to me and in one word forgave her all. I not only forgave her but I quickly followed up my good deed with a renewed avowal of my love for her, —the avowal which had hitherto been ridiculed and seemingly unappreciated by her. When I had said all I could, she looked around at me and laughing a long laugh, said, 'I see you haven't ceased to be goose yet.' Her answer did not at all suit me but I laughed a little in spite of myself. But as soon as her laugh was over her countenance assumed the most serious expression, and turning again to me, she said, 'Yes George I believe you do love me and I am glad you do. I have been treating you mighty shabby, considering how you have always treated me, but I have decided at last to be honest with you and if it will do you any I will tell you right here that I also love you.' I was speechless, so she proceeded in her own frank, open way.

"I am very bad I suppose, and am always returning evil for good but I think I shall try to put aside so much of my insincerity from this on and be more what I pretend to be,'

"She paused and I, gathering up my courage once more, asked her if she would some day marry me. She looked at me and laughed again but not in a derisive manner this time, and answered as deliberately as if she were talking about the commonest thing in the world. 'Yes' she said, 'I had as well tell you all now I have started. 'Yes, George I love you and will marry you whenever you think you are prepared to marry, now let us talk about something else.' I did not want to talk about anything else, for I could think of nothing else. I walked along as a man in a dream. I had had a revelation. I had grossly misjudged the girl beside me. I had misjudged myself, everything. I led her, by drawing her out, to speak more of her love. We spoke of our little quarrel and our pouting and laughed at it as a thing of the past. A new world had opened up to me. I had some incentive now to work, to become something and to be respectable. I could see a life of pleasure ahead of me; and thus musing and thus talking we walked slowly along.

"The path along which we were walking lay principally through skirts of woods and old fields. It led almost due west for some distance and then turned to the southwest, parallel to the creek, and only a few yards above where that stream poured its foaming volume over a system of falls into a large swift river, crossed it and thence led northwest a half mile further on to Annie's uncle's. Before we were aware of it, our companions were well out of sight of us and we were the only living beings in sight or hearing. We strolled along, idly talking of this thing and that, both of us well contented and happy. Annie appeared unusually blithesome. She had some pleasant jest to make upon every subject spoken of. She would pick up pieces of drift-wood and throw them into the rushing current and delightedly watch them while they were being swirled into a thousand motions and finally borne away by its maddening force. She borrowed my knife and cut a slender twig of wild rattan and whittled delicately upon it. She teased me for carrying

such a small gun. She asked me two or three times to let her shoot it. Finally, to please her, I handed it to her and she discharged it toward an eddy in the creek. As the report of the gun rang out above the noise of the current she started and dropped the gun on the ground. Then she burst into a clear ringing laugh at her own fright. O God, I should never forget that laugh if I were to live a million years.

“The path turned sharply toward the creek, and in a moment we found ourselves at the end of the foot-log by which the path crossed the creek. At an ordinary time the log was high above the surface of the water, but now the leaping current splashed against it in several places. Just outside of the main current a large tree-trunk was lodged under the log, with one end protruding out of the water. Annie approached the log and I took her by the hand to steady her. But she laughingly pushed me aside, avowing that she could walk that log more steadily than I could, and at the same time guying me for being such a cautious old man. At that she started as if to cross without assistance. I protested, and again entreated her to let me help her, but she again laughed, jerked her hand a loose from mine and bade me to retain my assistance for those who needed it. With that she stepped upon the log and started across, while I, discomfited, stood watching her in suspense. There was a good hand-pole above the log and I warned her to hold firmly to it. She saw that she had me in suspense and she enjoyed it. She took one hand off the pole, then steadied herself and took the other one off. I shuddered for fear, but dared not speak to her for fear the least provocation would shake her nerves and cause her to fall. I yearned to see her pass beyond the danger point, but she did not seem the least bit in a hurry. She came to where the tree-trunk was lodged against the log. She then stopped and again steadied herself and turned half-way around and faced me, still laughing. I became almost worried at her carelessness and called myself a fool for letting her have her way. I never saw a

girl that had such a nerve. As she looked around she called out to me in a clear, defiant tone that I distinctly heard above the sound of the current, 'You think I'm afraid, don't you?'

"Then I cried to her almost pleadingly, 'O please go on and don't be risking that unnecessary danger; go on and get over.'

"She did not seem a bit inclined to obey me, but much more inclined to argue the case. 'Poor little coward,' she said, 'I'm afraid you'll get drowned some time yet. I can walk on this thing yet,' and with that she placed one foot on the lodged tree-trunk. I started helplessly and entreated as I did so. 'Annie, for God's sake do not risk your precious life any further. I cannot stand it.' Thus saying, I stepped upon the log and started toward her, not being able to stay away longer. On seeing me start, she seemed to be reassured, and at the same time resolved to carry her tantalizing of me just a step further, so she cautiously stepped the other foot upon the floating log. She felt herself steady and stepped a little further upon it. Just as she did, the log turned just a little and broke her balance. She turned to step again upon the foot-log, but just as she did so the one she was on became loosened and turned almost half over. You can well guess the hellish result. There was a wild splash in the wilder current and I saw the darling girl, who had but a half hour before promised to be my wife, sink strangling and struggling into the cruel waters beneath the foot-log. I was not close enough to her to have caught her even if such a thing had been possible. She caught with one arm to the foot-log as she went down, and I tried with all my might to get to her, but her frail strength was as nothing against that awful current, and in less than two seconds it had beat her down and she was gone. I closed my eyes and groaned and opened them again just in time to see her rise on the verge of the falls and then plunge down that cruel descent out of my sight forever. I rushed to the falls where I could see beyond

into the river, but saw nothing except the boiling vortex below and the swelling, seething world of water beyond. She was gone, gone; all was gone!"

Here the speaker's voice gave way and he paused. We all stood breathless, and with our hair standing on end. There was a long silence and the doomed man attempted to finish his story, but he could only speak in broken sentences. He finally spoke a little more connectedly, and we understood him to say:

"Had it been in my power then to have torn my heart from my breast and have thrown it in that river I felt as if it would have been a relief to do it. I did not know what to do. I could not tell her relatives of it then, it seemed. I stood, I sat down and groaned. I lay down upon the wet ground and rolled from side to side. I sat up again. I rose to my feet. I tried to weep, but could not. I felt it would be a relief if I could burst my eyes from their sockets in a paroxysm of grief, but tears were gone from my eyes. I felt sick and I trembled like a leaf. I hardly knew what I was doing. I remember the thought came to my mind of getting my gun and blowing my own brains out. I got up and started back to the foot-log where I had left the gun. Just then I remembered what the Bible said of the murderer, and I stopped, horrified at the thought. My head felt light and unnatural, my body shook violently, and I would catch myself now and then uttering snatches of a noise that resembled a dry, hysterical laugh. I would quench it, and try to get control of my nerves, only to break out again.

How long I stood there I don't know. I only remember finally returning to the foot-log to find a man who had just crossed, examining my gun which was lying in the path where I had dropped it. The empty shell was still in it. I approached him and tried to tell him what had happened, and several times during the account, I caught myself giving away to that same hellish laugh. He looked at me strangely and then at the empty shell and said nothing. He seemed in

a hurry to get away, and started off up the road, bidding me to follow him. I followed him without a word. When we came to Annie's uncle's, he told them what he had found and what I told him and how I had told it. I tried to tell again how it was, but no one would believe me or pay any attention to me. Whenever I went to speak, they all hissed in my face 'murderer!' and would let me tell nothing. They all remembered hearing the gun fire and all remembered how surly I had been that afternoon, and all seemed to know perfectly well that Annie and I had recently had a little difficulty between us and that I was very sore over it. I could say no more. I don't know what time of day it was; it seemed almost dark to me. I only remember their chaining my hands behind me and locking me securely in a dungeon-like basement. The next day the officers of the law came for me and took me in charge. Of the trial, my sentence, of my being brought here, of my broken-hearted mother and my ruined family, you already know. You now know it all. As God lives, you have heard the truth. Now leave me alone."

The speaker stopped and turned upon his face, uttering groans that would move a heart of steel. I had aimed to speak a word of consolation to him before I went away, but I couldn't now. I felt dizzy and terror-stricken and wished to get away. I turned and walked out and all the others followed. When we were all out the guard shut the iron door with a bang and turned the huge key. I heard the iron lock gate in its rusty socket and groaned as I heard it. We filed out of the prison into the open air. We spoke few words to each other, and when we did speak we spoke quietly, as if we were lowering some one into a grave. We looked at each other in awe and silence as we walked down the street together, but before we parted each of us swore in his heart a mighty oath to God that should the responsibility ever be placed upon him, never would he convict a man of crime upon circumstantial evidence.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

BY E. C. PERROW.

*He was a stranger in our world of gloom,
A spirit that, wandering from the realms of light
By some mischance or God's relentless doom,
Had hither turned his flight.*

*Our eyes accustomed, may between the bars
That close us catch at times faint gleams of light,
But he, a spirit born amid the stars,
Found only night.*

*His life a struggle was to burst apart
The bars that would not let his spirit go;
Too few there were who saw his stricken heart
Or guessed its weight of woe.*

*Yet one there was who loved him, one who gave
Her gentle life to share his bitter pain;
Beneath whose touch his wild heart ceased to rave
And quiet grew again*

*And in the glad smile of his fair young wife
He half forgot relentless Fortune's wrongs;
For her he bravely lived his bitter life
And sang his sad sweet songs.*

*The music that the world, enchanted, heard
Was born amid some fairer world of flowers,
Only the sadness, haunting every word,
From this low world of ours.*

*His songs are sad. So must it ever be
Amid a world where joy comes mixed with pain—
Where wailing winds and e'en the sun-kissed sea
Sing in a mournful strain*

*Death came at last to burst the barriers strong.
The wanderer sought again his native skies
Where now the Houris hear his joyous song
In unmixed rapture rise*

*They leave their hymns the while and listen mute,
And cry, when his glad song has ceased to swell:
"Not Israfel whose heart strings are a lute
Can sing so wildly well."*

IZAACK WALTON AND "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

BY J. BLANCHARD.

It is a genuine pleasure to turn for a little while from the study of those stern and serious writers of the seventeenth century like Milton and Bunyan, to such a delightful and refreshing character as Izaak Walton, that honest old prince of anglers. In a study of this quiet and gentle spirit we find a relief from the boisterous, clamorous, turbulent times in which he lived—an escape to the fields and meadows, and the shady banks of gentle streams, where he loved to go so often on his favorite recreation. In the writings he has left us we can find no marks of this stormy period, and our wonder is the more increased when we think of what times they were. Living through the Reformation and witnessing the Restoration, a period of the greatest importance in English history, it was his fate to see his country torn by strife and contention, and the sword of Civil War brandished from one end of the land to the other. He saw new governments set up and heard new creeds proclaimed. He lived in a time when religion, political and social questions predominated, and when men fought and died for their principles with almost the zeal of fanatics.

But through it all Walton pursued his calm and peaceful life as if he were living in quite another world, little troubled whether Charles or Cromwell sat on the throne. "Study to be quiet, and go a-angling," was his teaching, and in these words his life and character may be summed up.

We know very little of the details in the life of this man, but what we do know is all to his credit. We find that he spent the greatest part of his time till 1643 in London, where he was "a wholesale linen-draper, or Hamburgh merchant." While engaged in this trade he seems to have devoted much of his time to literary pursuits; and he very often laid aside business and went on fishing trips to the Wye, the Severn, or the Thames. At the beginning of the

Civil War he retired from business with a moderate fortune and purchased a small estate near his native town of Stafford, right in the heart of rural England, where there was plenty of good fishing. He lived here the rest of his days in peace and quietness, dividing his time between writing, reading and fishing, and frequently visiting for short periods many of the eminent clergymen of that day, "by whom," as one writer tells us, "he was much beloved," which we can readily believe.

But in order to understand the character and disposition of this amiable man, one has only to read that inimitable book, "The Complete Angler." In the preface the writer states his purpose, and tells what he intends the work to be. He says he has made of it "a recreation of a recreation," and declares that he has not written "to get money, but for pleasure." He characterizes the book thus: "The whole Discourse is a picture of my own disposition; especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe." And it is a faultless picture we see there, too. He reveals himself completely in his entertaining conversations with the Hunter and the Falconer, and on every page almost we find suggestions of the peacefulness, the quietness, and the brightness of his life. He makes us wish we were with him on that "fine, fresh May morning," when he overtakes Venator and Anceps on Tottenham Hill, and they fall into a discussion of the merits of their respective recreations. The Fisherman praises his sport so honestly and ingeniously that we cannot help believing all he says about it, and we do not wonder that Anceps finally requested that he might call him Master and really become his scholar. He calls it his "pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade," and again, "that most honest, ingenious, quiet and harmless art of Angling." And in his defense for calling it an art, he asks convincingly: "Is it not an art to deceive a sharp-sighted trout with an artificial fly? . . . Doubt not, therefore, sir, but that Angling is an art. . . ."

The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it. For Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so."

But perhaps the best expression of what he thinks of his art is to be found in another conversation with his Scholar, when he remarks: "No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed Angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us." And then, with that delicate, half-serious humor of his, he adds: "Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of Angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so, if I might be judge, 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than Angling.'" In the first part of the book, as he goes on to cite precedents for following his art, he has this to say of the brothers of his craft: "Of the twelve Apostles of our Saviour, we are sure he chose four that were simple fishermen," because "he found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most Anglers are"—as indeed Izaak Walton was. We find passage after passage, like the one just quoted, expressing these characteristics of his nature—his separation from the noises of the world, and his desire for quietness and contemplation, which he so much enjoys as he sits "quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a-fishing." Nay, "the very sitting by the river's side," he says again, "is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an Angler to it." And this same sentiment appears again in one of those lovely little pastoral songs, with which the book is strewn, beginning with these lines:

"Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet, calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate."

It is at such times, as he sits "quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river," joying in his own happiness, that he thinks with pity on those grave, sour-complexioned, money-getting men of the world; those "poor-rich-men," as he calls them, who are never free, as anglers are, from "those high, those restless thoughts which corrode the sweets of life." It is marvellous to us how perfectly free he was from such thoughts in that trying age of civil war and political factions. We wonder at the calmness and serenity of his life, and his perfect contentment and satisfaction in his own simple, happy lot—a lot made happy by his own will. A worthy example to follow, this quiet man's life.

In the preface to his book, the author says that "he has in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth" in his Discourse. I would like here to quote another passage which illustrates his love of pleasure, but at the same time shows his morality, which carefully restrained him from indulging in excesses. After a day of good luck he and his scholar are returning to their tavern, "an honest ale-house," where they expect to find Izaak's brother and a companion. "There," says the fisherman, "we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offense to God or man." But it is while they are singing songs and having a good time at the tavern that same night that this bit of warning is given, when Peter says: "I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of Angling to-morrow night, for we will not part till then; but fish to-morrow and sup together, and the next day every man *leave fishing, and fall to his business!*"

Here he reminds us that we must not forget our duties in the midst of our pleasures, and he gives us this gentle admonition for fear he has made his pages too seductive in the bright descriptions of his craft.

Probably he best sums up his creed in regard to pleasure when he says, "I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning." And again he speaks against an intemperate life in the declaration, "I had rather be a civil, well-governed, well-grounded, temperate, poor Angler than a drunken lord." Such utterances as these express better than anything I might say of the well-balanced, temperate, well-regulated life of this good man.

I would like to quote some other typical passages from this charming book, but I think I have given enough to show in some measure its style and the character of its author. And I think the reader would find that nothing I could say in his praise would be too strong, when he has once read the book in the way I have. It is indeed a remarkable production, and a remarkable man that wrote it. It has grown in favor with each succeeding generation of readers, and has given its author a lasting place in our literature. We shall always continue to admire it for its elegant simplicity and lucidity of style, its graphic pictures, its terse sentences, its charming humor, and the lovely lessons of morality and religion it so sweetly inculcates. Written in an easy and natural style in the dialogue form, full of pleasantry and good humor, strewn with pretty songs and little pastoral poems, "a mixture of science and poetry, of learning and experience," this delightful book captivates the reader with its soothing music, and fascinates him with its pictures of the delights of the craft, so that, like the scholar, he is immediately converted into a loving disciple of this lovable, peaceable, and kindly soul.

JOHN HENRY BONER: THE POET OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY EDNA CLYDE KILGO.

To those of us who have heard the melody of his song, few as the notes have been, there comes a pang of deepest regret to learn that John Henry Boner has gone to join the choir invisible. Although much of his life was spent under more austere skies, his poems are all tinged with the harmonious color and beauty, and breathe the atmosphere of the South—the land he loved so well. One would not say that Mr. Boner was a genius, but in him remarkable talents were united with the finest qualities of manhood. If he could have enjoyed in youth the advantages of education, travel and culture, in exchange for the struggle for bread in uncongenial employment, doubtless he would have attained far greater recognition in the world of letters.

John Henry Boner was born at Salem, North Carolina, in 1845, and died in Washington, D. C., March 7, 1903. His parents were of German descent and of the Moravian faith. The financial reverses of his father made it necessary that John leave school to earn a livelihood while he was quite a boy; he became a printer and before many years was editor of a small paper of his own. From 1868 to 1871, Mr. Boner lived in Raleigh, in the employment of the government, and later in a printing office. While in this town he married Miss Charlotte Smith; here Theo. H. Hill and Joseph Holden became his intimate friends. After leaving Raleigh, Mr. Boner held a position in the civil service at Washington from 1871 to 1887. His next home was in New York; here he devoted his entire time to literary work.

Mr. Boner was a poet, critic, and author; he was one of the editors of the Century and Standard Dictionaries, wrote numerous poems for the Century Magazine, and as editor of the Literary Digest did some valuable critical work. A large part of his poems was written for and published in magazines, and few of them have been collected. His only volume

of poems, "Whispering Pines," contains Mr. Boner's first work that gave a promise of greater things which he later achieved. About two years ago he published a pamphlet containing a few of his best poems; but this was not widely circulated nor was it in a satisfactory form. Let us now consider some of the poet's work.

The range of his notes is wide, extending from the negro's rousing camp-meeting song to the gravest, most polished lyric; between these extremes are to be found verses of every shade of sentiment and emotion. The best examples of his verses of the negro dialect are "Chrismus Time is Come," and "The Light'ood Fire," a poem of much finer sentiment and which strikes a far deeper note. Both stir with enthusiasm, but of different types. "Hatteras" is perhaps the most popular poem in North Carolina; it is typical of the stormy coast of the "Old North State" and the storms that break there.

"The Wolf" cannot be read without a shudder passing over one, for its pathetic strain comes from the inmost soul of the poet. I cannot refrain from quoting the first and last stanzas:

"The wolf came sniffing at my door,
 But the wolf had prowled on my tracks before,
 And his sniff, sniff, sniff at my lodge door-sill
 Only made me laugh at his devilish will.

* * * * *

"The Fates were three and I was one,
 About my life a net was spun;
 My soul grew faint in the deadly snare,
 No homage had been offered, no adoration paid,
 And the shrewd wolf knew my heart's despair.
 A crash and my door flew open wide,
 My strength was not as the beast's at my side.
 That night on my hearthstone cold and bare
 He licked his paw and made his lair."

Mr. Boner's sonnet, "Remembrance," is one of the best in American literature:

"I think that we retain of our dead friends
 And absent ones no general portraiture;
 That perfect memory does not long endure,
 But fades and fades until our life ends.

Unconsciously, forgetfulness attends
 That grief for which there is no other cure,
 But leaves of each lost one some record sure,—
 A look, an act, a tone,—something that lends
 Relief and consolation, not regret.
 Even that poor mother mourns her dead child,
 Whose agonizing eyes with tears are wet,
 Whose bleeding heart cannot be reconciled
 Unto the graves embrace,—even she shall yet
 Remember only when her babe first smiled.”

“How Oft I’ve Trod That Shadowy Way” is a beautiful poem; the three next to the last stanzas especially appeal to me in a charming way :

“How oft I’ve trod that shadowy way
 In bygone years—sometimes while yet
 The grass with morning dew was wet,
 And sometimes at the close of day.

“And sometimes when the summer noon
 Hung like a slumberous midnight spell—
 Sometimes when through the dark trees fell
 The sacred whiteness of the moon.

“Then is the hour to wander there
 When moonlight silvers tree and stone,
 And in the soft night wind is blown
 Ethereal essence subtly rare.”

It seems to me that Mr. Boner reached his highest perfection in his remarkable poem, “Poe’s Cottage at Fordham.” This cottage, as you know, was Poe’s home in New York; in his poem Mr. Boner makes a striking exposition of Poe and his weird environment and the melody haunts me as that of the great genius of whom it was written. This is only a part of the poem :

“Here lived the soul enchanted
 By melody of song;
 Here dwelt the spirit haunted
 By a demonianic throng;
 Here sang the lips elated;
 Here grief and death were sated;
 Here loved and here unmated
 Was he so frail, so strong.

"Here wintry winds and cheerless
 The dying firelight blew,
 While he whose song was peerless
 Dreamed the drear midnight through,
 And from dull embers chilling
 Crept shadows darkly filling
 The silent place, and thrilling
 His fancy as they grew.

* * * * *

"Proud, mad but not defiant,
 He touched at heaven and hell.
 Fate found a rare soul pliant
 And rang her changes well.
 Alternating his lyre,
 Stranded with strings of fire,
 Led earth's most happy choir,
 Or flashed with Israfel.

* * * * *

"Here through this lowly portal,
 Made sacred by his name,
 Unheralded immortal,
 The mortal went and came.
 And fate that then denied him,
 And envy that decried him,
 And malice that belied him,
 Have cenotaphed his fame."

While living in New York, Mr. Boner became the personal friend of Mr. Stedman, author of the "American Anthology," and he is the only North Carolinian whose works find a place in that immense volume. The poems, which find a place there, from Mr. Boner's pen are "Poe's Cottage at Fordham," "Remembrance," "We Walked Among the Whispering Pines," and "The Light'ood Fire." In 1894 Mr. Boner's health had so declined that it was impossible for him to continue his literary work; so he was forced to return to his former and less exacting duties in Washington.

Although not a member of any church, Mr. Boner was at heart a Moravian. Nothing could serve as a more appropriate conclusion to this simple tribute to the memory of North Carolina's most representative poet than some stanzas from his poem, "Immortality," in which are expressed

his faith and hope concerning that shadowy border-land into whose vast hush his spirit has just passed:

“There is a hope of heaven in every human breast—
A hope of life supernal in some far region blest,—
Of an immortal vesture, of an eternal rest.

“There is a hope undying that life’s inglorious span,
The travail strange and painful, and death’s un pitying ban,
May not complete the miracle, may not be all of man.

“There is a hope unfounded in myth or creed or lore
That recompense for mortals waits them at the door
Where they lay down their burdens and pass and are no more.

“He who first sang in gladness of spirit to the sky
Or who with lamentation first closed a tearful eye,
Conceived the faith which teaches that men shall never die.

“That noble faith, that credence which gives existence worth
And with faith a sense exultant of a celestial birth,
Entablatures with triumph the sepulchers of earth.”

TRINITY.

BY ELLEN.

*The moonlight pours a peaceful flood o'er dome
And tower; threat'ning clouds that darkly hung
Above the slowly growing pile are flung
Beyond the range of violence, to come
No more for aye; no slander-loving gnome,
No hated ghoul of spite whose poison stung
In times of darkness past, whose falsehood rung
From Church to State may longer curse the home
Of Peace and Truth, for in this holy light
No goodly guise may hide their impish parts,
While 'mid the sheen progressive manhood plods
The ever circling scaffold toward the height
Made possible by sacrificing hearts
Whose throbbing strokes are modeled after God's.*

EDMUND BURKE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY C. D. A.

A society calling itself the Revolution Society was accustomed to meet on the 4th of November to celebrate the landing of the Prince of Orange and the beginning of the Revolution of 1688. At one of these regular meetings, Dr. Price preached the sermon and took occasion to speak in very high terms of the French Revolution as extending the principles of the Revolution of 1688, and as being the political salvation, perhaps, of mankind. Burke began a reply to this sermon and the Society for Revolutions, as he adroitly termed it. The work grew upon him, and finally made its appearance as the *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. Burke took up in regular order the arguments advanced by Dr. Price and replied to them, and then proceeded to give his opinions of the condition of affairs in France. This was in 1790, at a time when the Revolution appeared at its best. Burke's prophetic insight in pointing out the consequences of the Revolution is thus much the more remarkable. Not only in France, but even in England, it was thought, at that time, that perhaps the Revolution was at last solving the great questions of liberty and the rights of men. It is a singular tribute to Burke's power of discernment that the very things on which, in the midst of the excitement and chaos about him, he put his finger as being weak places in the French fabric of government have since, after years of calm thought and deliberation, been recognized as the causes of the failure of the Revolution.

So much by way of introduction. But before entering into the principles involved in Burke's discussion, it is well to note the significance of Burke's attitude and point of view towards the Revolution. Unlike Fox, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, who,

"When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped with her strong foot and said she would be free,"

saw, or thought they saw, the rising of a sun that was to dispel the clouds of tyranny and to establish the brotherhood of man,—unlike these, Burke never looked on the Revolution but with mistrust. We love to think now of this fine old aristocrat standing as the bulwark of English thought and rights and happiness and prosperity, when the English themselves hardly knew what to say or do as regards affairs just across the channel. And this leads us to remark that it was from an English standpoint that Burke approached this whole question. He was first led into a consideration of it, not primarily on account of its probable results in France, but on account of its possible results in England. He entered the conflict, as it were, to defend the English against themselves.

Burke's attitude towards the French Revolution, as compared to his attitude towards the American Revolution, long furnished material for those who were disposed to cry out, "Inconsistent." From the beginning of the troubles which led to the American Revolution, he had taken the part of the colonists; throughout the struggle he maintained his position; and he lived to see the triumph of his principles at its close. When the French Revolution broke out, twenty years later, it was considered by many as almost identical with the American Revolution in motive, purpose, and extent. But Burke, apparently forgetting his former sayings, that "in all disputes between the people and their rulers, the presumption is at least on a par in favor of the people," and that "whenever the people have a feeling, they commonly are in the right," apparently changing sides, turned the thunder of his guns against the French people. But it was not a desertion, it was simply a shifting of his forces and getting them into a new position.

One great cause of Burke's violent opposition to the French Revolution was his love for the British constitution. Though an Irishman by birth, he early learned to love the constitution as few, perhaps, native-born Englishmen have

done. This love amounted to veneration and even to reverence. He cherished this constitution most sacredly as the corner-stone of government, and was ever on the alert to prevent its being impiously tampered with or unnecessarily changed. The leaders of the French Revolution were not contented with overthrowing their own monarchy and setting up a new form of government at home, but afterwards constituted themselves the champions of "all peoples against all kings." Burke foresaw this tendency at an early stage of the game and began to prepare England against its advances. To suppose that England should have fallen a prey to this tendency is to open a vast field of speculation. Had the slow-moving but determined English been once aroused, it is hard to say what the result would have been. Perhaps we cannot fairly estimate Burke's part in this prevention of the government from disruption, but there can be no doubt that the English Constitution, in its present form, owes an immense debt to his energy.

Another principle on which Burke opposed the French was their treatment of the church and religion. In order for the rulers of the State to give their best service, "they should have high and worthy notions of their function and destination," says Burke; "they should not look to the palfry pelf of the moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of the vulgar, but to a solid, permanent existence, in the permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent fame and glory in the example they leave as a rich inheritance to the world." Again he says, "We know, and what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort." He went further and defended the union of Church and State, for the church thus gains an added dignity, strength, and power. These principles the new government of France had openly disdained. On the contrary, they confiscated the property of the church, fostered atheism, and substituted philosophy for religion. It is not very strange then that one constituted as

Burke was, with the impetuosity of a Frenchman and the obstinacy of an Englishman, with his inborn love of order, with his deep reverence for things spiritual, it is not to be wondered at, I say, that such an one should thunder with all his might upon these Frenchmen, who were breaking up what appeared to him the very basis of civil and social life.

Again, Burke's ideas of the rights of men differed very materially from those of the French. I quote here his famous passage on the real rights of men: "Men have a right to live by that rule (law); they have a right to do justice, as between their fellows, whether their fellows are in public function or in ordinary occupation. They have a right to the fruits of their industry, and to the means of making their industry fruitful. They have a right to the acquisitions of their parents; to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring; to instruction in life and to consolation in death. Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favor. In this partnership all men have equal rights, but not to equal things." And there is where Burke and the French Revolutionists parted company. The Revolutionists, wearing their red cockades and proclaiming "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity or death," conceived that the King was no better than the meanest of his subjects—that the one had no more rights than the other—and that any man in France had as much right to a share in the government as any other man. Burke, perhaps, went to the other extreme. He denies that the right to an equal share in the government is "amongst the direct, original rights of man in civil society." "It is a thing to be settled by convention." Hence he argues that, government having been originated by and founded upon convention, that convention becomes the law. And so "man has abdicated his right to be his own governor." Hence he substitutes the right to be governed. This much granted,

we are prepared for his assertion that there are very few instances in which a democracy is desirable. He does not consider France as belonging to that class.

His attitude towards monarchs and the nobility follows as a matter of course. To him his king was really a king—he really had a right to govern—and the nobility was really a nobility. Property had rights as such, and in large accumulations had greater rights, as being, to a great extent, the guarantors of the stability of government and as contributing largely to its support. His memorable description of the 6th of October, 1789, is full of a lofty reverence for a king as such and for the sacred prerogatives attaching to his kingship. Feeling, too, enters his work here, and there is perhaps one of the weak points of Burke's attitude towards this whole question. He wrote to Sir Phillip Francis, the probable author of the Junius Letters, that he had shed tears over his own description of Marie Antoinette. But that feeling which could idealize a king and worship a queen had no room for the thousands of starving peasants throughout France. We quote not only in illustration of the point made, but as one of the finest examples of Burke's power of word-portraiture: "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revelation! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers. I thought ten

thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that profound submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

Burke devoted some attention also to the organization and government of the French army as it then stood. The French were right, he said, in maintaining that an army should be an instrument. But disaffection appeared in the ranks of the army. Then the National Assembly, when one proclamation was disobeyed, answered by making other proclamations, which they were equally as unable to enforce. Their citizen-soldiers, steeped in the doctrine of "the rights of men," would refuse to be mere instruments and to let other people do their thinking. The Assembly advised them to mingle with the people of the municipalities where they were stationed, to join their clubs, to attend their coffee-houses, to participate in their social life, hoping thus, by persuading them to enjoy themselves, to be able to quell any tendency towards mutiny that may have arisen. But the means adopted to cure the disorder would of course intensify it, and the slumbering embers of discontent would be fanned into flame. This is one of the most marvelous portions of Burke's work. He saw that the army possessed the real key to the situation. He says: "In the weakness of one kind of authority, and in the fluctuation of all, the officers of an

army will remain for some time mutinous and full of faction, until some popular general, who understands the art of conciliating the soldiery, and who possesses the true spirit of command, shall draw the eyes of all men upon himself. Armies will obey him on his personal account. There is no other way of securing military obedience in this state of things. But the moment in which that event shall happen, the person who really commands the army is your master; the master (that is little) of your king, the master of your assembly, the master of your whole republic." To us, who know the history of Napoleon, this seems an ominous note of warning.

Upon the confiscated property of the church, the National Assembly, which really possessed the legislative, executive, and judicial power, had issued certificates which they called "assignats." These, of course, issued to surfeit, rapidly depreciated in value, but it was not simply from an economic standpoint, but from a moral one as well, that Burke opposed this measure. "These gentlemen, perhaps," says he, "do not believe a great deal in the miracles of piety; but it cannot be questioned, that they have an undoubting faith in the prodigies of sacrilege."

But the most significant principle of Burke's political philosophy remains to be considered. It was the great doctrine of conservatism. In all phases of his political life, Burke displays an adulation for the past, a reverence for the established order of things, which, viewed through modern spectacles, appears almost fanatical. According to Burke, the present order of things represents all that was good, all that was worth while, all that was expedient, in statesmanship in the past fused and condensed by the hand of tradition into one mass and handed down to us as a priceless legacy from our forefathers. The people naturally respect what is old and established, and if we destroy this object of their respect, we find it hard to replace it with another. "It is with infinite caution," says Burke, "that any man ought to

venture upon pulling down an edifice which has answered in any tolerable degree for ages the common purposes of society, or on building it up again without having models and patterns of approved utility before his eyes." But we must not understand that Burke was not, in spirit, a reformer. Only that reform must be tempered, softened, chastened by a due respect for the past. He tells us that "to innovate is not to reform," and that we must "approach to the faults of the State as to the wounds of a father with pious awe and trembling solicitude." There was something good in the old government of France—it was capable of adaptation, of reform, and there was no reason for the adoption of such radical measures as the assembly had used. They had destroyed the ancient government, obliterated all old boundary lines, were trying to run the affairs of a nation on the narrow principles of geometry and arithmetic, had taken away the executive power of the king, had established a judicature which was dependent on the whims of the National Assembly for its very existence, had organized an army and then given it the key to the situation, and had established a system of finance utterly at variance with the laws of economy. Their first principle in dealing with any subject seemed to be the destruction of every means which had before been used in an attempt to bring about the same result. To use Burke's rather striking words, "Their whole duty seemed to them to consist in destruction." It is easy, then, to see why he so violently opposed the French Revolution, why he denounced it as a "chaos of levity and ferocity," why he denominated its leaders as "a den of bravoës and banditti;" for the whole tenor of the movement was in direct opposition to the principles which he so sacredly nourished.


 The logo consists of a quill pen with its tip pointing downwards, positioned behind a scroll that is partially unrolled. The word "Editorial" is written in a large, elegant, cursive script across the scroll.

CHAS. K. ROBINSON,	- - - - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
E. C. PERROW,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT EDITOR.

This number of the ARCHIVE contains a sketch of the life and work of the late John Henry Boner. The story of Boner's life at once suggests those of Lanier and Timrod—their devotion to their art, their struggles, and their apparent defeat by the odds against them.

If one approaches the work of these men, and of others who might be classed with them, in a critical and unsympathetic attitude, one may be inclined to say that in spite of poetic gifts of a high order, they lacked in the first place the genius that would have made them great poets and that the thing we should lament most is that they did not work at some profession that would have given them their daily bread. And with their early training inadequate as preparation for writing prose, with poverty and active and persistent discouragement by their friends, what could they hope to win as poets?

To make such a criticism of these men is to miss entirely the significance of their lives, aside from whatever value may be given to their poetry. They were born among a generation which was ashamed of whatever literary talent it possessed; it was their lot to give their lives to the creating of a higher appreciation of literature. They might have become excellent lawyers, mayors, preachers, physicians, or in some industry they might have increased the material wealth of the country. They chose a harder task. From

barren surroundings they drew nourishment for the yearning in their souls toward "the things that are fine and good," and through poverty, indifference, and ignorant criticism of their work they "followed the gleam" of their highest ideals.

Probably it would not be well for everybody to follow steadfastly such lofty ideals. Sometimes it may be the part of wisdom to arrange some compromise with the gaunt wolf that Boner heard scratching every night at his door. But who would say that Lanier, Timrod and Boner lived in vain? They fought their hard fight and died without hearing many good things said about them, but their work will make it easier for others to do similar work, and as the years go by these men will stand out more and more as lights to guide those who are seeking the finer things of life,—as the "friends of those would live in the spirit."

Several weeks ago Mr. Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railway, delivered an address before the Greater Georgia Convention on the industrial conditions and prospects in the South. So much of the address dealt with questions of interest to college men, and all young men who are trying to decide just what work in life they will take up, that comment even at this late hour will not be inappropriate.

Mr. Spencer spoke of the well known industrial changes that have taken place in the South and emphasized the fact that, much as has been done, the work of building factories, railroads and macadamized roads and bridges, opening new mines and introducing new methods into agriculture is only begun. It is in view of all this work that Mr. Spencer makes his plea not merely for men to do manual labor, but for men who can take the lead in industrial enterprises of all kinds. In Mr. Spencer's own words,

"We lack to-day throughout the country, particularly throughout the South, that is growing in industry more rapidly, relatively, than any other section, the young men who are to take the helm I mean not the

young man who is courageously willing to take it, who, in his self-confidence, is equal to have it, but I mean the man who is really ready—the man who is prepared, the man who knows the thing he is going to attempt to do.”

Then, taking up the question of what the young men have really been doing, he says that, for example, in his *alma mater*, the University of Georgia, during the last ten years, thirteen times as many men have graduated from the law department as from the engineering, scientific and industrial departments.

It appears, then, that Mr. Spencer is making a plea for more industrial education. Everybody knows that in the past, law and politics have occupied a very large place in the day dreams of the Southern youth, and this is still true to a certain extent; but it would be a calamity to carry industrial education to the extent that some of its advocates desire. There is no doubt a large number of men whose education should be chiefly industrial; but there seems to be no good reason why a young man with the regular collegiate training might not soon prepare himself to take the helm in industry. The point is to get young men to see that business enterprises offer quite as large a field for intelligence and energy as the professions offer, and get them to understand that the desire to control a large corporation is an ambition no less high than that of becoming a corporation lawyer, and one that will certainly not give less scope of power than an attorney's. One of the social evils charged against great industrial combinations is that they make independent effort impossible and reduce efficient leaders to the position of superintendents. Whether this be true or not, it is true that, as a result from the growth of large industrial combinations, business is far more attractive to young men of ambition than it was before the day of the so-called “trusts.”



Literary Notes

MISS EDNA CLYDE KILGO,

MANAGER.

Mr. John Burroughs seems to have stirred up a veritable hornet's nest by his article "Real and Sham Natural History," in the March *Atlantic*, where he records his disapproval of the sentimental view of animal life taken by some recent writers of popular "natural stories." His standing as a naturalist is not to be questioned, nor is he fairly to be accused of lacking the poetical instinct. The article is a fine bit of keen-edged reviewing in the field of recent books on Natural History. The demand in the last few years has called forth, to quote Mr. Burroughs, "a very large crop of these books, good, bad, and indifferent—books of animal stories, animal romances, nature-study books and what not." A few of them, he thinks, are valuable contributions to our natural history literature, such as Mr. Bradford Torrey's bird stories, Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm's *Bird Book*, Mr. Leander Keyser's *Birds of the Rockies*, and Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp's *Wild Life Near Home*. But most of them are written to meet a popular demand and to cater to the popular taste for fiction. The chief objects of Mr. Burroughs's attack are Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, for so mingling fact and fiction that there is no easily traceable line of demarcation, and Rev. Wm. J. Long for gross ignorance of his subject. Says Mr. Burroughs: "Mr. Seton-Thompson says in capital letters that his stories are true, and it is this emphatic assertion that makes the judicious grieve. True as romance, true in their artistic effect, true in their power to entertain the young reader, they certainly are: but true as

natural history they certainly are not. Mr. Seton-Thompson makes his fox so foxy that he deliberately lures the hounds upon a long trestle where he knows they will be just in time to meet and be killed by a passing train, as they are. The presumption is that the fox had a watch and a time-table about his person. In all the animal stories of Mr. Seton-Thompson that I have read the same liberties are taken with facts." Mr. Burroughs does not discredit these stories simply because he has never known the like, for he says, "I can believe many things that I have never seen or known. I discredit them because they are so widely at variance with all we know of the wild creatures and their ways. I discredit them as I do any other glaring counterfeit, or any poor imitation of the original." Of Mr. Long's *Beasts of the Field*, he says, "His statements are rarely convincing; rarely do they have the verisimilitude of real observation. His air is that of a witness trying to mislead the jury. What fun the fishermen and the hunters and the farmers must have with Mr. Long!" Commenting on one of his stories, Mr. Burroughs adds, "It might have been his own observation, but doubtless some old farmer has 'soaked' him with it. How the old humorist must have chuckled in his sleeve!" But while Mr. Burroughs' criticism has inevitably shaken our faith in animal stories, we will never cease to be grateful to Mr. Seton-Thompson who has introduced us to them.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has clearly indicated in her latest novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," that with her culture, superior mind, distinction of style, she can tell a simple story that will touch the reader's heart and command his sympathy and attention. Perhaps some critics are not fair in saying that this new romance is so far superior to "Robert Elsmere," "Marcella," "Eleanor," or "David Grieve;" but it is different and more absorbing. Julie Le Breton, *Lady Rose's Daughter*, is fascinating; while reading the novel I was constantly wavering between two opinions, one condemning

her as an intriguer and adventuress; the other justifying her, as the victim of tyranny and prejudice, in the deceits by which she gained happiness enough to make her life endurable. This uncertainty lent a charm to, and kept me keenly interested in, the story. All the circumstances of her surroundings tend to heighten Julie's effectiveness; every incident is brought to bear on her life. The scenes rarely shift from the drawing rooms of English nobility. The style of the novel is characterized by its brisk movement, the plot is never impeded or heavily weighed with definition and reflection; in short, one cannot skip passages and keep up with the drift of the plot.

Kipling's new poem, "The Settler," is decidedly the best I have seen from his pen in some time. The theme of the poem is the reconstruction of South Africa and contains the sentiment of English people, whose healing hand has been so kindly laid on that stricken country. The theme of the poem was suggested by Secretary Chamberlain's speech made on his departure from Cape Town, in which he said, "I leave this shore more convinced than ever that the forces that are drawing you together are more potent than those evil influences which would tend to separate you. . . . Above all, South Africa needs the best capacities of all of its children." I quote the first and the last three stanzas of "The Settler:"

"Here where my fresh-turned furrows run and the deep soil glistens red
I will repay the wrong that was done to the living and the dead;
Here where the senseless bullet fell, and the barren shrapnel burst,
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well against the heat and the thirst.

* * * * *

"And when we bring old fights to mind we will not remember the sin—
If there be blood on his head of my kind, or blood on my head of his kin—
For the ungrazed upland, the untilled lea cry and the fields forlorn;—
'The dead must bury their dead, but yet—ye serve an host unborn.'

"Bless then, our God, the new-yoked plow and the good beasts that draw
And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brows according to the law;
After us cometh a multitude to prosper the work of our hands
That we may feed with our land's food the folk of all our lands.

"Here in the wastes and the troughs of the plains where the healing stillness lies

And the vast benignant sky restrains, and the long days make wise—

Bless to our use the rain and the sun and the blind seed in the bed,

That we may repair the wrong that was done to the living and to the dead."

Thomas Nelson Page's new novel, "Gordon Keith," will be published in May. More than usual interest attaches itself to this novel, since Mr. Page has devoted five years to writing it. It is said that the period of action from the close of the civil war well into this century and is a story of remarkable scope. The principal scenes are laid in New York, with occasionally some in Virginia. The heroine is a New York society girl, while the hero is a Southerner of the new type which has risen from the old aristocracy after the war.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are going to publish a "library" of the most important books they issue along the line suggested by their magazine, *The World's Work*. It will be a "library of achievements," including such books as Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery," "The Woman Who Toils," by Mrs. John Van Vorst and Miss Mary Van Vorst, and "The Story of My Life," by Hellen Keller.



Editors Table

E. W. CRANFORD,

MANAGER.

We have reviewed with pleasure quite a number of our exchanges this month, and each seems to have done itself credit. The poetic muse, according to its wont, must have returned with the approach of spring, and like the dove of the poem, fiction also appears to have taken on a livelier coloring. While we have reviewed a goodly number of magazines, we refrain from commenting upon many of them separately, for our remarks would necessarily have to be much the same for each of them. We shall mention only a few of the more representative.

The Vanderbilt University Observer impressed us very favorably. Its well conceived and entertaining fiction offers the reader some inducement to employ his time in reading it. This is something that can by no means be said of every college magazine. We have reviewed an appalling number of college journals during the past year, the only incentive for whose perusal by any exchange editor must necessarily have been nothing other than the desire of discharging the duties laid upon him by his office. "Thomson's Black Cat" impressed us as being the most interesting of the stories in the *Observer*. The description of the cat in the first two paragraphs is especially good. "A Diamond in the Rough" is another story of a high type. The plot, however, is a trifle common-place. We are glad to note that the *Observer* is devoting the greater part of its space to good, healthy fiction. It is to be sincerely hoped that some of its contemporaries will early adopt the same policy.

We find the *Emory Phoenix* still affording its share of good reading matter. The students of Emory are to be congrat-

ulated for the support they must have been giving their college journal, to make it the success it has been, during the past year. Unlike a great many others, the *Phoenix* has never yet shown a slackness in work. Some of the magazines from our best colleges contain for one month a high order of work, while for the next month they contain a work as superficial as the other was good. The *Phoenix* is clear of this fault. Its stories are always creditable, and do not show evidences of that unpardonable staleness with which college fiction of late is so universally afflicted. The March issue contains one story worthy of comment, namely, "A Romance of the Everglades." The poem, "His Dead Sweet-heart," is very pathetic and impressive. We believe, however, considering the sentiment of the poem, it would have been better had it not been written in dialect.

The Idealist is a tasty little magazine and in its elegant cover is a thing of beauty. We find evidences of art not upon the outside only, but upon the inside as well, and after we have read the interesting short stories and catchy bits of poetry it contains, and have seen how neatly arranged are each of its several departments, we are almost persuaded to believe that its name should be the *Ideal* instead of the *Idealist*. The March number contains one very good short story, entitled, "Among the Shadows."

The Wake Forest Student, as usual, comes to us well worked up. Both solid matter and fiction are well written. The poem on the first page entitled "Optimism" is especially good. We wish we could see more such poetry as this in our magazines. The great trouble with most of our poetry is, that it is entirely too philosophic and solemn to be suited to college magazines. A great deal of it seems to be too deep for expression, judging from the lack of thought expressed, while a great part of that which is interpretable is too serious to be put in a hymn-book, to say nothing of a college magazine. The *Student* is one of our best exchanges and sets a worthy example for emulation.



At Home and Abroad

W. G. PURYEAR,

MANAGER.

The fourth series of Avera Bible Lectures was conducted in the Main Street Methodist Church, from March 31 to April 2, by Bishop Wilson, of Baltimore. The first lecture was on "The Pre-eminence of the Spiritual Over the Natural in Man's Life;" the second was on "The Process of the Apprehension of the Spiritual," and the third was on "The Unity of the Natural and the Spiritual in Jesus Christ." The entire series was well attended, and all three of the audiences were unanimous in the expression of their pleasure for so rare a treat.

The untimely death of Mr. W. M. Gibson, of the Sophomore Class, the 3d of this month, cast a gloom over the whole student body. In order to show in some small measure their appreciation of Mr. Gibson and their sorrow over his death, the faculty and students went in a mass to the depot from which the body was to be sent home. Besides this, one representative from the Sophomore Class, one from the Y. M. C. A., one from the Columbian Society (of which Mr. Gibson was a member), and one from the faculty was appointed to escort the body to its home. The parents and relatives of the deceased certainly have the sympathy of the whole college community.

The debate with Emory came off the 13th of this month. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, a large audience was seated in the Craven Memorial Hall when the Hon. B. F. Dixon introduced the first speaker on the affirmative, Mr. Reese Griffin, of Emory. He was replied to by Mr. J. P. Frizzelle, of Trinity. The other two speakers were Messrs.

L. B. Harrell, of Emory, and L. P. Howard, of Trinity. Gov. C. B. Aycock, ex-Gov. A. D. Candler, of Georgia, and Hon. F. A. Woodard were the judges, while Prof. W. D. Carmichael was time keeper. Ex-Gov. Candler was chosen to announce the decision of the judges, which he did very aptly—keeping the audience in the dark for fifteen minutes of harrowing suspense, after which he announced that Trinity had won. The victory was all the more precious because of the closeness of the debate. Both sides acquitted themselves in a very high manner, and if the Emory speakers did not win, they made the Trinity representatives know that they had been in a debate any how. The question debated was:

“Resolved, That legal provision should be made in this country for the appointment of tribunals of arbitration to settle strikes and lockouts, said tribunals to have power when negotiations between employers and employees have failed, to assume jurisdiction and to judicially determine and enforce for the industry in question just rates of wages and conditions of labor.”

At a meeting of the Science Club, March 23, Prof. L. C. Nicholson read a paper on “The Mercury Arc,” and Mr. C. E. Egerton read one on “The Cathode Rays.”

The Historical Society met Monday night, April 6, to listen to a paper by Mr. H. R. Dwire on “The Peace Measures of 1861.” After the paper was read a number of relics were presented, among which were a pair of old Indian moccasins and a Ku Klux club used in Harnett county.

The Glee Club made its debut as scheduled on the 30th of March, in the Durham Opera House, and met with such flattering success that another one was held the 14th of April in West Durham. Most likely no other concerts than these will be given in the city.

During the excitement of the ball season, Mr. P. J. Barringer has been inspired to write the following:

THE BASEBALL LINE-UP.

The spring has come with weather fine,
We're playing ball again;
With "Cooch" to catch and "Brad" to pitch,
We're striking out the men.
Puryear now is playing first
And Webb is second base,
While Howard shoots the balls from short
That beat men in the race.
Elliott still is playing third,
And there each runner dies,
While Wooten, Carter and Tom Smith
Are taking in the flies.

It would be a good thing if more of the men in college could receive a little inspiration, not to write poetry—for only the few and favored can do that—but to come out to the games and support the management. The lack of support the management has had this year has been shameful. Of course there are some men in college who cannot afford to go to but very few, if any, ball games, and no blame can be placed on them, but this is not the case of most of the students, yet still they don't come. When asked why they don't go, they are either broke or don't care anything about baseball. The first class are the ones that lounge around drug stores in the afternoon and go to cheap shows at night, and the second is the kind that goes to anything that's free. There are a few chosen spirits in college that go to everything which is connected with the college, rain or shine, pay or no pay. Why can't all try to do this?

The Y. W. C. A. recently gave a Japanese Tea to get funds to send a delegate to Asheville next summer. They met with flattering success.

Dr. Mims addressed the Y. M. C. A., Sunday, the 12th, on John Wesley.

Prof. Pegram delivered one of the faculty lectures not long ago on "The Relation of Science to Religion."

A number of boys went to Raleigh with the baseball team the 6th, to see the game with the N. C. A. & M., but owing

to a misunderstanding between Managers King and Gardner concerning the eligibility of one or two players, there was no game.

Dr. Ransmeier went to Southern Pines a week or two ago to attend the National Golf Tournament.

Prof. Durham, Dr. Mims and Dr. Few attended the banquet recently given by the Trinity College Alumni Association of Charlotte. Prof. Durham was to have delivered a series of lectures in Charlotte, but was unable to do so on account of sudden illness.

Mr. C. M. Lance, '03, was recently injured while stepping off a moving street car. He had got on while the car was still to have a letter mailed, and was not aware when he attempted to step off that the car was in motion. He was shaken up rather severely, but has about recovered now.

Mr. D. F. Giles, ex. '03, who has been teaching during the winter in the western part of the State, spent the day at Trinity, the 26th of last month, while on his way back to the Law department of the University of N. C.

Mr. J. T. Stanford, of the class of '97, was on the Park the first of the month.

Mr. R. M. Odell spent several days at his home in Concord, N. C., not long ago. He was forced to leave college for a short time on account of ill health.

Mr. W. A. Bivins, of the class of '02, who taught school in Asheboro this year, is now taking a special course in college.

Alpha-Alpha Chapter of the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity sent Mr. C. W. Rowe to Nashville, Tenn., as their representative at the annual convention of that fraternity. He left on the 5th of this month and returned the 12th.

On the night of April 6, Dr. J. Landor and Rev. J. E. McCulloch lectured in the College Chapel on Missionary work in Brazil.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class of Trinity College on April 4, 1903, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The hand of Providence has removed from our midst our honored and esteemed friend and class-mate, WILLIAM MALLOY GIBSON; therefore be it resolved by the members of the Sophomore Class—

That in his untimely death our class has sustained an irreparable loss.

That we, the members of the Sophomore Class, recognizing the purity of his life, the loftiness of his character, and his devotion to duty, sincerely deplore his death.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and that they be published in the *Raleigh Christian Advocate*, TRINITY ARCHIVE, and in the *Scotland Times*.

A. B. DUKE,
C. W. BAGBY,
W. A. THOMAS,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take from us our companion, WM. M. GIBSON, be it resolved:

1. That the Columbian Literary Society has lost a loyal member and Trinity College a promising student and a Christian gentleman.
2. That we, the members of the Columbian Society, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.
3. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Society, published in the ARCHIVE, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

C. E. D. EGERTON,
H. C. SATTERFIELD,
Committee.

H. MAHLER'S SONS

RALEIGH, N. C.

Manufacturing Jewelers

SILVERSMITHS AND ENGRAVERS

BADGES, MEDALS AND EMBLEMS
MADE TO ORDER.

THE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING OF WEDDING,
RECEPTION AND CALLING CARDS.

GOODALL'S PHARMACY

Cor. Main & Mangum Sts.

STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO CALL

Phone No. 8.

COLE & HOLLADAY,

HIGH-CLASS

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Smithdeals

Is the oldest and only business college in Va. owning its building—a grand new one. No vacations. Ladies & gentlemen. Bookkeeping, Shorthand Typewriting, Penmanship, Telegraphy, &c.
Leading business college south of the Potomac river.—*Phila. Stenographer*. Address,
G. M. Smithdeal, President, Richmond, Va.

E. J. LONG & CO.,

THE EXCLUSIVE

PICTURE FRAMERS AND UPHOLSTERERS

Finest Line of Mouldings and Frames in the City.

224 West Main Street. Opposite Lewith

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1903.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.


All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to C. K. ROBINSON, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues).

ADVERTISING.

 *Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.*

Direct all communications to

T. W. SMITH, Business Manager,
Trinity College, Durham, N. C.



C. F. LAMBETH, - - - - - MANAGER.

THE FIRST YEARS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

BY EDNA CLYDE KILGO.

Boston has long been recognized as having the most cultured atmosphere in America and the scholars and men of letters who have lived there represent the high water mark of literary achievement on this side of the Atlantic. At the time of which I am going to write, Boston had among her citizens such eminent literary men as Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, and Longfellow, and a score of lesser lights. Nor was the culture limited to men who devoted their life exclusively to literary work; Harvard College, numerous public as well as private libraries, lecture courses, museums of art, and excellent public schools, all furnished impulse and opportunity to all her citizens to read and study.

But as yet Boston had no magazine that could, at once, command the united support of the best writers of the city and elsewhere and that of an appreciative public. It is true that as early as 1815, *The North American Review* was founded; and the articles it published had a wide influence, in their day, both on political and literary opinion. However scholarly this magazine was, it had never been able to make itself a monthly. In 1840, the *Dial* had started with such contributors as Emerson, Theodore Parker, and Margaret Fuller. It was designed as "a vent to the new wine of transcendentalism," and commended itself chiefly to the few who had felt the "fine intoxication of that ferment." Its career was about ended when, in 1843, Lowell and his friend, Robert Carter, started *The Pioneer*, with Poe and Hawthorne in its list of contributors. This magazine also failed for the lack of something behind it "more substantial than enthusiasm and genius."

Boston was even, regardless of her brilliant array of literary lights, outclassed by other and smaller cities in publishing such a magazine as would give voice to her geniuses. Philadelphia had Graham's and Godey's magazines; New York its old *Knickerbocker*, new *Harper's*, and *Putnam's*; but still America was without a first rate, purely literary magazine. What Boston needed was the right man to start a publication worthy of her literary reputation and of the authors who were only too glad of an opportunity to contribute to its pages.

Such a man was Francis Henry Underwood, whose position made him a connecting link between a circle of brilliant writers and a publishing firm of enterprise and reputation. Moreover he was ardently in favor of such a publication.

Putnam's Magazine, which merited a long and prosperous life, had unexpectedly failed. The firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., not discouraged by this misfortune, gallantly and bravely resolved to renew the experiment. This new magazine was planned in all of its details in 1853, four years be-

fore its publication began. In a letter to Mr. Higginson, written from Boston, November 21, 1853, Mr. Underwood says: "Messrs. J. P. Jewett & Co., of this city, propose to establish a Literary and Anti-Slavery magazine—commencing probably in January. The publishers have energy and capital and will spare no pains to make the enterprise a complete success. They will endeavor to obtain contributions from the best writers and will pay liberally for all they make use of. Politics and the Humanities, though, of course, prominent as giving character to the magazine, will occupy but a small portion of its pages. Current literary topics, new books, the fine arts, and other matters of interest to the reading public will receive the most careful attention. I am desired to request you to become a contributor. If you are disposed to favor the project, and have anything written at this time, please forward the MS. with your reply."

Again he writes, November 25, 1853, "Our magazine is not yet definitely determined upon. The letters I wrote for the enlistment of contributors have been mostly answered favorably. We are waiting to hear definitely from Mrs. Stowe, whom we hope will be induced to commence in the February number, a new story. Those who have already promised to write are Mr. Carter, who will furnish a political article for each number, Mr. Hildreth, Thos. W. Parsons, author of an excellent translation of Dante, Parke Godwin, of the New York Evening Post, Mr. Ripley, of the Tribune, Dr. Elder, of Philadelphia, H. D. Thoreau, of Concord, Theodore Parker, Edmund Quincy, James R. Lowell."

The magazine was delayed four years by the business failure of J. P. Jewett & Co., who were to publish it. I quote again from Mr. Underwood, "After long efforts due co-operation was secured and responsible publishers were found to take it up." Elsewhere he says, "It was planned at a dinner of which Longfellow says in his diary, May 20, 1857, "Dined in town with new magazine club, discussing title, etc., with no result." May 5, he wrote, "Dined in town with Emer-

son, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Cabot, Underwood, and the publisher Phillips, to talk about the new magazine, the latter wishes to establish. It will no doubt be done. Though I am not so eager about it as the rest."

In 1857, May 19, Mr. Phillips wrote a friend, "I must tell you of a little dinner party I gave two weeks ago. The origin of it was to confer with literary friends on a somewhat extensive literary project. My invitations included only Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Cabot, and Underwood. It was the richest time intellectually by all odds that I have ever had. I think that you will agree with me that it would be difficult to duplicate that number of such conceded scholarship in the whole country beside."

The co-operation of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Holmes—a dazzling array of names—was assured and finally the proposed publication was decided upon.

Early in June, 1857, Underwood went abroad in the interest of the forthcoming magazine, taking letters to the foremost men of England from the best known American writers. Emerson alone declined, in a characteristic note, the desired introduction, "Since my foreign correspondents have ceased sending their friends to me, it hardly seems fair that I should accredit any of mine to them," was his reply.

The publication of the magazine having been decided upon, the next important step was the selection of an editor. In the summer of 1857, James Russel Lowell had returned from his course of study in Europe and in the autumn had entered upon his regular duties as professor of Modern Languages in Harvard College. To-day the conditions of editorship and of college professorship as well make a union of two such offices impossible. But at that time circumstances were different and the union was natural and, in a way, traditional. Lowell had already taken an active part in creating an interest in the new venture among writers. Happily Underwood turned to him as his most important ally. Lowell ac-

cepted the invitation to become editor. In a letter to Oliver Wendell Holmes he says, "When I accepted the editorship of the Atlantic, I made it a condition precedent that you were the first contributor to be engaged."

Holmes also said many years later, "I felt myself outside of the charmed circle drawn around the scholars and poets of Cambridge and Concord, having given myself to other studies and duties, and I wondered somewhat when Mr. Lowell insisted upon my becoming a contributor. I looked at the old Portfolio and said to myself, 'Too late, too late!' This tarnished gold will never brighten, these battered covers will stand no more wear and tear; close them to the spider and the bookworm." However, Lowell, with shrewd insight, applied a friendly pressure and Holmes yielded. He afterwards remarked, "Lowell woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering to call me into active service." The new venture was not yet named. While all who were in the secret were ransacking their wits for a good title, Holmes, ever ready with the right thing at the right moment, christened it "The Atlantic Monthly."

Let us now consider the policy and character of this new magazine. Primarily, the Atlantic Monthly was a regular means of publication for writers whose reputation was already established. It was from the first a "nature periodical," and the men among whom it got its start were capable of giving it the proper atmosphere. We have such names as Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, Whittier, Ticknor, Theodore Parker, Mrs. Stowe, W. D. Howells, Scudder, T. W. Higginson, and C. E. Norton, most closely connected with the magazine for a long series of years. Each strenuously in earnest found a common meeting ground in its pages.

As was the custom among periodicals at that time, all the articles in the Atlantic were unsigned, a mistaken policy, so Mr. Phillips thought. However the publisher's self-denial found compensation in the interest that the public took in

solving the riddles of authorship each month. The guesses were often amusing enough; for instance when a poem by a writer, not well known, was copied and went the rounds of the press attributed to Longfellow or Emerson—an incident not calculated to please either him who was deprived of due honor, or the other who had such doubtful honor thrust upon him.

Concerning the character of the magazine Lowell wrote to a friend from whom he solicited a contribution, "The magazine is going to be free without being fanatic, and we hope to unite in it all available talent of all shades of opinion. The magazine is to have opinions of its own, and not be afraid to speak them but I think we shall be scholarly and gentlemanlike." (It was his own passionate desire to keep his judgement free from the partisan bias of idiosyncrasy.) "I never let any personal notion of mine interfere except in cases of obvious obscurity, bad taste, or bad grammar."

When the Atlantic Monthly first appeared it bore as a sub-head a title it has never relinquished, "A Magazine of Literature, Art, and Politics." Not that its contents were to be grouped under these heads, but both art and politics were to be discussed by men having the literary faculty and that apprehension of subjects which finds its natural training with great literature, which is, after all, the express image of art and politics." So the new magazine did not become under Lowell, as it might in lesser hands, a mere propaganda of reform or the organ of a political party, neither did it assume the air of philosophic absenteeism."

The initial number appeared in October, bearing date Nov. 1857. Its cover was of a tawny brown color, with the head of John Winthrop, from an old portrait by Vandyke, printed on it. After two years the national flag was substituted for the head of this old Governor of Massachusetts, and why the flag was ever taken off I have not been able to learn. The national flag strikes the keynote to the character of the character of the magazine. Ever since the first number the

Atlantic Monthly has been a national publication. To be sure it has always been peculiarly identified with Boston; Emerson somewhat fondly called it "Our Boston Magazine," and a critic of the far south saw fit to dub it "Of Boston, Bostonese." However it was not the purpose of the original founders of the magazine, nor of any of its conductors since, to make it an organ of Boston or New England opinion. It has ever striven to give expression to the best thought of the whole country. Examine the long row of its bound volumes for the most convincing evidence of the cosmopolitan character of its articles. If after so doing you say it is local, or provincial, you must draw the same indictment against the whole American people.

To the first number Emerson contributed an essay, "Illusions," and four poems, "Romany Girl," "The Charist's Complaint," "Day's," and "Brahma." The last one is the most mystical poem in American literature; for instance, "If the red slayer thinks he slays, Or the slain thinks he is slain," are characteristic lines; the poem has been talked about, puzzled over and parodied more than any other sixteen lines ever published. Longfellow contributed his beautiful tribute to Florence Nightingale, "Santa Filomena," and Whittier, "The Gift of Tritemius;" Lowell's contributions were "The Origin of Didactic Poetry," a versified fable, a sonnet, and the "Round Table," a department which was the order of an "Editor's Easy Chair," and which never appeared after the first number. The most decided hit of the magazine was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table;" it was evident to the most casual reader, if these essays were not by a new hand, they showed that a new force had come into our literature; this was the first of that series of papers "of inimitable wit and brilliancy, by a hand that never seemed to grow old nor to lose its wonderful facility." The political article for this number was written by Mr. Parke Godwin, who had been an important writer on the staff of Putnam's Monthly, and its title was "The Financial Flurry." Besides these articles

already referred to, the first number contained two historical articles, one on Douglas Jerrold, perhaps written by Motley, and the other on British India; two articles on art, "Florentine Mosaics" and the "Manchester Exhibition," four stories, "Sally Parson's Duty," "Akin by Marriage," "Pendlam, a Modern Reformer," and "The Mourning Veil," by Mrs. Stowe; also the departments of music and literary notes. If one examines the early numbers of the Atlantic Monthly he cannot fail to be impressed with the preponderance of imaginative literature and of that artistic element which finds expression in historical narrative or in the essay. The space devoted to the discussion of affairs is not considerable but the subjects are evidently chosen with deliberation, with distinction and careful consideration.

The political articles are found at the end of the magazine numbers, a place naturally adapted to them, for thus they could be given the latest possible consideration of current events. These articles were usually one in number, corresponding to the leader to be found in a journal. In the first number "Financial Flurry" was written by Mr. Parke Godwin; the second number contained "Where Will It End?" by Edmund Quincy, an inquiry into the slavery question. The January number contained "The President's Message," by Mr. Godwin; this paper is a prompt consideration of the policy of the new administration and it reviewed the three main topics of the currency, our foreign relations, and the Kansas-Nebraska difficulties. In February the same writer took up more in detail an examination of the Kansas Usurpation. There was no political article in the March issue, but in April, Lowell took a hand in characteristic fashion. An observant reader will not fail to notice that the white line, separating the first six from the last eight pages, in the article called "Mr. Buchanan's Administration," also separates the opinions of two writers. The latter share belongs to Lowell but is not included among his other articles which were later developed into his "Political Essays." This ar-

title shook with the electric energy that Lowell had been storing in his political batteries ever since the issue of the last Biglow papers ten years before.

These lines strike the keynote of his political policy,

"I honor the man who is ready to sink
Half of his present repute for the freedom to think,
And when he has thought, be his cause, strong or weak,
Will risk t' other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for what the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand, or lower."

There can be no more convincing evidence of the value of Lowell's opinion on political affairs, practically excluded as he was from any share in their administration, than the close attention his words received from the thinking public. It is indicative of a healthy condition in politics when a man takes the liveliest possible interest in politics, not as a game, not for the sake of increasing his own power, not for securing places for himself or for his friends, but because he takes a keen interest in politics as an expression in human thought, as an element in large problems. In reading these articles one cannot help being impressed with the political sagacity of the writer—wisdom before not after the events. Every page bears witness to the characteristic insight of the writer and the broad way in which he regards contemporaneous affairs. History has been supplying foot notes to these pages for the past twenty-five years confirming the text.

Lowell knew his country's history of man. At this critical period in the history of our nation his moral ardor and almost prophetic power flamed out. His opening statement is this, "Looking at the administration of Mr. Buchanan from the point of view of enlightened statesmanship we find nothing in it that is not contemptible; but when we regard it as the accredited exponent of the moral sense of a majority of our people it is saved from contempt, indeed it is saved only because it is merged in a deeper feeling of humiliation and apprehension. . . . There is a fate which spins and cuts the threads of national as well as individual life, and the case of

God against the people of the United States is not to be debated before any such petty tribunal as Mr. Buchanan and his advisers seem to suppose." In Lowell's writings there is the divination of the real question, the reference to moral principles, and the witty phrase but, also, there is a tendency to use language which rather conceals the point and application. He finds the center of the difficulty not in this or that political blunder, but in a disintegration of public conscience, for which there is no remedy, but in the arousing of the individual responsibility. In his articles, "The Pocket Celebration of the Fourth," for August, 1858, on Rufus Choate, and "A Sample of Consistency" in November of the same year, on Caleb Cushing, he recurs again and again to those fundamental political questions which underlie all notions of persons and parties. Lowell separated himself instinctively from extreme abolitionists and refused to use any political weapon for the overthrow of the system of slavery. He did not delay much over the economic aspects of the matter but based his attacks almost wholly upon the eternal principles of freedom.

In 1859 Mr. Phillips died, leaving his affairs much complicated. A few weeks later the firm of Phillips and Sampson suspended payment and went into the hands of a receiver. Finally Ticknor and Fields bought the magazine; and as Mr. Fields was in Europe the editorship did not change hands. However on his return the question came up again and Lowell resigned. As was most reasonable and natural, Mr. Fields took charge.

From 1862-70, James Thomas Fields was editor and for many years publisher of the Atlantic Monthly. He was a self-made man, born in 1816, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and his small educational training was received only in the common schools of that place. When a mere boy he began active life in Boston. He possessed remarkable business ability and at the age of twenty-two was already partner in a publishing house in this city. Fields exerted a wide

and helpful influence on the literature of New England; from youth he devotedly loved letters. I quote Barret Wendell's criticism of him, "His literary enthusiasm combined with great personal ability and with sympathetic kindness of nature to make him, before he reached middle age, the intimate personal friend of every man of letters in New England, and of many such men in the old world too." The result of this is evident to any one who will glance at the trade-lists of the firm of which he was for years the head. The stimulus to literary production afforded by such a patron of letters can hardly be estimated.

When the Atlantic Monthly went from the hands of its original projectors, Holmes stayed with it as part of its "tackle, apparel and furniture." The publishers of the magazine were always his publishers and his connections with the successive firms was ever cordial. He wrote in a letter to a friend, "I have made more money and reputation out of it than anybody else, on the whole. I have written more than anybody else at any rate." Mr. Higginson in his charming volume, "Old Cambridge," has made a statistical study of the number of articles the most notable contributors published in the Atlantic Monthly, and I quote the following representative ones: Holmes 181, Lowell 132, Higginson 117, Longfellow 68, Norton 44, and Emerson 29. These are sufficient to show that the relations of the contributors to the Atlantic were without any intermission of friendliness as long as they lived.

From the first to the last issue of the Atlantic Monthly, one is struck with the preponderance of imaginative literature and of an artistic element finding expression in historical narrative or in the essay. This magazine, more than anything else, represents the literature of the New England Renaissance. Without a constant sense of the influences which were alive in the New England air, the literature which arose there can hardly be understood. "It was all based," as Barret Wendell tells us, "on the traditions of a rigid old society,

Puritan in origin and immemorially fixed in structure. To this . . . came that impulse of new life which expressed itself in such varied ways—in the classically rounded periods of our most finished oratory; in the hopeful dreams of the Unitarians, passing insensibly into the nebulous philosophy of the Transcendentalists, and finally into the first fantastic and militant reform.”

The controlling purpose of such men as contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* was “to conquer the hard unintelligence, which was just then their bane; to supply and reduce it by culture, by a growth in the variety, fulness and sweetness of their spiritual life; to make reason and the will of God prevail.” They were striving to intensify “the impulse of the development of the whole man, to connecting and harmonizing all parts of him, perfecting all, leaving none to take their chance.” The Puritans had viewed life with a narrow vision, realizing only a few of its varied interests, and supplied the needs of only a part of man’s nature. This magazine bears the indelible stamp of those men who contributed to its pages. All of them had “tumbled about in their father’s libraries and knew the smell of Russian leather” from childhood. Every phase of the life of that cultured company finds expression in the *Atlantic Monthly*. And how could it be otherwise? surrounded as they were, with comfortable homes, full of rare and costly books and pictures, public institutions, such as art museums, libraries, and various benefits derived from the material prosperity of New England, without which letters cannot reach their highest development. Moreover, their wealth enabled them to travel abroad, study at German and English universities, and make lengthy visits every few years to drink afresh at these fountains of learning and go on perfecting “the harmonious expansion of all their powers.” Let us now see how their culture was transmitted to the character of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Boston early became interested in art; Copley, Stuart, and later Allston lived there. Art was appreciated for art’s and

man's sake. All the citizens shared this interest and as early as 1841. "The Boston Museum of Fine Arts" was established; this building now occupies one side of Copley square. They gave a great impulse to art and in 1842 the Boston Art Association was organized. In 1853, the New England Art Union was formed with Edward Everett as president, Longfellow vice-president, Summer and Appleton directors. Thus we see public, business men and scholars were deeply interested in art, realizing

"We're so made that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see
And so they are better painted."

The editors of the Atlantic Monthly were only too glad to cater to the taste of such an appreciative audience, and availed themselves of their rare advantages in having such capable men to furnish articles that would help the public to better understand and appreciate art.

In the first number of the Atlantic Monthly I find an article which was continued in the second, on "Florentine Mosaics," a historical and critical sketch of Florentine art. The same number of the magazine contains "The Manchester Exhibition," an account of a visit to the palace of the Exhibition of Art Treasures, representing the art of all ages, with a lengthy discussion of Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites, which is very significant. The third number contains "Notes on Domestic Architecture," a sketch on American architecture, which is a combination, happy or otherwise, of every form of building known among men. The article is a plea for substantial, comfortable homes, since they are to be lived in and not looked at, with some harmony with the landscape and other surroundings. "Something about Pictures" in the next issue of the magazine, is a guide to the better appreciation of paintings. In nearly every number of the Atlantic there is a department of art, which is devoted to current news on that subject. These are merely a few instances of the importance attached to art in this magazine.

Not less important is the literary character of the *Atlantic Monthly*; letters occupying quite a prominent place in its pages. In each issue there appear articles on American and foreign affairs, historical and literary. These are a few of the most striking ones that I noted from the first volume, "British India," "Battle of Lepantal, 1571," which was fought by Turks and Christians; "Robin Hood," a study of the bold outlaw made famous by the numerous, fine English ballads written about his brave deeds; "Thomas Carlyle;" "Busts of Goethe and Schiller," a poem; "Catacombs of Rome," continued in five numbers; and "Persian Poetry," the latter by Emerson.

To the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* the matter of book reviews was of great consequence. Criticism in its highest form was much esteemed and only this form was accepted as recognized and permanent. Lowell's estimation of the condition of literary criticism is expressed in a letter to a friend, "There is no one opprobrium of American scholarship and letters so great as the general laxity and debasement of criticism. With few exceptions our critics are venial (whether the pay be money or friendship) or partisan. An invitation to dinner may make a Milton out of the sorriest Flecknoe, and a difference in politics turn a creditable poet into a dunce." Partly from his difficulty in securing satisfactory criticism and partly from his own aptitude in doing this kind of work, Lowell wrote more than forty reviews in this department during his editorship, beside several articles in the body of the magazine which were really reviews. In the first three numbers of the *Atlantic* none of the books are of any importance, and it is quite evident that they did not get hold of many new volumes. In the fourth edition Lowell translated "Beranger," from *Sainte-Beranger*, which is an important piece of work. The same year he reviewed Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," Holland's "Bitter Sweet," and later, Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," Whittier's "Home Ballads and Poems," Holmes' "Elsie Venner," Arnold's "On

Translating Homer," and Newman's "Homeric Translation in Theory and Practice," besides numerous other not worthy of mention.

In addition to the departments we have already noticed there was a department of Music in the Atlantic Monthly. It contains current topics on music, operas and occasionally a historical or critical sketch of some noted musician. Thus I have briefly sketched the policy and character of this magazine. Since its publication began many others have been established, but none have surpassed, if any have equalled, the Atlantic. Conditions at home and abroad have changed, but the editors have ever kept the same unbiased attitude towards all affairs. Of all the original contributors to the pages of the Atlantic, Trowbridge alone survives; others have taken and well filled their places. May the Atlantic Monthly long continue her useful services to the literary life of America.

MARDIE.

BY A. G. MOORE.

*Mardie, dearest, yes I love thee,
There is none I prize above thee.
Only let thy thoughts now hover
Fondly round thy distant lover,
For if one sigh thou heave for me,
My heart's response will fly to thee,
Such is the wondrous power of love,
Its constant faithfulness to prove.*

" 'TIS BETTER TO HAVE —."

BY LILIAN E. BRIDGES.

Mine is no tale of valiant deeds, nor romance of Rome in Italy; no heiress figures in my thoughts, nor poor beauty raised to envied heights by some unexpected lover. Instead, this is but the simple tale of two simple lives such as are lived about us on every hand, and are uninteresting only because we are unmindful of the charm and sometimes tragedy. But, to those who find in this life a charm, and believe in "the affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient," I tell my simple tale.

In the early candle-light, at the close of a Sunday in October, the people were gathered under the arbor of Cannon's Camp Ground. The old arbor, which had been a kind of lattice work, formed of the limbs of trees and covered over with branches, had been replaced by an open plank structure much larger than the old, and indeed a better shelter. But, to the community and "tenters," it was still "the arbor." And, although around the pulpit were hung lamps with bright reflectors, the place still had a primitive air from the retention of torch stands on either side. These stands were raised box-like structures, filled with sand, into which were stuck lighted pieces of pine for a light. To-night the light cast over the congregation a weird glare; the older women, leaning against the convenient posts, with shawls drawn over their heads and shoulders, looked somewhat uncanny. And the tents, clustered round the arbor, brought thoughts of a far away time and people.

Under the arbor a young man sat, near the pulpit—a man perhaps twenty years of age. A close observer could have found more in that face to interest him than perhaps in any other face of those surrounding him. He was tall and muscular, almost bony of frame; while his hands seemed always hunting a hiding place. But in the face there was a combined look of cheerfulness and seriousness, of seriousness and humor,

—but above all there was a look of determination, strong and unyielding, that held my attention. While to Maurice Lambe, life had been but an illustration of the prodigal expense of human strength, of unappreciated efforts and bitter experiences, there had come to him within the past week a revelation of God that made the lines of determination on the face but an outward expression of the deep resolves within. In consequence of the talk he had had with his pastor that day, his thoughts carried him now through college buildings, over a campus and among college boys. And, in the prayer that followed he heard not the voice of the preacher, but the voice of his own soul within, praying for him,—for Nell, and for happy days to come.

Since he could but think of Nell, of the coming separation of to-morrow, when the “tenters” would be moving home, it was but natural that he should look for her; when services were over, among the moving people. He found her; and in that quiet of deepest meaning they moved, without a word, to the silence of the spring. Here he fashioned for her a seat on a kindly root and leaned himself against the tree. It was Maurice who broke the silence; for Nell, with a woman’s intuition, waited his time. “Nell,” he said, at last, “I’m going to college, and you’re going too. You know I can’t leave you to this life of drudgery out here. And I must go to college, Nell. My life seems so narrow, so limited now. And Nell,—you’ll go too? Don’t say no. I’ll grow and broaden for my life work, and you, Nell,—you’ll share all these privileges too, and some day you and I will begin our work together!—just you and I.”

Nell White was but an orphan and a country girl. She and Maurice had known each other from childhood; they had gone to “the old-field school” together, and this school was their only alma mater. She was a girl of more than ordinary intelligence, with a keen insight into the heart of things that justified Maurice in his frequent declaration, that she was by far the better student of the two. But, for further

study she had not planned. She had thought her schooldays at an end, and Maurice's new plans astonished her.

Replying to some remonstrances on her part, that it was impossible for her to go to college now, Maurice showed her that this was no matter of hasty decision on his part. For, he said, "Nell, this is my plan. Mr. Steele, our pastor, has seen your uncle, and he will help you if you want to try it. If you can make arrangements for your tuition and room rent, he'll pay your other bills. And Mr. Steele says you can give your note for tuition and he will lend the necessary sum for your room rent. As to my plans, I'm going to work. But we will talk of that later. Only tell me you'll go!" In spite of all Nell's excuses, Maurice had his way, and before they left the spring all their plans were made for their departure in the following February.

* * * * *

Almost two and a half years were gone. Maurice Lambe and Nell White were well known students of N. College. To Nell, sorrow had come, her uncle had died, and the struggle at times had been almost too much for her. But kind friends had been found and she was nearing the close of her junior year. Nell as a student had been a disappointment to herself;—perhaps, to Maurice. She lacked accuracy in many things. Her preparation in languages had been deficient and she never appeared able to overcome this. Her disappointments and sorrows too, had taken from her the old life and animation. For the study of literature alone did she seem prepared. To understand literature and feel its worth and beauty seemed to come, as it were, by instinct. She often felt inclined to say, "I have no reason; I can only feel." But the truth was that her own suffering and her faith had lead her to the interpretation of literature as the best expression of life.

Maurice was in her classes; he was often with her, and a ready friend in everything. Instead of the awkward boy of twenty he was now a man of large stature, polished in manners and at ease anywhere. He had won the medal in the

recent college debate, stood well in his classes and gave high example, as a christian gentleman and student, to those around him. Was it but natural that he had come to feel toward Nell as he did? Nell was plain and serious at best; and he had begun to wonder often if she would expect him to keep the promises he had made. Even his psychology, with Sully's discussion of realism and nominalism, couldn't keep plain little Nell from out his thoughts. He stood often at his window and, looking across the campus at a light in a window of the girls' boarding department, felt a feeling of repugnance creep over him. Nell at the same time had begun to feel something of Maurice's change, and to wonder how it would all end.

The end came one day in April. The first violets had begun to peep out from the green rows that stretched almost the whole length of the campus, and Nell stooped to pick them in the cool afternoon, when Maurice came to her. "Will you take a little walk, Nell?" he asked gaily. And a new light came into Nell's eyes, and a great hope into her heart. Had he come to tell her that all his little pettishness was over, that the slights at the Junior "prom" were wholly unintentional. "Anon! Anon! sir!" she called back gaily, pinning the violets at her belt. But it was a sad little face that came in from the long walk through the budding woods. She turned to look at the sunset and felt in it a nameless sadness. She seemed to see there her whole life, hope and ideals passing with the dying day. She hated herself that night, as she thought over the happenings of the day, and was almost sorry she had agreed so readily that they had both changed. Did she not love him just as in the old days? And her heart swelled within her as she asked the Great Maker why it was all so, why she had come, struggled, worked—only to be in the end more miserable. It was the last struggle, and that night was the turning point in Nell's life, when she saw her mistake. She had given herself, her ideals, her future to make up his. She had no being apart from him. And this

was the return. She would show him it was not yet too late for the medal and the scholarship; she would show him that a woman's mind could cope with a man's.

More than a year had passed. It was commencement day. The diplomas had been delivered and the noted speaker rose to deliver the medals and the scholarships. At the end of one of the finest speeches made that day, he said: "It affords me great pleasure to present for the first time in the history of this institution both the Chiming medal and the K—scholarship to a young woman."

A great roar shook the immense hall. Women clapped their hands and men cheered with all their might. Nell arose and went forward calmly to receive her honors. Only in her own room did this calmness forsake her, when she threw herself on her bed and sobbed into her pillow—"Lonely, Oh! my God!"

AFTER THE SHOWER.

BY A. G. MOORE.

*A tinkling bell, whose silvery sound
The nearby woods and the copse resound
A sunbeam straggling through the cloud,
The silence broke by naught that's loud;
The sparkling grass with rain drops drest,
The sun low-sloping toward the west;
An air of freshness, vigor, life,
All things at peace, no sound of strife.*

*A robin's note of gratitude,
A lack of all things, harsh and rude,
A quiet brooding in the air,
All nature joyous, free from care;
And e'en the cloud's retiring form,
Its fury spent, now threats no harm,
But sinks as peacefully to rest
As does the sun, beneath the west,
And they together bend their way,
Which may the sooner hide away.*

*The tempest's past, the shower's o'er.
The lightning's blast, the wind's wild roar
Has left refreshed the fields and grass.
May every storm of life so pass!
And leave our souls serene and calm,
Our spirits breathing grateful psalm
That God has guarded well our way,
Through shadows led to brighter day.
Then will our lives in true accord
Attune with that of Christ, our Lord.*

**A STATISTICAL STUDY OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF
NEGRO POPULATION.**

BY J. F. COLTRANE.

The object of this work is to make a statistical study by counties of the distribution of negro population in that part of the United States commonly known as the Black Belt, and in adjacent states in which there is a considerable proportion of negro population. This includes the following states: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Tennessee.

Of each of these states illustrative maps have been drawn showing counties. Each county in which the negroes are in excess of whites is represented by a shade of black, corresponding to the proportion of negroes to whites. Those counties in which there are three negroes, or over three, to one white, are colored black. Those having a proportion of from two to three negroes to one white are shown by cross lines; those of one to two negroes to one white, by diagonal lines. All counties in which the whites are in excess are left white. By means of these maps the proportion of the negro population in each state is clearly shown and also in what parts of the states it is most dense.

In this study it is proposed to show the proportion of the total negro population of the United States lying in the above named states, giving the total number of counties in each in which the negroes are in excess, and grouping them by numbers into columns according to the proportion of negroes to whites; also to name several typical counties where the proportion of negroes is largest, giving the figures. The location of the black regions in the different states will be indicated as will also those sections in which the negro population is most dense.

Again it is the object of this study to indicate, from the standpoint of physical geography, the location of the negroes

and to give some account of the industrial interests of the country where they are most numerous; to give reasons why in some counties they are so numerous while in counties not far distant there are practically none.

Of the total negro population of the United States, which is 8,840,789, the exceedingly large number of 7,186,617 is found in the states under consideration. This gives 81.28 per cent. of the entire negro population, showing what a large proportion is found in these states. The total number for each state and the rate of increase for the last ten years is as follows:

States.	Total.	Per Cent of Increase.
Virginia.....	660,722	4.
North Carolina.....	624,469	11.3
South Carolina.....	782,321	13.6
Georgia.....	1,034,813	20.5
Florida.....	230,730	38.8
Alabama.....	827,307	21.9
Mississippi.....	907,630	22.2
Louisiana.....	650,804	16.4
Texas.....	620,722	27.2
Arkansas.....	366,856	18.4
Tennessee.....	480,243	11.5

This gives a total negro population of 7,186,617, as stated above.

The rapid increase of negroes in at least the great majority of these states is worth noting. The table above not only shows the increase in these states but also brings out the fact that practically the further south the negro is the better he thrives and the more rapid is the increase in numbers, which fact will be spoken of later.

Now of the counties in the different states in which the negroes are in excess of whites, we have the following numbers arranged in columns according to the proportion of negroes to whites as was mentioned above.

States.	No. Counties with 3 negroes and over to 1 white.	No. with 2 to 3 negroes to 1 white.	No. with 1 to 2 to 1 white	No. in which the negroes are in excess.	Total No. Counties in State.
Virginia.....	3	32	35	100
North Carolina	1	16	17	97
South Carolina ..	5	10	16	31	40
Georgia.....	5	22	37	64	137
Florida.....	2	2	11	15	45
Alabama.....	10	1	23	34	66
Mississippi.....	21	6	12	39	75
Louisiana.....	8	6	30	44	59
Texas.....	11	11	246
Arkansas.....	5	1	21	27	75
Tennessee.....	2	1	3	96

In each of these states we find counties in which the proportion of negroes to whites is largest and which are thus typical of those regions where the negro population is most dense. We find them in the different states and in proportion as follows.

VIRGINIA.

Counties.	Whites.	Negroes.	Proportion of Negroes to Whites
Charles City.....	1,344	3,696	2 to 1
Cumberland.....	2,791	6,205	2 to 1
Warwick.....	1,159	3,729	2 to 1

There is only one county in North Carolina which has a proportion of over two negroes to one white. This is Warren county. It has a white population of 6,081, the number of negroes being 13,069.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Counties.	No. of Whites.	No. of Negroes.	Proportion of Negroes to Whites
Beaufort.....	3,349	32,137	9 to 1
Berkley.....	6,481	23,973	3 to 1
Fairfield.....	7,050	22,375	3 to 1
Georgetown.....	5,336	17,507	3 to 1
Sumter.....	12,881	38,353	3 to 1

GEORGIA.

Counties.	No. of Whites.	No. of Negroes.	Proportion of Negroes to Whites
Lee.....	1,507	8,837	5 to 1
Dougherty.....	2,451	11,228	4 to 1
Burke.....	5,522	24,643	4 to 1
Houston.....	5,635	17,006	3 to 1
McIntosh.....	1,456	5,081	3 to 1

FLORIDA.

Counties	No. of Whites.	No. of Negroes.	Proportion of Negroes to Whites
Jefferson.....	3,575	12,620	3 to 1
Leon.....	3,886	15,999	4 to 1

ALABAMA.

Counties.	No. of Whites.	No. of Negroes.	Proportion of Negroes to Whites
Lowndes.....	4,762	30,889	6 to 1
Green.....	3,307	20,875	6 to 1
Sumter.....	5,672	27,038	4 to 1
Hale.....	5,664	25,347	4 to 1
Bullock.....	5,846	26,097	4 to 1
Dallas.....	9,285	45,372	4 to 1

MISSISSIPPI.

Counties.	No. of Whites.	No. of Negroes.	Proportion of Negroes to Whites
Issaquena.....	622	9,771	15 to 1
Tunica.....	1,559	14,914	9 to 1
Washington.....	5,002	44,143	8 to 1
Leflore.....	2,796	21,031	7 to 1
Coahoma.....	3,081	23,183	7 to 1
Jefferson.....	4,020	17,270	4 to 1

LOUISIANA.

Counties.	No. of Whites.	No. of Negroes.	Proportion of Negroes to Whites
Tensas.....	1,231	17,839	14 to 1
Madison.....	899	11,422	12 to 1
E. Carroll.....	959	10,412	10 to 1
Concordia.....	1,714	11,846	6 to 1
W. Feliciana.....	2,213	13,781	6 to 1

ARKANSAS.

Counties.	No. of Whites.	No. of Negroes.	Proportion of Negroes to Whites
Chicot.....	1,876	12,650	6 to 1
Crittenden	2,239	12,290	5 to 1
Desha.....	2,104	9,405	4 to 1
Phillips	5,687	20,877	3 to 1
Lee.....	4,303	15,105	3 to 1

In Texas there are no counties with a proportion of two negroes to one white. Marion county has the largest number of negroes as compared with whites. Its negro population is 7,147, while the whites number only 3,606. This gives a proportion of almost two to one.

TENNESSEE.

	No. of Whites.	No. of Negroes.	Proportion of Negroes to Whites
Fayette.....	8,019	21,682	2 to 1
Haywood.....	8,109	17,080	2 to 1

The above counties of the different states are typical of the black regions where the negro population is most dense.

Of the black counties in Virginia we find that they lie in the eastern and southeastern part of the state. All the seacoast counties from the southern boundary to within a few miles of the Potomac are "black" counties. However, the greater part of the negroes is found in the southeastern part—the black counties extending from the coast farther back into the interior of the state than is the case in the northern part. These counties fit in strikingly with the black counties of North Carolina, the latter lying in the northeastern section of the state and making with the former a small black belt to itself. However, the negro population in this belt is not of an extreme density, the proportion of negroes to whites in the majority of counties being from one to two, to one.

All the black counties of North Carolina with the exception of three are found in the northeastern section, forming part of the black belt just mentioned.

Of these three black counties two, New Hanover and Pender, adjoining counties, lie in the southeastern part of the state separate from the others.

The remaining black county, Anson, while it is not joined by any other in North Carolina, fits in with the northern black counties of South Carolina, beginning that part of our country commonly known as the Black Belt. Beginning with this county we find that the black counties continue unbroken southward, through South Carolina, then westward entirely through the states of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.

Practically the whole state of South Carolina is black, there being only nine white counties in the state, that is nine counties in which the whites are in excess of the blacks. Five of these lie in the extreme northwestern part of the state. Of the remaining four, two are adjoining counties west of the center; one in the northern and one in the extreme northeastern part of the state. The two last, or northern counties, border North Carolina. The rest of the state is black, the vast majority of the negroes being in the eastern and southeastern parts. The negro population in the coastal counties is extremely dense. This is, with a population of over three negroes to one white.

Passing on into Georgia we find all the black counties in the central part and on the coast. In every sea coast county in the state the negroes are in excess of whites. This, as is the case with Virginia and South Carolina, shows that negroes are found to be numerous in the low countries where the climate is hottest and most moist. These black counties extend along the coast down to the marshes and almost uninhabited parts of Florida. However, the coastal counties in Georgia and Florida, form only a small part or rather a branch, if they may be spoken of as such, of the Black Belt. The black counties on the coast extending into the interior only one county in depth. The great majority of negroes are found, as has been said, in the central part of the state, the

black counties extending across the state from east to west, and from four to eight counties in breadth.

In Florida we find the negroes mostly in those counties on the coast. The majority of the negroes in this state are in the north central part, just north of the Gulf; the proportion in one or two counties being over three negroes to one white.

In Alabama we find a series of black counties, extending from east to west, and almost all lying south of the central part of the state. This black strip is from four to five counties in breadth and extends southward to within one county of the northern boundary of western Florida. By reference to the illustrative map of Alabama it is interesting to note that through the centre of the series of black counties there is a chain of counties, in which the negro population is extremely dense, from one to two counties in breadth, stretching unbroken from the eastern to the western boundary of the state with the exception of one county and in this the proportion is over two negroes to one white.

The above mentioned counties comprise all the black counties of the state with the exception of four lying to themselves and situated in the extreme northwestern part.

Passing on into Mississippi we come to what may be called the "black state" proper. Though its total negro population is several thousand less than that of Georgia which has the largest number of any state, yet in Mississippi the proportion of negroes to whites in those counties which have an extremely dense negro population is much higher and the number larger. This may be seen by reference to the table above.

The study of Mississippi in regard to the situation of its negro population is indeed interesting. In the east central part of the state we find two adjoining counties with a negro population of extreme density lying to themselves, so far as such counties in Mississippi alone are concerned, but fitting in strikingly with the chain of counties of dense negro

population stretching across Alabama and to which we referred in speaking of the negroes of that state. With these two counties this chain composed of counties containing an extremely dense negro population ends. North and south of these the counties are black but with a much smaller proportion of negroes to whites. Going west from these counties and into the interior of the state for two or three counties the proportion gradually becomes smaller until in the central part we find the whites and blacks about equal. However, the connection of black counties is not broken and going farther west towards the Mississippi river the proportion gradually increases until in those counties lying on the banks of the Mississippi the overwhelming excess of negroes over whites is remarkable, in a few counties the proportion being from ten to fifteen, to one.

Here on the bank of the Mississippi we find the vast majority of the negroes of the state, the counties with a negro population of extreme density extending from the southern to the northern boundary without a break. And in the central part these counties extend three or four counties into the interior of the state.

The only white counties in Mississippi are in the extreme northeastern and southeastern sections.

There are only three black counties in Tennessee, two of these having a proportion of two negroes to one white, and one, a proportion of one to one. These counties are in the extreme southwestern part of the state and are joined by the northwestern black counties of Mississippi. The negro population of Tennessee is exceedingly small compared with that of the other states mentioned.

But coming back to Mississippi and crossing to the west bank of the Mississippi river into Louisiana we find the same conditions to exist in regard to negroes as in the state of Mississippi. That is, the great majority of the negroes in Louisiana are in those counties lying on the Mississippi river. Those which contain a negro population of extreme

density are almost all on the Mississippi and extend from the northern boundary of the state southward below the southern boundary of southwestern Mississippi. Even to its mouth negroes are found in excess of whites on the banks of the Mississippi. In extreme southwestern Louisiana the counties are white. However, those of the north are black.

And here again it is interesting to see how the black counties of northern Louisiana fit in with those of Arkansas. All of the counties of the latter lie in the southern part of the state except those in the northeast and these are on the Mississippi river and join the black counties of the state of Mississippi.

In Arkansas we find the same striking fact in regard to the situation of the negroes as in the case of Mississippi and Louisiana; that on the Mississippi river the negroes are most numerous. All the counties in the state which have an extremely dense negro population are on the Mississippi and extend from Louisiana to within one county of the southern boundary of Missouri. These do not extend far into the interior of the state, however, being only one county in depth.

In Texas there is a comparatively small number of black counties, eleven in all and none of these with a proportion of two negroes to one white. Two of these counties are in the northeast joining the black counties of western Louisiana, and the others in the southeast. Here as in the other sea-coast states, North Carolina excepted, those counties having the largest proportion of blacks to whites are on the coast, though none in Texas have a large proportion. In this state two of the black counties, and these, the largest, are coastal, lying on the southern coast. The others are neighboring counties, stretching to the north.

After pointing out the geographical position of the black counties in the different states and of those having the greatest density of negro population the most striking fact in connection with this study is revealed, the fact that negroes avoid the cool and mountainous sections and flock

to the low lands where the climate is hottest and most humid. Along the seacoast and in low moist countries on the banks of large rivers we find the negroes most numerous.

In the western or mountainous portions of Virginia and North Carolina there are few negroes, almost all being in the hotter eastern sections. Wherever mountains are found in any of the states under study and where the climate is coldest there are few negroes.

North Carolina is the only black seacoast state in which the negroes are most numerous in the coastal counties. And this is due to the very swampy conditions of the extreme eastern or coastal sections, as in Dare and Hyde counties where the land is in many cases inarable. It is true that whites are to be found along the coast where there are practically no negroes but this is on account of the fishing industries carried on by the natives and for which the negro is unfitted.

In South Carolina almost all the white counties are in the extreme northwestern or mountainous part of the state. The negroes are most numerous in coastal regions. In Georgia every coastal county is black, while in the northern or mountainous sections all are white. In the mountainous or cold sections of Alabama there are practically none. In Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas there are negroes in vast numbers in the low valley of the Mississippi where the climate is hottest and most moist.

In every instance cited we see how the negro avoids the cold sections and seeks those parts of the country where the climate is most like that part Africa from which he was imported.

As is known, the vast majority of the negroes imported into the United States were brought from that part of the continent of Africa known as West Africa. It lies wholly within the torrid zone and is subject to wet seasons which last about nine months in the year. The remaining three months comprise the dry season, but during the whole year a tropical temperature prevails and during the greater part

of the year the dampness is excessive. Owing to a sea breeze during the day the mercury seldom rises above 90° in the shade, but rarely falls below 80° for nine months in the year and never below 60° .

In the valley of the Mississippi and on the seacoast where the climatic conditions are most like those of West Africa the negroes are found in the greatest numbers. This interesting fact is, we may say, not a mere happen so nor is it due in a very great measure to the importation of negroes in large numbers into those regions before the abolition of slavery. But on the other hand, is largely due to the migratory nature of the negro and his choice of those regions, the climatic conditions of which are most like those of his former home and hence best suit his nature.

Though negroes are migrating from all states, some going in one direction and some in others, the general tendency is a southward movement into warmer regions. This is shown by the number of negroes reported in 1900 as having left the lower Southern states and the number which these states have in return received from other states. Of the native negroes in the lower Southern states, 128,008, have gone to other groups of states, 69,960, having gone to to the upper Southern states. In return the lower Southern states have received 276,812 negroes born outside of these states, 269,162 coming from the upper Southern states. This shows very conclusively that there has been a perceptible southward movement of negroes.

As to the employment of the negroes in the different sections in which they are found they are almost wholly employed as unskilled laborers. They are best suited for field work and are extensively employed in the production of cotton, rice, sugar cane and other crops raised in warm climates. For skilled labor they are practically useless and few are found so employed. In Louisiana on the bank of the Mississippi, where they are very numerous, and where sugar cane is the principal crop, they are used in its cultivation, for

plowing, hoeing, ditching, and farm work in general. A few are employed at the cane factories in hauling coal, rolling barrels, loading cars and other simple work, in other words for rough and unskilled labor. And this is rather typical of their condition wherever found. Where other crops are raised they are used in its cultivation.

Looking back over our study we see:

1. That of the negroes in the United States, almost all, practically, are in the Southern states.

2. That in the different black sections of the states the proportion of negroes to whites varies from one to one, to fifteen to one.

3. That negroes avoid cold or mountainous sections and are most numerous in the low, moist sections; that is, on the coast and in the Mississippi valley.

4. That the southeastern and northeastern parts of Virginia and North Carolina, respectively, form a small black belt, though in this belt the negro population is not extremely dense.

5. That beginning with Anson county, North Carolina, the Black Belt proper begins, covering almost the whole of South Carolina, the extreme northwestern counties being white, and extending southwest through central Georgia, thence westward entirely through Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana, and even a short distance into Texas.

6. That the general tendency of the migration of negroes is a southward movement.

SUGGESTIONS FROM SOPHOMORES.

COLLEGE "LETTERS."

The Athletic Association, it is said, intends to adopt regulations in regard to wearing college and class letters and numerals. Such a step should by all means be taken and should go into effect without delay.

It is a universal custom at American colleges to allow only those who make some athletic team to wear their class numerals or the college letters. The student must make his class team to get his numerals or the college team to get his letters.

The chief reason for this custom is that it makes the wearing of letters an honor, and stimulates the student to hard work in order to gain it. For some reason this custom has never been established at Trinity, and we should delay no longer to do so. As it is now every man on the campus, from the lowest "prep" to the highest senior, may wear his "T."

If these regulations are adopted, and let us hope they will be, they should be made very strict, but every student of the college might be allowed the letters "T. C." A. B. D.

IS COLLEGE SPIRIT DECLINING?

When the writer of this article was a student at the High School, he noticed and very much admired the intense love for the college which existed among its students. They were proud of their institution, and took pleasure in making it known.

Almost every evening when the weather was pleasant, the boys assembled in front of the Inn, and, for a short time, their presence was plainly evident. Songs and yells rang out on the still night air in a snappy, patriotic manner, which left no doubt of the deep love and loyalty of the hearts behind them. Such song as

"Ki yi ki yikus, nobody like us.
We are the boys that play baseball."

And that nerve-rendering but inspiring yell, "Wah who wah," floated across the campus and awakened a response from the lusty lungs of the High School students. Collegians and preps were bubbling over with love for alma mater.

This healthy spirit was also exhibited at baseball games, and all public gatherings. An enthusiastic band of yelling boys were there, supporting every effort of their representatives with a hearty cheer, and doing their part to win the contest. Woe to the Horner ball players who went up against the strong combination of a Trinity team, and a band of Trinity rooters, with horns, megaphones, and every device for making a noise known to college men! Woe to the Wake Forest debaters who encountered the Trinity speakers, supported by two hundred wildly cheering and insanely exuberant Trinity yellers!

But times have changed since then and we fear that college spirit is declining. The evening gathering around the porches is a thing of the past, and a strong, healthy yell is rarely ever heard. After supper men go silently to their rooms and sit alone, or in small groups, forgetting the fraternalism and good fellowship which should exist among the whole body of the students.

At a ball game we sit quietly around, and only a very small band do anything to encourage our players. Whether the visitor fans the air or makes a hit, whether our man misses the ball or lines it out for a three-bagger, the majority of the boys look on with indifferent silence. Only a few scattered rounds of applause, and a yell arising from the throats of a faithful half dozen, or so, distinguish Trinity men from any others.

We are forced to notice the difference in the attitude of the Emory and Trinity students to the recent debate. While the subject was hardly mentioned here, the Georgia boys, we must believe, were keenly expectant and anxious. While some of our boys (happily a very few) did not even attend the debate; the Emory students sent this enthusiastic tele-

gram: "We expect our boys to win. Rah! Rah! Rah! Emory!" And while we, after giving a few weak yells, when the debate had been won by the faithful work of our speakers, dispersed to our rooms, we can imagine an uproarious mob besieging the telegraph office at Oxford, Georgia, waiting for news from the debate, long before 11 o'clock.

Is our college worthy of loyalty and pride now than a few years ago? No one will answer yes to this question. Trinity grows more and more in worth as the years go by, and should gain a firmer hold on the hearts of her sons. But does she? Judging by our actions, or rather our inactivity, we are either losing our love for the old college, or are learning to keep it hidden. Either is a bad sign. Boys, let us bestir ourselves, and revive our college spirit. S. B. U.

DECLAIMING.

There is a rapidly growing spirit among some college men against what is known as declaiming. And this dislike is by no means groundless; certainly if all the work known as declaiming was declaiming it might be justifiable. We know that there are many objectionable, many almost disgusting features connected with declaiming. We would not deny that for some men declaiming is a positive evil, and that all should be careful to avoid some features of it.

Rather we would show how declaiming is for many a great help and that all, if they go at it in the right way, may be benefitted. One of the greatest benefits for some men, however, becomes the greatest curse for others. Declaiming was intended primarily, to teach a man a style, to give him the most forceful delivery, and the most pleasing appearance on the floor. It is therefore of prime necessity that a new man who has not acquired a style should immediately do so. Such men may be greatly benefited by declaiming, but at the same time those very men are placed in great danger.

For many selections are given in society under the name of declamations, which are not declamations; many men for

greater effect *recite* a selection which was intended for an elocutionist. And they thereby introduce, affected gestures, an artificial style, and a pompous manner of delivery totally unfit for a public speaker. The majority of the society may approve of the *recitations*, and the result is that the new man who has not yet acquired a style, forms one from the models at hand. He goes on from bad to worse and suddenly at the end of a year maybe, discovers that he has cultivated a style totally unfit for either debating or oratory. He then proceeds to undo as best he can all he has done in the time he has spent on declaiming. It is apparent then that the spirit which has been formed against declamation is not in reality against declamation but against a false form of declamation, fit only for a woman's college, and taught in such under quite another name.

It is idle therefore to talk about eliminating declamation from society, for it is about the only thing a new man can do. Without declamation the new man would remain idle for the whole of the first year at least, and besides that there are so many debating, that the average new man would feel discouraged and not try at all—in other words the things ought to be diversified so as to suit the peculiar demands of each man as nearly as possible.

Let declaimers go at declaiming in the right way, let them learn the speeches of sensible and forceful speakers, and leave forever the Fourth-of-July rubbish so long battered and mutilated by declaimers of the high school rank. Let them believe and feel what they say, and their style will not become a forced and an unnatural one. Let them strive as near as possible to find and use current speeches on current events, and not some moss-covered relic of rhetorical bombast.

Observing these things they will find declaiming fruitful of many good results, they will find themselves masters of a good forceful style, an increased memorizing power, and a fuller and richer vocabulary.

R. C. K.

COMMENT, IDLE AND OTHERWISE.

Some of the ARCHIVE staff, always on the lookout for "copy," have recently found some papers and MSS. containing notes and comments on a variety of subjects connected with the college. It appears that quite a number of students have been writing down their thoughts and observations, and, in the form of weekly periodicals, have been giving them private circulation among their friends.

The notes immediately following are taken from the periodical of a student who writes under the name "Spectator."

The Sophomore debate is now over, and the Spectator has observed several disappointed participants slipping quietly and shame-facedly into the book room to place an order for "selections from Burke." Self confidence is a good thing, but we cannot imagine what some of these men based their hopes upon.

The Spectator himself happened to be one of the speakers in the above mentioned debate and confesses to having felt rather peculiar sensations at times. He was possessed with a strange shaking of the knees just before time for him to be called, but with a self-control, which was really wonderful, he went boldly forward and plunged into his speech with spirit (?) He soon found, however, that it was not quite so easy a matter to remember his speech when facing a large audience as when saying it over in his own room, and a number of painful pauses was the result. However, he got through remarkably well, he thought, and returned to his seat amid the deafening (?) applause of the audience, to await the coming ordeal of a rejoinder, which he especially dreaded.

The Spectator was much struck with the way the professor of Economics roused himself up and began to take new interest when the third speaker on the negative appeared. He even smiled very broadly at the Spectator several times, as much as to say, "Now you are hearing sound doctrine."

This gentleman being one of the judges, the Spectator realized that it was pretty well all up with his side, but it is in accordance with his philosophy to make the best of what he can't help, so he smiled back at the professor and enjoyed opponent's argument as much as any one else. The Spectator was right in his opinion, as the decision showed, but he was not surprised, for he had said a week before that that gentleman would win the debate, and he takes much credit to himself for his prophetic foresight.

It has reached us on good authority that Professor Pegram's Astronomy class suffered a very rude interruption in the course of their observations some few nights ago. It seems that a certain light-haired—I had almost said light-headed—Senior, who has a pretty good estimation of his own accomplishments and intelligence along general lines, came up to the little group who were attentively watching the stars, elbowed his way into their midst, edged up to the telescope, and after he had looked to his satisfaction, began diligently plying the professor with questions. In fact, he so monopolized things for a while, that those who were members of the class could get no instruction whatever. If some Freshman whose head was filled with an over-weening self-confidence had been guilty of such an act we would not have been so much surprised, but a Senior—bah! But then some people will be freshmen all their lives. We would recommend to this gentleman that he return next year and take a course in Astronomy as post-graduate work, if he has such an uncontrollable desire for astronomical knowledge."

The following bit of poetry was found in a pamphlet wedged in between an essay on translating Vergil without a translation and an editorial on baseball:

This is the time when nature sings,
And pigeons bill and coo.
It does remind me of the time
I eaves-dropped Bill and Sue.
A moon-light night; a dark front porch,
Where Cupid had his will.
A smack I heard,—“I love you, Sue.”
And all again was still.

Another student, with strong inclinations toward journalism, is publishing quite an interesting weekly paper. The title page and some extracts from the contents are given here:

The Trinity Marconigram, consolidated with The Search Light and The X-ray.

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April 24, 1903.

Telegraphic communications with Mars, Jupiter and Hades.

H. R. Mahoney, Editor-in-Chief; J. Pierpont Morgan, Business Manager. Associate Editors: Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Mr. Dooley, Happy Hooligan.

Foreign Correspondents: Jupiter Pater, Col. Mars, His Excellency Sir Diabolus.

Why did Y— stop several times during his speech? Was it to let his debate catch up?

First Cornellian—"What's the difference between Trinity's pitcher and his team?"

Second C.—"Is it that the pitcher plays the diamond, while the team goes up in the air?"

First C.—"No, dunce, the pitcher plays ball, while the team balls play."

"Indeed," says my *Equa Nocturna*, "truly ambition, the mainspring of honest endeavor, is ever with the Southern student. Yet it changes with circumstances. Formerly the purpose of the Southern student was strengthened by:

'All I want in this creation,
Is a pretty little wife and a big plantation.'

But now his heart throbs and his soul responds with a long amen to:

'All I want in this creation,
Is a pretty short lesson and a lit'ral translation.'

A Woman, A Brute, who cannot shed tears over the sentiment in the ARCHIVE. Subscription price, \$1.25 per annum.

(This last note shows the youth of the publisher, and a lack of poetic feeling which he will overcome in time).

The young ladies are also taking a part in this literary movement. Here are some notes from a journal recently published by one of the occupants of the Woman's Building:

I think some Freshmen are contemplating getting out a second edition of "The House-boat on the Styx," if we are to judge by some of the answers given the English professor when he asked who were Shakspeare's contemporaries. The replies included Vergil, Lanier, Cicero, Darwin.

Lost! Somewhere between Concord and Durham, one college Glee Club, each man set upon a journey. No reward is offered and so they are counting cross-ties.

There's a hush along the hall,
Not a sound is heard at all,
Scarcely do I dare to get my breath.
All the leaves on all the treeses,
Whisper "Sh-h-h Seniors—theses,"
I think it will surely be my death.

The same journal has the following collection of phrases which may be familiar to some:

"In Pennsylvania;" "Good eye!" "Nothin' doin';" "Merely;" "Easy as falling off a log;" "Unspeakable tragedy;" "Do you grasp the idea?" "Mr. W., you may read, if you will."

The other notes given below are taken from two weekly papers well known in college circles:

My tears have been my meat day and night while they continually say unto me, "Where is thy Burke?"

(A bear and his keepers recently visited the college, and Bruin danced).—Of even more interest to some than the dance, was an attempt made by a certain student, who speaks English bountifully, to converse with one of the owners of the bear in his native tongue, French. "Parlez vous Français?" asked the student in quite a commanding voice. "Yes," replied the Frenchman in English, "but you can't." This ended the conversation for awhile.

A class of preps were reciting a lesson in United States history. "Mr. —," said the professor, "what were the relations between the Indians and the early English settlers?" "I don't think they were any kin," replied this embryo historian.

The poor waif, clothed in rags through which the icy wind swept with relentless force, stood shivering and half-starved on the outside of the great church. She cast a wistful look at the stream of richly-dressed and well-fed people pouring through the door. But they passed her by with hardly a glance. They had nothing in common with her.

Inside, the choir sang a beautiful anthem of praise and the preacher announced his text, "I was naked and ye clothed me." And the ragged urchin turned away with a sob as the keen blast chilled her blood.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

BY D. S. MURPH.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS: A COMEDY, BY PERCY MACKAYE.

It is interesting to notice the re-awakening of interest in Chaucer and his works during the last hundred years. People seem suddenly to have realized that they were losing a rich portion of their inheritance and set about to reclaim it. The expressions of this new feeling seemed to be exhaustive. There were translations, adaptations, and imitations galore; Wordsworth attempted to modernize the *Tale of the Prioress*; Mrs. Browning, in the midst of her translations from the Greek, found time to make a like attempt for *Queen Annelida and False Arcite*. Keats acknowledged Chaucer's supremacy in the *Endymion*. Clough adopted, bodily, the plan of the *Canterbury Tales* for his *Mari Magno*; and thousands of ordinary, every-day human beings have read the quaint tales and learned to love the sly, good-humored, old author. But it remained for Mr. Percy Mackaye to conceive and to execute the idea of bringing the Canterbury Pilgrims together in a rollicking, robust comedy, and of letting us hear from their own lips and learn from their own performances what manner of men they are.

The time of the action is, of course, that memorable April, in 1387, when "Wel nyne and twenty in a companye" of Pilgrims, with ful devout corage," would ride toward Canterbury. The scene is laid first at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark; then as the journey and the play proceed, the base of operations becomes the One Nine-pin Inn on the road to Canterbury; finally, the solution of the whole problem comes before the Cathedral at Canterbury.

Mr. Mackaye, in his cast of characters, has not confined himself to the originals of the *Tales*, though, of course, these play the most important parts, but he has exercised his ingenuity by introducing a considerable number of other characters, the chief of which are, Richard II; John of Gaunt;

John Wycliffe, the religious reformer; and Johanna, Marchioness of Kent.

In the first act, a number of the pilgrims at Harry Bailey's tavern are having a great time. The Friar is flirting with a serving girl; Chaucer, who is traveling in disguise and under the simple name of Geoffrey, discusses books with the Clerk; the Squire is continually fluting and talking love; the Miller, "A stout carl for the nones," splits a door to shivers "at a running with his head," just to show what he could do if the occasion demanded it. Meanwhile, there enters at the door the coy little Prioress, accompanied by her nun and three priests, one of whom, Joannes, carries a small pup. The host has assigned her the room where King Richard once slept, and she is just on the point of going out of the door when the miller performs his feat. But the shock is so great that he clutches at Joannes to save himself from falling. But fate had ordained otherwise—the miller seizes, not the priest, but the pug. That animal adopts its only legitimate method of defense and comes in an inch of having its neck wrung for its pains. Chaucer, it is, who releases it from the Miller's grasp and returns it to the Lady Prioress. She utters a very demure little "Merci," slyly tells Chaucer that her name is Madam Eglantine, and passes out of the room. Chaucer then discovers that his heart is beating faster than the little pup's. And so, there is one thread of action for the drama.

But there is another woman in the case. While the festivities are still in progress, and while Chaucer is just on the point of reading a dainty little note which the Prioress has sent him by the hand of Joannes, enters Alisoun, the Wife of Bath. She is a "jolly Nancy," as the shipman calls her, and wins the service of some half-dozen of the pilgrims at the go; but as soon as she sees Chaucer, she becomes enamored of him, and sets her pegs to win him before they reach Canterbury. And so the main features of the plot are before us: Chaucer in love with the Prioress; the Prioress more than half returns his affection, though very careful to conceal it;

some half-dozen of the swains in love with Alisoun, and Alisoun in love with Chaucer, openly avowing it, and openly expressing her determination to get him.

But matters become still more complicated. The Prioress tells Chaucer that she is to meet her brother, a Knight from the Holy Land, and his son, a Squire, at the One Nine-pin Inn and that they will then go on together to Canterbury. But she has not seen this brother since he was a child and would not recognize him. So she is boldened by Chaucer's courtesy, as she says, to ask him to help her find her brother, when they shall reach the Inn, and till then his kind protection on the road. The mark of recognition between brother and sister is this: He wears a ring on which is engraved the letter A, and after it the same motto which is found upon her brooch. She cannot remove the brooch, for she has promised her brother to wear it always, but she allows Chaucer to read the motto. It is this: "*Amor vincit omnia.*"

Now, Chaucer at once understands that the Knight and Squire among the pilgrims are the persons sought, but he is so well pleased with his job that he decides not to make the revelation till they shall reach the One Nine-pin Inn.

"A morning's canter—time, the month of April—
Place, Merry England—Why not Lord Protector
Geoffrey? Her brother! What's a suit of armor?
Nay! '*Amor vincit omnia.*'"

The Wife of Bath has noticed the growing friendship between Chaucer and the Prioress, and so completely has she assumed sway over the Miller, the Shipman, the Summoner, the Friar, and others of the pilgrims that they do her bidding without hesitation, although they know that she is executing designs on Chaucer, to their detriment. So she has these valuable spies and allies at her beck and call.

She speaks to Chaucer in a very deprecatory manner of the Prioress. She is willing to make a bet that the Prioress is not going to meet her brother at the One Nine-pin Inn, but

her lover. Chaucer, zealous for the dainty little Prioress, accepts the wager. Alisoun speaks:

“Ho, then, it is a bet, and this the stakes:
 If that my Lady Prioress shall give
 You brooch of gold from off her pretty wrist,
 Unto the man whom she expects to meet,
 And the same man prove not to be her brother,
 Then thou shalt marry me at Canterbury.

Chaucer in reply:

“A twenty of thee, dame. But if thou lose
 The stakes, then thou shalt kneel a-down and kiss
 Yon brooch of gold upon her pretty wrist,
 And pray the saints to heal thy jealousy.”

To enter into the details of the complication and resolution of the plot would be to instruct without entertaining. To attempt to show how Chaucer continued to grow more fond of the Prioress; how the wife of Bath learned the whole story of the Knight; how she had the real Knight bound and gagged in the cellar of the One Nine-pin; how, with the aid of her faithful swains, she dressed herself as a Knight, deceived the Prioress, and obtained the brooch; how she demanded “justice and her bond” of Chaucer;—to attempt these things would be to prolong this paper to the continued-story length and would be an injustice, both to Mr. Mackaye and to his reader. Suffice it to say that Chaucer apparently yields to the situation with all grace, but the Man-of-Law informs him and the Wife of Bath that, according to the law of England, no woman can marry more than five times, except by special dispensation of the King. The pilgrims have now reached Canterbury, whither the King, Richard II, has also come on a pilgrimage. The King is overjoyed to see his laureate again, but is, of course, much surprised to hear of his betrothal. But Chaucer’s friends have not been idle, and though the King comes dangerously near to breaking up Chaucer’s little counter-plot, through not knowing exactly the part he is expected to play in the game, he finally decides, after a consultation with John of Gaunt, that the woman

may marry the sixth time, but only on condition that her sixth husband be a miller. The miller utters a fervent, "God be praised," rushes up, claims his bride, and is accepted by the fair Alisoun.

Thou sweet pig's eye! I take thee."

She sees that she has been outwitted by Chaucer, and like a generous enemy, extends her hands and cries, "Quits."

And what of the Prioress? In the last glimpse we have of her, as the pilgrims enter the Canterbury Cathedral, amid the deep music of the bells, the swinging of censers, and the soft chanting of the hymn to St. Thomas, Chaucer is by her side. And the last echo which comes to us from that far off world is just those three words: *Amor vincit omnia*.

In this work, Mr. Mackaye has attempted something very unusual, and quite as difficult. In trying to make up our mind as to the value of his book, we must, of course, bear in mind its purpose and the spirit in which it was written. It is, perhaps, not a serious attempt in literature. Judged as such, it might be pronounced a failure. But it is a very pleasant night's diversion to sit down and read it through. There are several circumstances, which, however unavoidable, serve to detract from the work. First of all, the modernizing of the language destroys one half its charm; then we lose, too, the personality of Chaucer in his style, which is one of the most delightful features of the *Tales*; the friction of the change of form has worn away many of the pretty little angles; the little by-the-ways of the original poems, the shrewd side-observations of the poet have been lost; and many of the characters have been necessarily sacrificed to a greater or less extent. We must admit, however, that the thing, as a whole, is very cleverly done. The choice and handling of characters as far as it goes, is excellent, and many of the incidents are quite interpretative of the characters presented, though the atmosphere of the original is not always preserved. There is something, too, in the very

daringness of the performance, which wins our admiration, and we accept its appearance as one indication that we American people are making up our minds also to claim our share of that rich legacy which the closing years of the fourteenth century entailed forever upon the English-speaking people.





CHAS. K. ROBINSON, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 E. C. PERROW, - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Standing now, as we do, on the verge of bidding good-bye to happy college days and stepping out into the chaos of the world, it may not be amiss to consider somewhat seriously the step we are about to take.

All over the land about this time college graduates are being sent out to fight the battles of life. Graduation in the life of any man is a critical period. It is then that he decides to go forward or backward. He has spent four years in college studying certain fundamental principles, and forming high ideals under the influences of books and instructors. Now the question is, will he endeavor to bring about the execution of these ideals in spite of the gloom and despair and doubt which are sure to confront him, or will he allow his ideals to be lowered? Will he confine himself to a narrow rut of life, never to emerge therefrom? These are questions which must be answered by every man of the class of 1903. We truly hope that not one of us will ever fall into that sad and pathetic state of retrogression in life or the breaking up and lowering of our ideals. May those lines of Matthew Arnold, though too true and too often the case with college graduates, never be applied as the facts in our lives:—

“The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
 The heart less bounding at emotion new,
 And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again.”

C. F. L.

The ARCHIVE for this college year has about run its course, and in looking back over the work done there are some things worthy of attention as well as a great many that should be forgotten as soon as possible. The chief thing to be noted is that more articles published this year have been written by the student body than in any previous year. This is no reflection on the management of the magazine heretofore nor a cause for self-gratification on the part of the present staff; it is simply a matter of congratulation to the students, and they should feel grateful to the professors in the English department who have made their work possible. The editors have not been besieged by crowds of aspiring youth eager for literary fame, nor would the number of manuscripts it has been possible to reject fill even a small pamphlet; sometimes it may have required diligent search and entreaty to get sufficient articles, but let that pass as something not to be unnecessarily inflicted on the reader. Those who had nothing to contribute but advice have been very considerate, and for this too, we are thankful. The college should be glad that there is an increasing number of men who can express themselves in good prose, and when it is inevitable in verse, and the belief is only a modest one that in this work the college is sowing seed for a rich harvest in days to come.

In some quarters criticism of the Southern and the General Education Boards continues to be vigorous and persistent, though the men who oppose the work of the board is small and their side of the issue seems doomed to be overcome by a new feeling, both North and South, in regard to educational problems. Those who lead the fight on these boards are not to be regarded as merely narrow and prejudiced. Some of them remember attempts in the past by certain misguided, would-be missionaries from the north to establish schools in which the white and black should drink from the same fountains of knowledge, and they seem now to be really afraid that radical reformers in the north are trying to get control

of Southern education. This attitude appears to be wholly mistaken when the facts are taken into consideration; the Southern Education Board is almost entirely controlled by southern men and the northern men who are taking interest in the subject seem to be practical business men, and editors and others who are very far removed from fanaticism.

The objection that has been advanced with least passion and the only one worthy of consideration is that by taking any outside help the Southern people will lose their independence and self reliance. Those who hold this view say that the south ought to work out its own problems without the interference or suggestions of any outsiders, however worthy may be the motives of those who are offering help. The independence and courage of this attitude are commendable, especially if one considers the possibility of a time when the south weakened and made effeminate by trusting entirely to outside assistance, shall whine for large gifts, cease her own efforts for betterment, and look beyond her own borders for leaders of her thought and action. But there is nothing in the plans of the two boards of education to justify the fear that such a condition will ever exist. Gifts are not indiscriminately scattered among communities, however much they may need them; they are given only where the citizens have made efforts that show their own interest and have raised certain amounts of money by local subscription; moreover, the north does not appear in the field as a teacher and missionary; the fact is being realized that both north and south can learn several things from each other, if they are willing to lay aside distrust and prejudice in regard to each other. It can be only a false pride that would keep the north and south from receiving from each other any idea that is worth learning. The negro is of course to be considered in any problem affecting the south; neither section alone responsible for his presence or his condition to-day in this country. In no better way can the sections be brought closer to-

gether in thought and interest than in working together at problems of national importance.

The world has its eye on young men who are starting into business or into the various professions, and college men are not unreasonably expected to be best equipped for the race of life. Four years in college should at least give a man such habits of thought and application that he can work with more ease and success than one without such early training. But the world frequently says that too many college men are failures in life, even those who have stood high in the class room; that they cannot think for themselves. Perhaps those who make this complaint against college men have overlooked the fact that college men do not constitute a distinct species of the human family, and that among them, as among all men, only a few can be counted on for anything out of the ordinary; perhaps it is occasionally forgotten that a college has no mysterious process for making a man over again, and changing the original arrangement of the brain cells.

But for some of us the question of success or failure must soon be met by other methods than academic discussion. Four years, some spent carelessly, a few seriously, let it be hoped, and we must take our places in the rush and hurry that surge outside college walls. It may sometimes have seemed that college life is hard and exacting, but the life to which we are going is more exacting, and should we prove ourselves men who can do some of the hard work of the world we shall probably look back at times with longing to our college days. This may not be all, but let the rest be silence. Seniors might excite surprise if they expressed all their feelings as they look back at their freshman figures entering college; trace them through the years, and prepare to say good-bye.



Literary Notes

MISS EDNA CLYDE KILGO, MANAGER.

We hear very much these days about "God's great outdoors" and books on out-door life are abundant. So it is interesting at this season, when God renews his ancient rapture," to see just what effect out-door life has on literature. We have not always been a nature-loving people; although the world has never lacked observers of nature, out-of-door literature, as we understand the term, is of modern origin. The authors of the book of Job, of the Iliad and Odyssey, and all other poets have felt "the mystery of the world" but it was reserved for modern men to establish an intimacy with nature. Emerson's essay on "Nature," published in 1836, was the earliest and to-day remains the most poetic interpretation of nature that we possess. Next came Thoreau, in 1849, when in a "Week on the Concord and Merrimac rivers" he invited us to what Lowell called a "water party. All of his writings have the flavor of the woods; they are full of keen observations, ever unsystematic and unconventional. Besides the one already mentioned, his best books are "Walden," "Cape Cod," and "The Maine Woods. Mr. Burroughs was next to voice the new order; like Thoreau he has "wintered and summered" out-of doors, and knows nature at first hand. As on literary subjects so on nature, his books are characterized by good sense and sanity of thought, simplicity and sincerity. The spirit of comradeship with which he shares his knowledge makes him one of the most interesting and lovable men of to-day, as all readers of "Wake Robin," "Pepacton," "Signs and Seasons" and "Locusts and Wild

Honey." Wm. Hamilton Gibson is another student of nature and in "Sharp Eyes" and "My Studio Neighbors," with brush and pen, has made the fields and woods familiar to many strangers. Among many other books on animals, birds, and insects, which are delightful reading, are Seton-Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known" and "Bird Watchers," Robert's "Kindred of the Wild," Cram's "Little Beasts of Wood and Field," and Burrough's "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers."

Of the new books, few have been received with more enthusiasm than "Lovey Mary," by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, who in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," scored what is somewhat justly called "the hit of last year." In both of these books it is the ungrammatical rendering of world-old philosophy that captivates the reader. Every page sparkles with the humorous sayings of Mrs. Wiggs of which these are characteristic, "Dont you go an' git sorry fer yerself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry fer 'stid of yerself." And "I've made it a practice to put all of my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile." To the most casual reader it is evident that Mrs. Rice is endowed with a talent for character-drawing, an appreciation of true pathos, and an intelligent sense of humor. Her books deserve a place beside "Tom Sawyer," "David Harum" and others of characteristic American humor.

Among the distinctively modern developments of the short story is the child's story written for "children long grown up." Recently two new volumes of such charming stories have been published, "The Madness of Philip," by Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, a book quaintly humorous and delightful but with an air that suggests the author writing with one eye on her manuscript and the other on the purchasing public. The other book, "Emmy Lou, Her Book and Her Heart," by Mrs. George Madden Martin, is a sympathetic

interpretation of the life of a tiny mite—as she starts to school and merges into girlhood—and of her loving, passionately sensitive little heart. These stories are refreshing in comparison with the cut-and-dried romances that constantly flow from the press.

Rudyard Kipling's new volume will be entitled "The Five Nations" and contain many poems that have appeared in periodicals since the publication of "The Seven Seas," also twenty-five entirely new poems.

Every student of American literature will be glad to know that we are to have two new volumes from the pen of Mr. Trowbridge. He is the last of that notable group of the New England Renaissance writers and if there is any man who should write reminiscences he is that one. One volume will be "My Own Story," which is now running serially in the Atlantic Monthly; the other is a "Household" edition of his poems to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Trowbridge has ever been so indifferent to "publicity for publicity's sake" that much of his verse has wandered here and there in various collections; thus few know his poems at all and others may be surprised that he has produced enough for a volume.

"Darrel of the Blessed Isle," by Irving Bachellor, author of Eben Holden, is one of the most noticeable of the new novels. It is a tale of the north country and full of the odor of wood and field; and it is said to have a very fascinating plot with much in it to remind one of the idyllic chapters of Eben Holden.

Wm. Dean Howell's new book, "Questionable Shapes" will appear this month. The suggestitive titles of the stories are "The Apparition," "The Angel of the Lord," and "Though One Rose from the Dead." The episodes of the book deal chiefly with psychological experiences of the people of whom the author writes.

"The Chain of White Agates" is the title of a new romance by Amelia Barr, the well known author of "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," "The Maid of Maiden Lane," "A Song of a Single Note," and many other novels.

"Wee Macgreegor," by J. J. Bell, is attracting as much, if not more attention than any other book of fiction at present. Perhaps I can give you no clearer idea of the character of story "Wee Macgreegor" is than to quote what the Humorist says of it, "Here's a little book that everybody will be reading in a short time—at least they ought to be by all the rules of the game, and its up to the public to play fair." This laddie bids fair to rival Sentimental Tommy.

The MacMillan Co. will soon publish "A Gentleman of the South" by Wm. Garrott Brown; "Crypts of the Heart" by James Lane Allen and later, "Around Anvil Rock," by Winston Churchill.



Editors Table

E. W. CRANFORD,

MANAGER.

Unlike certain of our brother exchange editors, we do not wish to open the discussion with a delineation of the duties of that worthy functionary. There has been such an enormous amount of voluntary information already submitted on this subject, that we are frank to confess that we no longer have any convictions concerning it. There is, however, one opinion that has been spared us, namely, that it is one of his duties, first to the world and second, to his own credit, to remain silent in a great many places where he is painfully liberal with his sage advice. One is able, however, to bear with these things, when he reflects upon the gravity of the question at issue, and considers how important it is that the world should not have a misleading view of it. It is, of course, a trifle boring to have our memories so often refreshed by the same views but then it cannot be questioned that it is an excellent way to keep the ideal ever before us. Furthermore, it is always a good sign to see anyone deeply concerned about his own duty, and the indications undoubtedly point to the fact that the average exchange editor is having his ethical consciousness deeply moved. We therefore remain patient and hope for the better.

We have read quite a number of magazines since last month with a considerable loss of time and a rigorous exercise of Christian forbearance. We found one story in the *Gray Jacket* sufficiently interesting to keep us awake, entitled, "Jim's Lesson." We think, however, this fact was due more to the excitement caused by the occurrence of two or three

fascinating cuss-words made use of, rather than to any literary merit. The story known as "Huyler;" also savours unquestionably of the strange. It is a little out of the ordinary, to say the least, for a young lady to allow herself to treat coldly the young man whom she loves, just because he has failed to manifest sufficient affection toward her pug dog. If it had been her grandmother whom her lover had failed to appreciate, it might not have impressed us as being so strange, but since it was only a pug dog, which for a time estranged her feelings, we must admit that we have never heard of just such an instance before and that we are sincerely glad this one has been recorded.

We read a very touching short story in the *Hendrix Mirror*, under the title of "The price of One Girl's Love." Its pathos of course, touched our heart with pity, but its plot was tame and unspeakably tragic. It is always a sad thing to see two lovers die for each others sake, especially without ever having experienced the happiness of being united on earth, but we infer from the way these two talked of the Sunday school and church affairs to each other while they were carrying on their courtship, that they both went straight home to glory and are now better off. We also read an essay in the *Mirror*, entitled "Sowing." It was a sermon to the young people, or rather it was a somewhat lengthy comparison between grain raising and the philosophy of life. That it had some valuable truth in it, cannot be denied, but we think that had it been delivered at the opening service of some country camp meeting, or at a children's day exercise held in the midst of some good grain-growing section, instead of being published in a college magazine, it would have been more in place.

The Wofford College Journal, in its last issue, contains some very readable matter, relatively speaking. It has, however, suffered some injury by reason of its poetry. The story, "Friendless" is well told but the plot is neither attrac-

tive nor natural. It cannot be imagined that a woman reared in the atmosphere of high-toned southern society before the war, would ever have fallen in love with and married a carpet-bagger villain, a leader and an associate of the negroes, despised alike by every one who was respectable. The ending is tragic, but we feel that nothing but tragedy is fitting end for such an unnatural yarn. Another story, "The Other Man," is not quite so unnatural in plot, but makes up for it in inconsistency. It is a little hard to understand how it was that Tellenburg could so easily pass off to Miss Chester for Edward Smith, while it never once occurred to the hotel clerk, Eskridge, while he was wondering with all the rest who the young fellow was, that he had an old college chum by the name of Edward Smith, who looked just like this gentleman.

We could make mention of several other magazines that we have read, but we feel that writing any further about them would amount to about the same thing as reading them—principally a waste of time. The year is drawing rapidly to a close and it is high time for all our magazines that intend to reform at all, to begin, for we hope to see them all meet the end in peace. We also hope that each exchange editor who is deeply concerned over the discharge of his duties, may become gloriously reconciled before it is too late.



At Home and Abroad

W. G. PURYEAR,

- - - - - MANAGER.

The Y. W. C. A. held on Mr. Angier's lawn the 14th of this month another ice-cream blow out. All of the large number who went report a most enjoyable time.

State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Wilson addressed that organization at Trinity College recently on Bible study. This was a very instructive as well as entertaining lecture.

The Trinity College Glee Club left the 21st of April for a four days' trip. They gave a one night's performance in Thomasville, one in Concord, a matinee at the Salem Female Academy in Winston-Salem, and a performance that night in the town, and a free exhibition at the Greensboro Female College, Greensboro, Saturday morning. The trip was a big success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The baseball team went to Davidson and Charlotte the 22nd and 23rd to play Davidson college and the Charlotte locals. Rain prevented the former game; the latter resulted in a victory for Trinity 8-3. On the 29th the team left to take an eight days' trip through North and South Carolina and Georgia. On the 30th Trinity beat Davidson College 4-2; on the 1st of May Trinity played a twelve-inning game with Mercer College at Macon, Ga. The game was called on account of darkness with the score 4-4. The next day Mercer won 5-0. On Monday Trinity received a second shut-out, this time by the Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta, who won 10-0. The next day Trinity played the University of Georgia at Athens, and was beaten 5-4. Wednesday the

luck changed and Trinity defeated Wofford College at Spartanburg, S. C., 8-4, and lost the next day in Columbia to the University of South Carolina 10-7. The fact that Trinity lost so heavily on this trip can be explained somewhat by the statement that only three men on the team played in all seven games, the ones that were out being either sick or hurt. The following is the record of the team for this season:

- Trinity vs. High School, March 13—8-4.
- Trinity vs. Oak Ridge, March 19—7-0 (5 innings).
- Trinity vs. Lafayette, March 25—6-3.
- Trinity vs. Gettysburg, April 2—4-1.
- Trinity vs. Cornell, April 10—1-5.
- Trinity vs. University of South Carolina, April 17—5-4.
- Trinity vs. Charlotte, at Charlotte, April 23—8-3.
- Trinity vs. Davidson, April 27—5-2.
- Trinity vs. Davidson, at Concord, April 30—4-2.
- Trinity vs. Mercer, at Macon, May 1—4-4 (12 innings.)
- Trinity vs. Mercer, at Macon, May 2—0-5.
- Trinity vs. Ga. School of Tech., at Atlanta, May 4—0-10.
- Trinity vs. University of Georgia, at Athens, May 5—4-5.
- Trinity vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, May 7—8-4.
- Trinity vs. University of S. C., at Columbia, May 7—7-10.

	G.P.	A.B.	R.	H.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	B.B.	P.B.	P.	W.P.	B.P.C.
Puryear, 1b, cf.....	15	57	15	16	7	2	83	4	15	8	1	0	0	280
Wooten, lf, cf, p.....	13	39	13	10	16	2	15	5	4	13	0	0	1	257
Elliott, ss, 3b, c.....	15	50	6	12	3	3	25	15	10	2	4	2	0	240
Howard, ss, 2b.....	12	38	10	10	8	1	9	23	12	6	2	0	0	263
Bradsher, p,ss,cf,lf..	14	48	5	17	3	0	17	32	6	2	4	0	0	354
Chadwick, c, rf.....	13	45	2	14	5	0	130	15	4	2	2	0	0	312
Gibbons, 2b, ss, 3b..	9	35	4	5	1	0	15	14	6	0	0	5	0	143
Roper, ss, lf, 2b, 1b, c	11	35	2	2	0	1	54	12	6	1	1	4	0	57
Smith, rf, cf, c.....	10	32	2	6	2	1	9	1	7	0	0	0	0	189
Carter 3b, ss, 2b, lf, cf	12	42	2	3	4	0	14	8	8	0	1	0	0	72
Webb, p, rf, lf.....	11	40	4	10	4	0	8	9	2	1	0	0	1	250
Bynum, 1b, lf, rf....	3	13	3	4	4	0	6	1	1	1	0	0	0	307

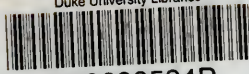
The batting and pitching of Bradsher were exceptionally high the whole season, as were the batting and backstop work of Chadwick.

In the inter-society debate the 16th of this month the Columbians won over the Hesperians in a very decisive manner. The question for debate was: *Resolved*, That Municipalities Should Own and Operate Public Service Enterprises, such as Water Works, Lighting Plants, and Street Railways. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. M. E. Newsom and W. A. Thomas for the Hesperian Society, while Messrs. W. S. Lowdermilk and W. P. Budd represented the Columbian in the negative. The debate was presided over by Professor Carmichael, of the Graded Schools. The judges were Mr. Murph, instructor in English at Trinity College, Judge Winston, and Professor Mattheson. Mr. B. S. Womble, of the Hesperian Society, was Secretary, and Messrs. J. G. Huckable, Columbian, and H. R. Mahoney, Hesperian, were time keepers. The ushers were: Columbians, Stem, J. B. Satterfield, Morgan; Hesperians, C. Gibbons, J. P. Frizzelle, Blanchard.

The program for Commencement is a very interesting one. President John C. Kilgo will deliver the Baccalaureate address; Rev. S. Parks Cadman, D. D., pastor of the Hancock Street Congregational Church, Brooklyn, the Baccalaureate sermon; Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the Commencement address; and the Hon. John H. Small the Alumni address.

The Senior speakers for Commencement have not been chosen, but whoever they are, good orations may be expected from them. Indeed, the whole Commencement promises to be a most successful one.

Duke University Libraries

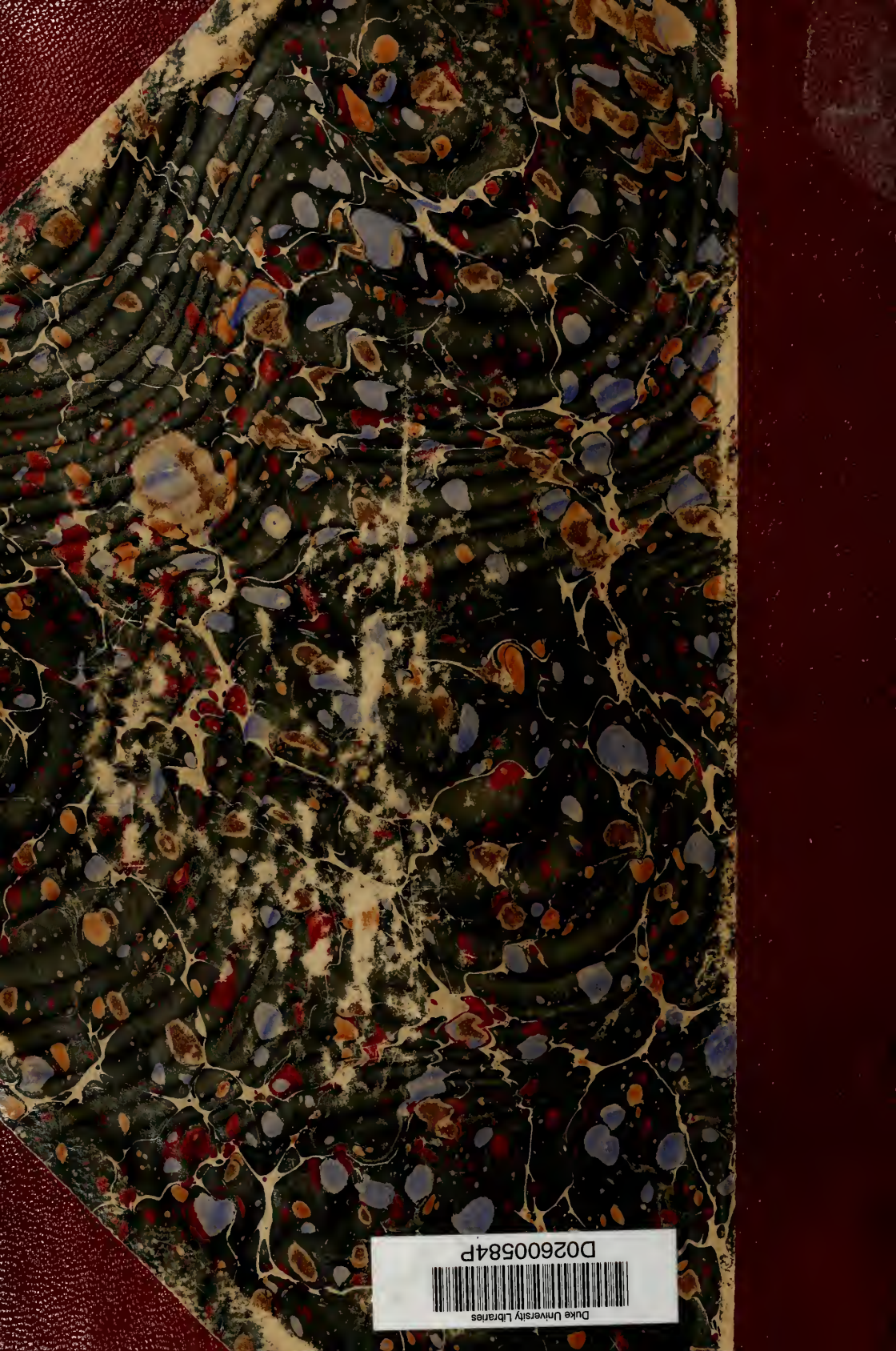


D02600584P

Tr.R.
378.756 T8330 v.16 32611

Trinity Archive

Tr.R.
378.756 T8330 v.16 32611



Duke University Libraries
D02600584P

